Modern Screen

JAN 12 1945
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DELL

BRUARY 15¢



EANNE CRAIN

10 COLOR PAGES!

JAN 11 1945

Radiant...

Softer, Smoother Skin

with just One Cake of Camay!





Tests by doctors prove— Camay is really mild

Romantic new softness, fresher beauty, for *your* skin—with just *one cake* of Camay! Yes, lovelier skin comes as quickly as that, when you give up careless methods and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild care on over 100 complexions—on skin like yours. And with the very *first* cake of Camay, most complexions simply bloomed—fresher and clearer and lovelier!

. . . it cleanses without irritation

These tests are your proof of Camay's *mildness* . . . your proof it can benefit the skin. *"Camay is really mild,"* confirmed the doctors, *"it cleansed without irritation."* So why don't you try this tested beauty care . . . and see what striking improvement just *one cake* of Camay can bring to your skin!



. . . go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Take only one minute—each night and morning. Cream that mild Camay lather over your face—with special attention to nose and chin. Rinse warm. Give oily skin a final C-O-L-D splash. Start tonight! And watch your skin take on glorious new freshness, softer charm—with just *one cake* of Camay!

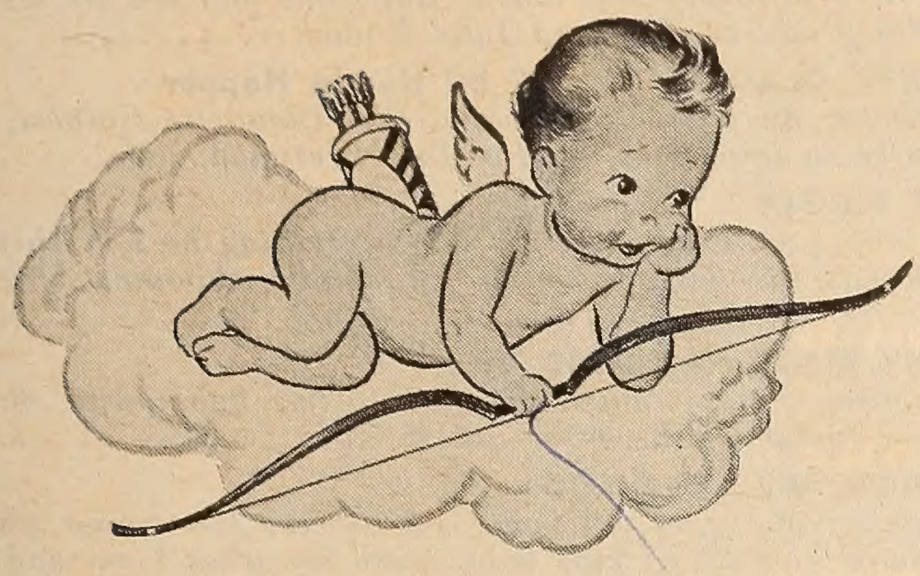
Cherish Camay—precious war materials go into soap, so it's patriotic to use the last sliver—every bit!

Mrs. Charles W. Diehl, Jr., Minneapolis

Lovely . . . gossamer wedding veil framing her Camay complexion! *"You'll find exciting new beauty for your skin, too,"* she confides, *"with your very first cake of Camay."*



"Of course, if you *like* dancing with your brother—"





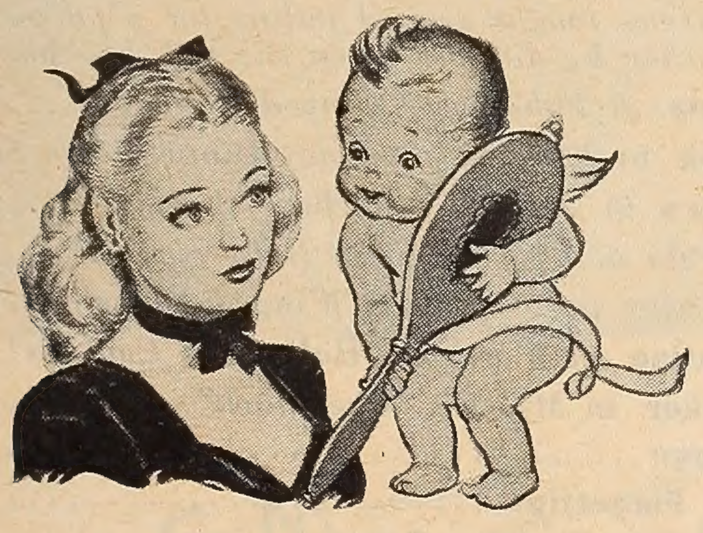
GIRL: Don't be stupid, Cupid. I *adore* dancing with Junior! I only wish he were a little taller . . . older . . . *and not my brother!*

CUPID: Well, then, how about helping me help you? With a *smile*, for instance!

GIRL: Smile? Me? Plain old me? Look, Cupid: I'm no beauty. And my smiling wouldn't help.

CUPID: Help? Heavens, Girl, look around you! Beautiful girls aren't *always* the most popular. It's the girl with the radiant smile who wins attention—and hearts! Get busy, Girl! Smile! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Pardon, Cupid. But with my teeth, I couldn't even glow. I brush my teeth, but—



CUPID:—but you never do a thing about the "pink" on your tooth brush! By gosh, Girl, there ought to be a special sign for *every girl in the country:*

"Never Ignore 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"

Plain girl . . . that "pink" is a sign that you'd better *see your dentist right away*. He may say that your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."



Product of Bristol-Myers

GIRL: Yes. But we were talking about my smile, Cupid. Not my gums.

CUPID: And that's just it! Ipana and massage are designed to help your smile. Ipana not only cleans teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help stimulate gums to healthier firmness. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll help yourself to healthier gums, sounder, brighter teeth . . . and a lovelier smile. And someone else to dance with! Get started on Ipana and massage today, Child!

IPANA AND MASSAGE

For the Smile of Beauty

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

This is our 72nd column! Our 40 million readers now know that we never rave without reason.

★ ★ ★ ★

And, brethren and sistren, we're raving about two new films coming around the mountain of the New Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

First, there is "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", the deeply moving dramatization of Captain Ted Lawson's true account of the surprise thrill of the war—the first bombing of Tokyo by those gallant men who took off from Shangri-La!



Spencer Tracy turns in his most commanding performance as Lieutenant Colonel "Jimmy" Doolittle; handsome Van Johnson (did you read *Life?*) adds to his laurels as Lawson; and Robert ("Hargrove") Walker is the dead-eye gunner of their B-25 bomber, "The Ruptured Duck."

★ ★ ★ ★

Lovely Phyllis Thaxter (a new dream) plays Ellen, Lawson's bride, warming the picture with a tender romantic note that makes "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" a truly magnificent story of deep-abiding love and inspiring courage.

★ ★ ★ ★

Then, M-G-M has forthcoming a gay, gorgeous, grand and Techniglorious film delight, "Meet Me In St. Louis." It takes you back to the St. Louis Fair as a guest of the Smiths, a family that might be your own—if you have one.

★ ★ ★ ★





Judy Garland is the star—young, vivacious, golden-voiced Judy—as the girl just awakening to love for the boy next door. And with her, as an impish, devilish, utterly lovable kid sister, is that great artist, little Margaret O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

Happy-hearted, brimming with music and the joy of living, "Meet Me In St. Louis" includes seven smash songs, among them that bell-ringing success, "Clang, Clang, Clang, Went the Trolley" that you're hearing on the hit parade.

★ ★ ★ ★

When you "Meet Me In St. Louis" and spend "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", you'll get a good idea of the great entertainment to expect from M-G-M all through this Happy New Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

Which, by the way, we've wished you.



—*Leo*

modern screen

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But there's more to Jeanne Crain than peaches and cream. She's the little gal who brought home the sausage! 30

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Crosby gave those overseas GIs everything he had; his faith, his courage, his laughter—even his wildly whooping blue and yellow tie! 40

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M-G-M presents

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO

The love story behind the greatest story of our time! M-G-M has brought Captain Ted Lawson's book to the screen! True, thrilling, tremendous!

A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION

VAN JOHNSON • ROBERT WALKER

PHYLLIS THAXTER • TIM MURDOCK • SCOTT McKAY
GORDON McDONALD • DON DeFORE • ROBERT MITCHUM
JOHN R. REILLY • HORACE McNALLY and

SPENCER TRACY

as LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES H. DOOLITTLE

Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • Based on the Book and Collier's Story by Captain Ted W. Lawson and Robert Considine • Directed by MERVYN LeROY • Produced by SAM ZIMBALIST • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture





Captain Ted W. Lawson, author of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", was pilot of "The Ruptured Duck", one of the bombers that took off from the "Hornet" at Shangri-La and blasted Tokyo!

Fannie Hurst SELECTS "WINGED VICTORY"

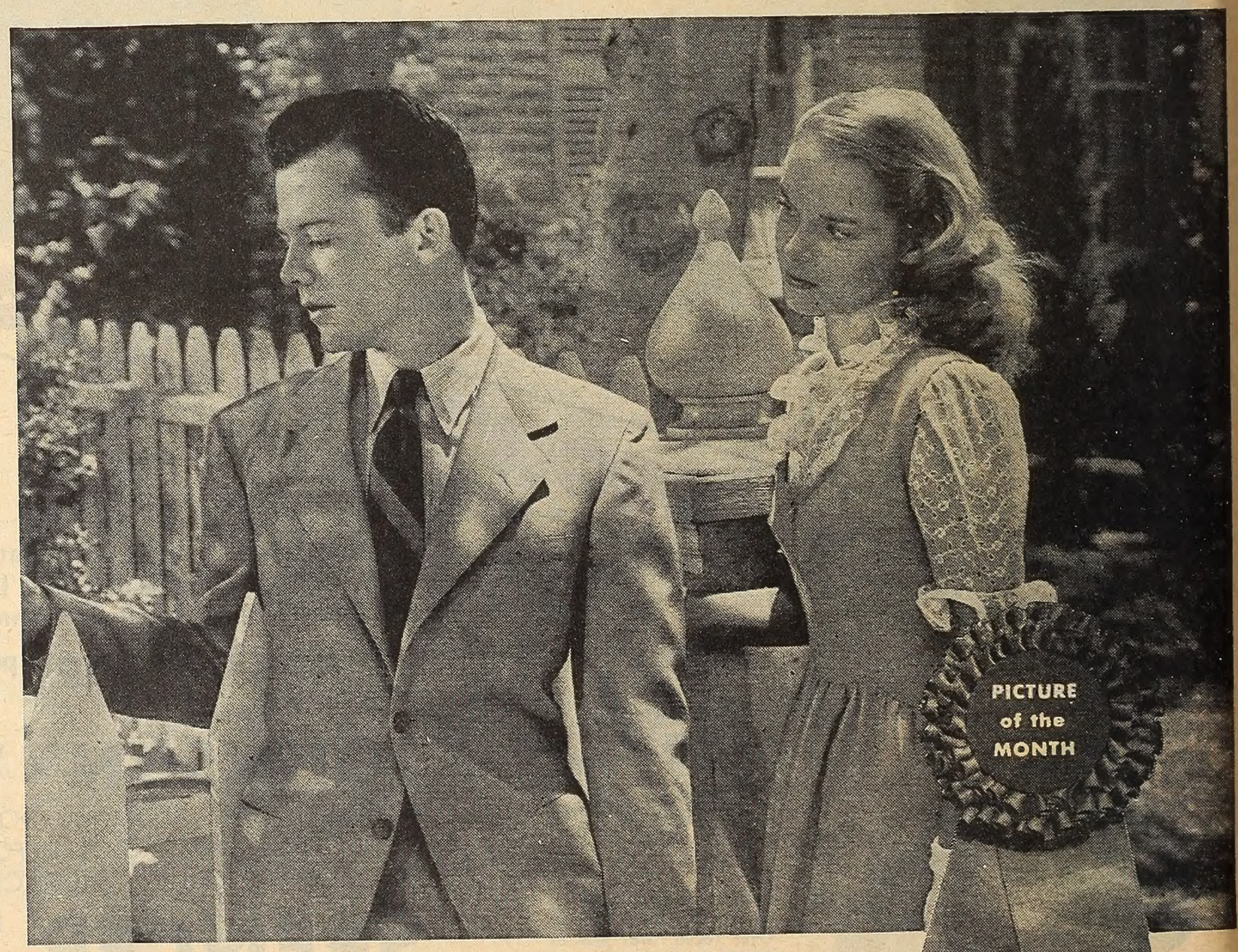
■ Civilian, do you know what makes your Air Force tick? Have you any idea of the baptisms-by-fire that create that trim young Air pilot in his natty uniform whom you just passed on the street, or to whom you fed chocolate cake and coffee at the Canteen last night?

Civilian, you are going to have a fair idea of the crucible that molded this young airman when you see "Winged Victory." It is going to be packaged for you as an alive, entertaining and skillfully conceived story.

But despite its many deft and diverting touches, "Winged Victory" remains an out-and-out war picture. Begot of war, its theme is war, its implications are war, its thunderous overtones are war.

The story opens quietly in what could be any American town. This one happens to be Mapleton, Ohio. The girls and boys are any American girls and boys, the front lawns are any American front lawns, the talk is that of the fellows in the barbershops, in the banks and garages, of regular American guys. Of their pretty girls, frail in appearance, bendable but unbreakable under pressure, the girls who typify and beautify the American scene.

A group of young men in Mapleton, three to be exact, are dreaming the American youths' dream of the air. Wings are over Mapleton, Ohio. Before the first roar of a plane is heard, the faces of its young (*Continued on page* 8)



Frankie Davis (Lon McCallister) tells his wife, Janie (Jane Ball), that he's joining the Air Force. Lonely, she follows him to camp where he crashes on his first solo night flight and dies, never knowing he's to be a father.

A LOVE STORY THAT WILL WARM
EVERY LONELY HEART IN THE LAND...
and thrill every happy one!

A lonely soldier . . . a heart-hungry girl . . . It's all about love . . . and just about perfect!

ANNE BAXTER · JOHN HODIAK

Sunday Dinner for a Soldier

with **CHARLES WINNINGER**

ANNE REVERE · CONNIE MARSHALL · CHILL WILLS
ROBERT BAILEY · BOBBY DRISCOLL · JANE DARWELL

Directed by **LLOYD BACON** · *Produced by* **WALTER MOROSCO**
Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock and Melvin Levy

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

men are tilted skyward.

Alan, Frankie and Danny (Pinkie) have applied for admission into the Air Forces, and the opening scene of the picture finds them anxiously watching the mails for their notifications.

One afternoon one of their mothers appears on the scene where the three of them are congregated with the long-expected letter in her hand. Instantaneously, Mapleton becomes the springboard for three hilarious young men, for they leap out into the arena of a world as far removed from the serenity of their home scene as Mars.

Alan, Frankie and Pinkie, as their highly personalized little dramas unfold, are also telling the stories of the eleven million of their kind who have ganged up into the most colossal war-machine in the history of wars.

on a wing and a prayer . . .

Well, from the moment the letter arrives summoning the three air-struck Maletonians with their feet on Ohio soil and their heads in the clouds, they are on their way. What they do not know about the air (one of them is addicted to train sickness) is written in their untried, untired faces.

They kiss their best girls good-by, but Dorothy, Alan's wife, decides to accompany him, and Frankie, on second thought, decides to marry Jane, or rather Jane decides it for him. The shadows of the pleasant town of Mapleton deepen into fade-out, and presto-chango, three more Americans are on their way to qualify for the hierarchy of the air.

Civilian, how much do you actually know about what happens to one of these boys between the time he sets forth from his particular Mapleton and the time he rides his first ship as its pilot or bombardier?

Well, you can't know much less than did our trio; a bank clerk, a barber and a chemist, the morning they found themselves plunk in the midst of a bunch of trainees at the Blair Training Center. There they quickly discover that, as precadets, they are not only a long way from the mere sight of a plane, but are just a bunch of greenies, about to be hazed because they are just that.

To see these three fellows move into their basic training is to never again fail to understand just why our airmen are put together like precision instruments; just why they ride the ether like supermen; just why they are playing their triumphant conquering roles in our terrible war.

We sit in our comfortable plush chairs and see these boys whom we know so well put to test after test after test. We see their frank American faces tighten into masks of anguish. We see their eyeballs strain, the sweat pour, the nerves tighten, the chests expand almost to the point where we, in our comfortable chairs, smother under the physical strain of watching.

We see these boys tensed to their utmost, trying to focus the eye in these grilling examinations, to coordinate the nerve impulses, to calculate, react, make lightning decisions that are ultimately going to mean life or death. And while we watch, too tense to breathe, we know everything else there is to know about these fellows. They aren't just robots, trying to coordinate. We know their mothers and their sisters, we know their wives and their sweeties. We don't only know it about our three from Mapleton, but we know it about the bunch of recruits who are starting training with them at the same time. The boys from Brooklyn, from Texas, from Canajoharie aren't just mechanisms. They're our national flesh and blood, under test, under fire.

And when Pinkie is "washed out" in his examinations and fails to qualify for the higher form of air service, grim fact merges into story-telling that makes a combination hard to beat.

That scene where the men are being put to test for the physical control that every flyer must conquer, is a lesson in the mastery of the individual over his body that fills one with self-respect as well as added respect for the superb human machines under fire of the examiner's challenge.

And right here is as good a spot as any to pause and ponder upon the manner in which the love interests have been handled.

In a picture seething with modern youth, skitterers over the thin ice of danger and death, the women alone seem a bit dated.

The girls, sweethearts and young wives, vitally and rightly concerned with the "my man" angle, exhibit a single-track monotony of purpose and interests both mystifying and fallacious.

There is, however, one notable piece of acting when the news is brought to Janie, (played by Jane Ball) of the death of her pilot husband, Frankie.

Whether or not Mr. Cukor realized it, he sets a new high in this scene which should become a classic in how to make the most out of the least number of gestures.

The grim news is carried to Janie by one of Frankie's Mapleton pals, in the house she shares on the edge of the camp.

The effect of tragedy and heart-break is accomplished by the opening of a front door by the young wife, and nothing more than an exchange of looks between the young man on the steps and herself. The heart of a girl and the heart of the audience break in that silent instant.

Story telling that!

But the picture does not close on death. It closes on life, as one of the Mapleton fellows living in the midst of death, receives the news of the birth of a son.

Life marches on.

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Sorry, folks, we're raising the ante this month. Yep, seems you've been getting too high scores to make this a game, it's becoming a *walkaway!* And it's no excuse alibiing that you're just so hep to the news—being MS readers—that you couldn't miss if you tried. Sooo, this month, you gotta get 80% at least—or else!

Remember, you score 5 points if you guess the personality on the first set of clues, 4 if you have to look at the second batch and 3 if you hit a blank spot and gotta go snitching to number 3. Good luck!

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. A Doughgirl
2. Toured to Tito
3. Cracking kid sister
4. Stilt-walker was in dumps
5. Minister's son
6. "The Body"
7. Won his suit while Sue-ing
8. King of the Jukers
9. "Little Norway"
10. Marrying widower
11. Nazi-hating "Field Marshal"
12. Man-hating man-eater
13. Nixed croon to spoon
14. Life's a bowl of Cherry
15. EGR
16. "Discovered" 3 times
17. Dancing mother
18. Fugitive from a chain store
19. Lithe and blithe
20. Sturges' star

(*Continued on page 85*)

Permanently Wise



It's a smart gal who insists on the best in a permanent—because she has to live with it a long time.

The same applies to the Bob Pins that keep it in line.



DeLong Bob Pins are the permanent answer. They have a *Stronger Grip* and an indestructible way about them, holding your hair-do firmly when your permanent is only a beautiful memory . . .

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

LOVE...IN THE SHADOW OF FEAR!

A MAN...
who defended the world's greatest secret with his life!

A GIRL...
with a past which must be kept hidden! The lives of millions hung on what these two dared against terrifying odds!

Paramount Presents

RAY MILLAND

Hunted and Haunted by the

"MINISTRY OF FEAR"

with

MARJORIE REYNOLDS

CARL ESMOND · PERCY WARAM
HILLARY BROOKE

Directed by
FRITZ LANG
Screen Play by Seton I. Miller

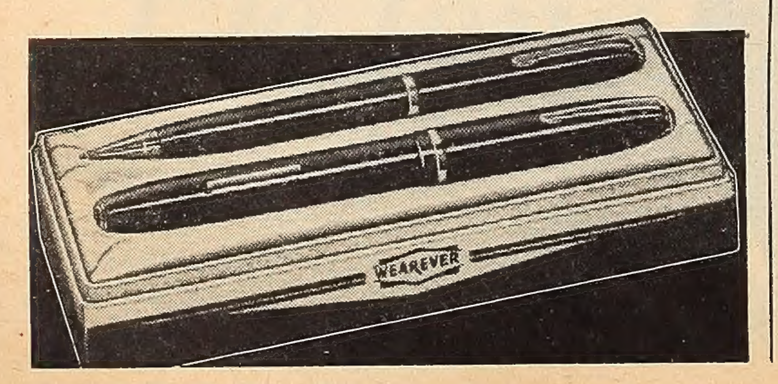


A MASTERPIECE OF MYSTERY
from the Thrilling Novel by GRAHAM GREENE who wrote "This Gun For Hire." Thrilling Direction by FRITZ LANG, who gave you "Fury" and "Man-Hunt."



Wearever Zenith is a flashing beauty of a pen . . . but it is a great deal more besides! It is made with exquisite precision . . . built meticulously, like a fine telescope. And, like a fine telescope, it is thoroughly dependable . . . promising years of devoted service. Zenith, with its 14-carat gold point . . . exclusive "C-Flow" feed, rich styling, is today's most rewarding pen purchase. Made by David Kahn, Inc. (Established 1896)

Wearever Zenith-Pen and Pencil Set in fine gift box $2.75



MOVIE REVIEWS

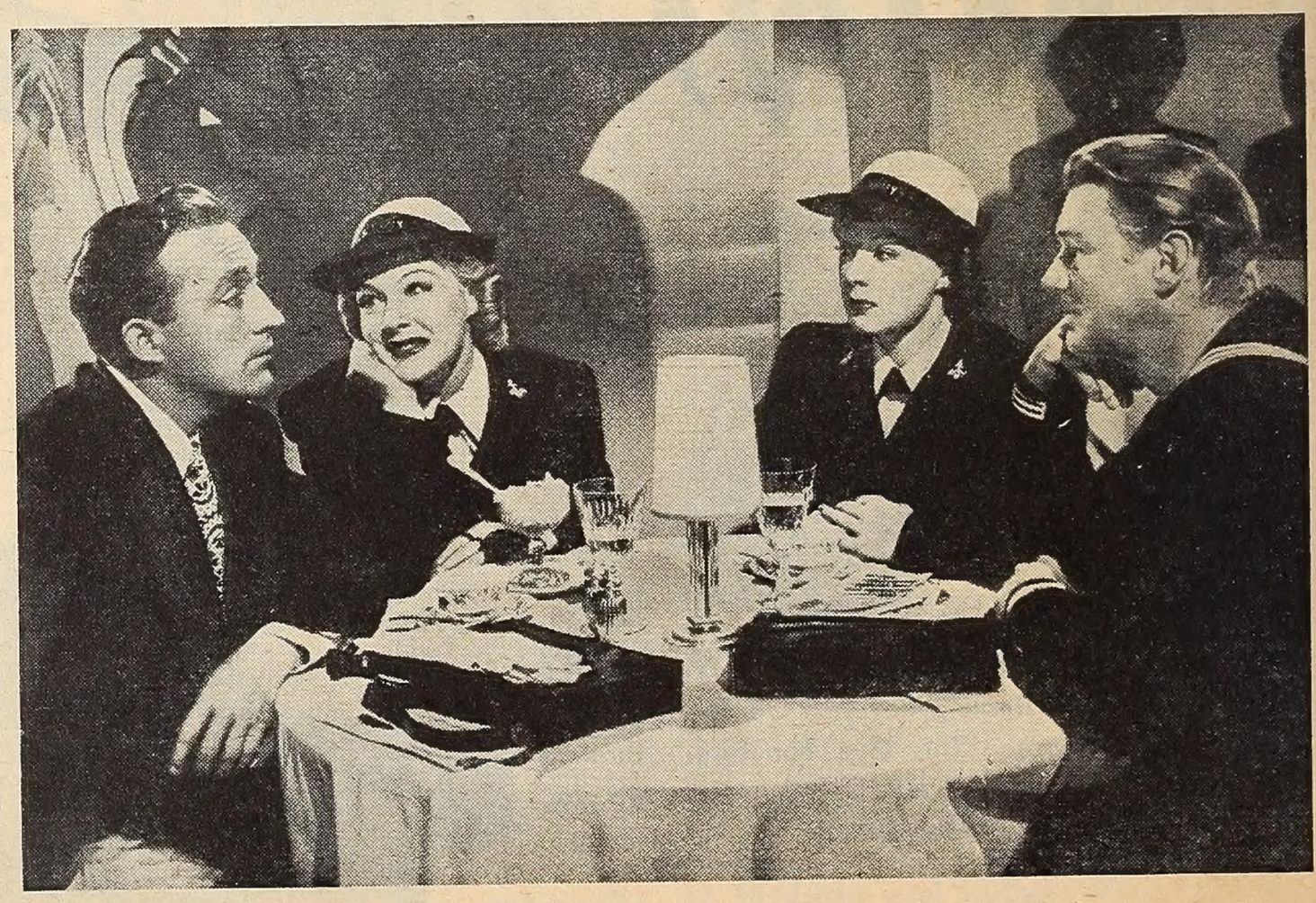
By Virginia Wilson

HERE COME THE WAVES

■ I'm confused. Here is Bing Crosby playing a crooner that the bobby sox brigade swoons over. What does that make Sinatra—the Dowagers' Delight? Anyway, Bing does all right with the role, and Betty Hutton plays opposite him. You can say that again, because Betty plays a dual role. One Hutton is enough to exhaust most men—you can imagine the trouble Bing has coping with two.

Betty, as Susie Adams, lo-o-o-ves crooner Johnny Cabot (Bing Crosby). Betty, as Rosemary Adams, detests him with equal fervor. She's pretty sick of watching sister Susie moon over photographs of him and get that wild-eyed look when she hears him sing. Rosemary joins the WAVES, and Susie lays in an extra supply of Johnny's pictures and joins, too. At a New York night club they actually meet the crooner in person. He's accompanied by an old friend of his, just back from the South Pacific. The friend, Windy, is a big blond lumbering guy played by Sonny Tufts. (You had that all figured out yourself, didn't you?) Well, Susie gives Johnny one long soulful look, and swoons. Rosemary surveys him coldly, and definitely does *not* swoon. With typical male contrariness, Johnny develops a yen for Rosemary.

About that time his draft board re-classifies him, and whoops, dearie! he's in the Navy! He and Windy and the two girls all get together at San Diego. Both men try to date Rosemary and avoid the swooning Susie. Johnny no sooner seems to be making a little progress than Windy manages to get him tossed in the brig. To make matters worse, Susie is afraid the crooner will be sent to sea, so she writes a letter to his commanding officer, signed with Johnny's name, suggesting that he organize a show to recruit WAVES. Rosemary hears about it and thinks he's a coward, dodging active duty. Johnny doesn't know what's going on, but suspects Windy of a complicated double cross. Eventually there is a super duper show, with Johnny and Windy singing a duet (*that* you gotta hear!). Hutton as Rosemary gets kissed by Johnny and (*Continued on page 12*)



Susie (Betty Hutton) is swoony for bobby sox crooner Johnny Cabot (Bing Crosby) and sailor Windy (Sonny Tufts) from the moment she meets them in New York. Her twin, Rosemary, can't see either for dirt. Matters are complicated when both boys fall for Rosemary.

All of Hollywood's heart is in it—
and 62 of Hollywood's Stars!!



ANDREWS SISTERS
JACK BENNY
JOE E. BROWN
EDDIE CANTOR
KITTY CARLISLE
JACK CARSON
DANE CLARK
JOAN CRAWFORD
HELMUT DANTINE
BETTE DAVIS
FAYE EMERSON
VICTOR FRANCEN
JOHN GARFIELD
SYDNEY GREENSTREET
ALAN HALE
PAUL HENREID
ROBERT HUTTON
JOAN LESLIE
PETER LORRE
IDA LUPINO
IRENE MANNING
JOAN McCRACKEN
DOLORES MORAN
DENNIS MORGAN
ELEANOR PARKER
JOYCE REYNOLDS
ROY ROGERS & TRIGGER
S.Z. ("CUDDLES") SAKALL
ZACHARY SCOTT
ALEXIS SMITH
BARBARA STANWYCK
JOSEPH SZIGETI
DONALD WOODS
JANE WYMAN

SONGS!

"DON'T FENCE ME IN"
"HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN"
"SWEET DREAMS, SWEETHEART"
"GETTIN' CORNS FOR MY COUNTRY"
"WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' THE REST OF YOUR LIFE"
"YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A YANK"
and many more!

Also
JIMMY DORSEY & HIS BAND
CARMEN CAVALLARO & ORCHESTRA
GOLDEN GATE QUARTET ☆ ROSARIO & ANTONIO ☆ SONS OF THE PIONEERS

Original Screen Play by Delmer Daves • Musical Numbers Created & Directed by LEROY PRINZ • Directed by DELMER DAVES
JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer — Produced by ALEX GOTTLIEB

"Touching with dazzled lips her

Starlight Hand" ❊

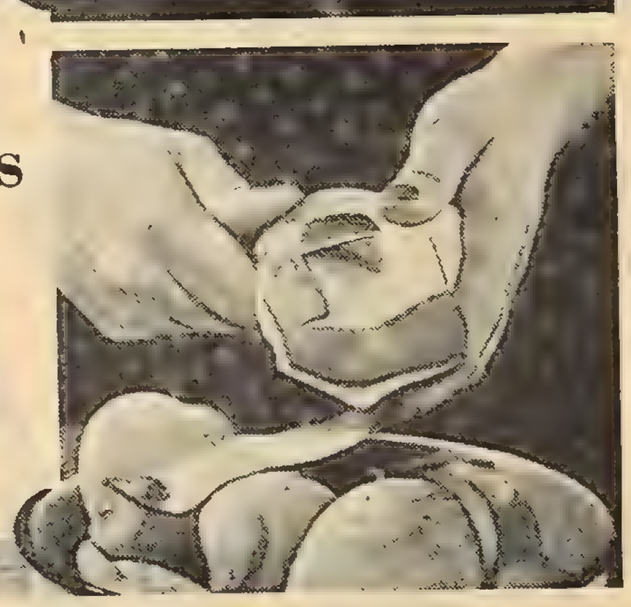
—*"Endymion," John Keats*



❊ A lovely line—

but remember, no one's lips are "dazzled" by

Scullery Skin



Don't let kitchen chores make your hands look OLD

IT TAKES a soft, young-looking hand to bring a man's lips closer . . . and closer . . . But in spite of kitchen drudgery, your hands can be as smoothly enchanting as your face. Use Pacquins Hand Cream daily to help counteract the harsh, drying effects of housework and weather . . . to lend your hands a look of milky-white softness and smoothness!

It was originally formulated for doctors and nurses. They have their hands in water 30 to 40 times a day, so they *need* an effective cream.

Not sticky . . . not greasy. Pacquins is creamy-smooth, fragrant. Try it today.



Pacquins Hand Cream



Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbings a day.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

Hutton as Susie gets kissed by Windy. That, kids, is a double feature, but *good!* —*Par.*

P. S.

In keeping with a resolution made at the time of Pearl Harbor, Mark Sandrich, producer-director, is maintaining his record of making nothing but pictures which will aid the war effort. . . . He began this record with "So Proudly We Hail." . . . Betty Hutton, playing twins in the picture, was Hollywood's busiest gal. She had an average of eight hairdos a day. Every time the red wig was removed, it meant a shampoo. In spite of all this Betty had enough energy left over to do camp shows, radio spots and hospital tours over the week ends. . . . The WAVE uniforms are authentic with a few Edith Head touches. When Edith got through with them, there was more sex in them than a banned sweater ever possessed. . . . Sonny Tufts brings his singing voice to the screen with a duet "Accent on the Positive" with der Bingle Crosby. . . . There are eight other original songs in this picture plus a Crosby solo of "Black Magic". . . . Because of transportation difficulties, Sandrich didn't take his troupe to Hunter College, New York, or to San Diego for resulting action. Instead, a second unit, under direction of Dink Templeton, spent six weeks in New York and four in San Diego shooting backgrounds of WAVES at work. The producer-director also insisted that no WAVES be deterred from their war work. Factual shots of their drills and labors prove more effective. . . . Reproductions of Hunter College and the Barracks at Coronado, Calif., were constructed on giant sound stages at the studio. In order to further authenticity, WAVES from both spots were retained as technical advisers. Gals were Captain Helen McAfee, Lt. Comm. Louis K. Wilde and Lt. (JG) Kathleen Quinn.

NATIONAL VELVET

If you read "National Velvet" when it was a best seller, you are probably wondering where Mickey Rooney fits into the picture. The answer is that a part was written in especially for him, and the result is fine. Mickey can really act when he wants to, and he brings a warm depth of emotion to his portrayal of a young ex-jockey. The principal character is still Velvet, played by a beguiling child named Elizabeth Taylor. Velvet is a dreamy twelve-year old, whose love of horses is an all absorbing passion. Her oldest sister, Edwina, has discovered boys, and Malvolia adores canaries. The youngest member of the family, Donald (Jackie Jenkins), regards them all with solemn detachment and lives in an entrancing world of his own.

They have a very understanding mother. Mrs. Brown (Anne Revere) swam the Channel at twenty years of age, and won fame and a hundred sovereigns. After that she married Mr. Brown and settled down to a placid life in a country village. Mr. Brown regards anything out of the ordinary with a suspicious eye. When young Mi Taylor (Mickey Rooney) turns up out of nowhere, broke and hungry, it takes considerable persuasion to make Mr. Brown give him a job in his butcher shop. Velvet is fascinated with Mickey because he knows so much about horses. She takes him to see Pie, a horse that belongs to Farmer Ede. According to Velvet, he is the "most wonderful horse in the world." There are two schools of thought on that.

His present owner considers him a damned nuisance, since he can jump the highest fence and do all sorts of damage in the village. He finally raffles him off, and Velvet wins him. This is heaven! A horse of her own, and what a horse!

Mi helps her train Pie and is really responsible for her idea of entering him in the "Grand National." Pie has already jumped fences as high as any on that famous course. But there are obstacles in the way more difficult than fences—the entry fee, for one, and finding a jockey, for another. How Mi and Velvet solve these problems makes a story that you'll never forget. The picture is a masterpiece, its beauty enhanced by the Technicolor scenes of the English countryside.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Proof was given to studio that the picture was all they'd expected it to be when the preview crowd (usually a cold, tough, "make me like it" bunch) stood and cheered for Velvet during the steeplechase scene. . . . Incidentally, those spills during that race are not faked—they're the real thing. . . . The paddock at Aintree, England's famed steeplechase track, was duplicated at the Santa Monica Uplifters Club Polo Field. . . . The electric bell which rings on set as a signal for the electricians to turn on the lights, sounded just like the starting bell to King Charles, the race horse. So when the bell rang, King Charles was off, steeplechasing around the set. Mickey, with the help of a few dozen set men, finally caught the horse before any real damage was done. . . . Reginald Owen's trip to Monterey on location was one of his most successful. He came home with a treasured recipe for Abalone Chowder. Seems Reginald had dined almost nightly at a famous seafood restaurant there, and finally talked the owner out of his formula for this favorite dish. . . . Director Clarence Brown sent to England for all books available containing descriptions of the English country folk in Sussex and the Grand National horse race at Aintree. This picture is guaranteed authentic. . . . Don't worry about the fate of the dying horse in the stall—the one who is lying prone, groaning with pain—he's been taught to do that without a bit of prodding from his trainer. Five minutes later he was peacefully munching carrots. . . . Part of the dialogue had to be rewritten when Jackie "Butch" Jenkins lost a third tooth!

CAN'T HELP SINGING

There's a joyous lightheartedness to Deanna Durbin's new picture. The Jerome Kern songs are bait for the Hit Parade, and Deanna sings, flirts and cajoles with gay abandon. Robert Paige, Akim Tamiroff and David Bruce lend their support to this romantic comedy of the Gold Rush days.

Caroline Frost (Deanna Durbin) is in love with a dashing Calvalry officer, Lieutenant Latham (David Bruce). At least she thinks she in love with him and is serious enough about it to worry her father, who knows Latham is a fortune hunter. Senator Frost uses his influence to have the Lieutenant sent to California. Caroline, as stubborn as her father, wheedles five thousand dollars from him for "a trip to New York" and then starts West with it instead, after Latham.

In those days you traveled by stage coach or wagon train, and you were likely to meet some pretty strange characters en route. "Prince Gregory Strogonsky" (Akim Tamiroff), for instance, attaches himself to Caroline, or rather to her trunk, which he is convinced is full of gold. Then there is the gambler, Johnny Lawlor (Robert Paige), who is wanted by the police and also by various men who would like to know since when there are five aces in a

Five little, false little words:



"I never perspire in Winter!"

Don't let the thermometer trick you into offending. Avoid underarm odor with MUM.

IT'S A MISTAKE so many girls make—thinking they don't perspire in winter. But how wrong. How foolish!

For even in zero weather, there's a heat wave under your arms. And odor can form without any noticeable moisture at all. Yes, form and cling to your warm winter woolens, stealing away your charm.

But why risk this winter danger? Why take chances of offending when it's so easy to be *sure?* Just remember, your bath only washes away *past* perspiration. Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come.*

So play safe. After every bath, before every date, a half minute with Mum means long hours of carefree daintiness.

MUM'S QUICK—Half a minute with Mum prevents risk of underarm odor all day or evening.

MUM'S SAFE—Gentle Mum won't irritate skin. Dependable Mum won't injure the fabric of your clothes, says American Institute of Laundering.

MUM'S SURE—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh all day or evening. Get Mum today.



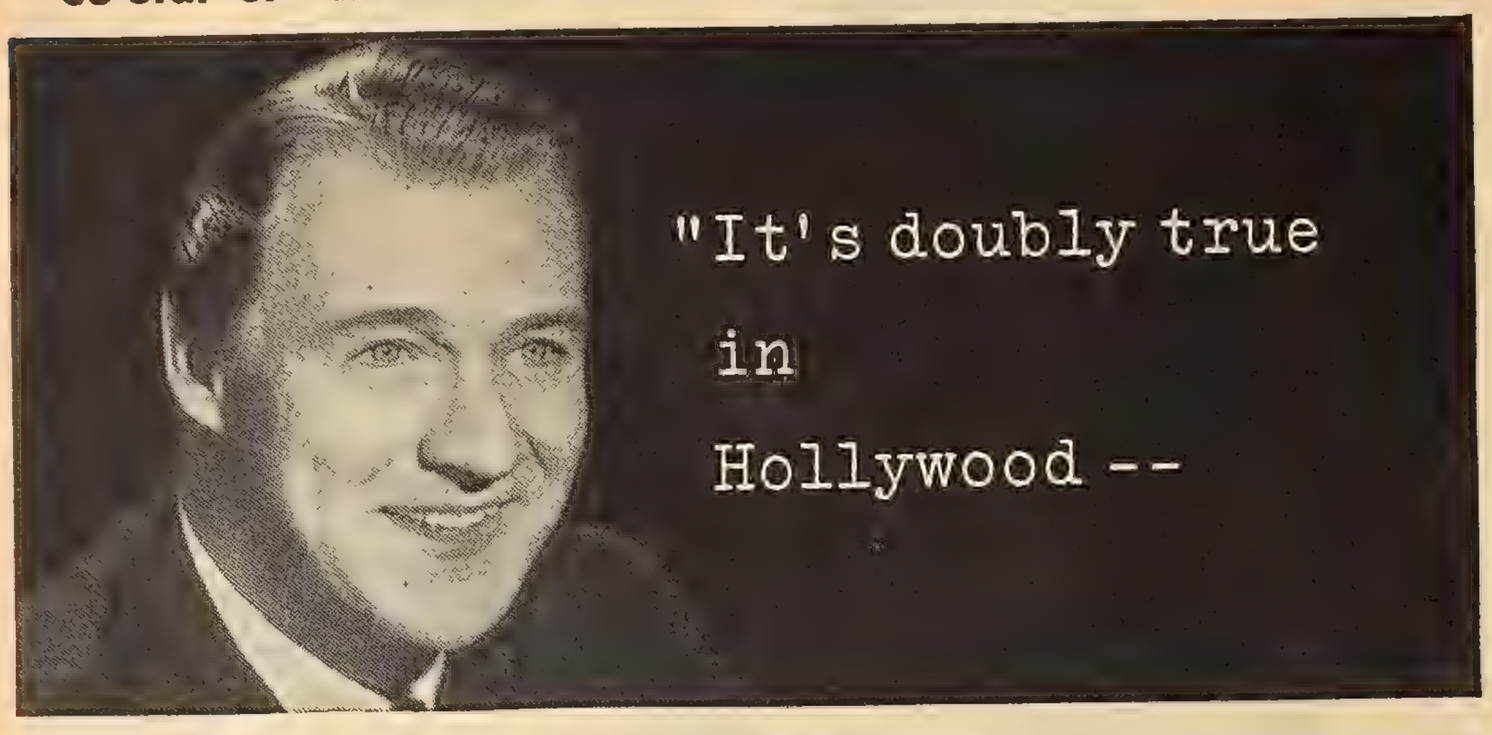
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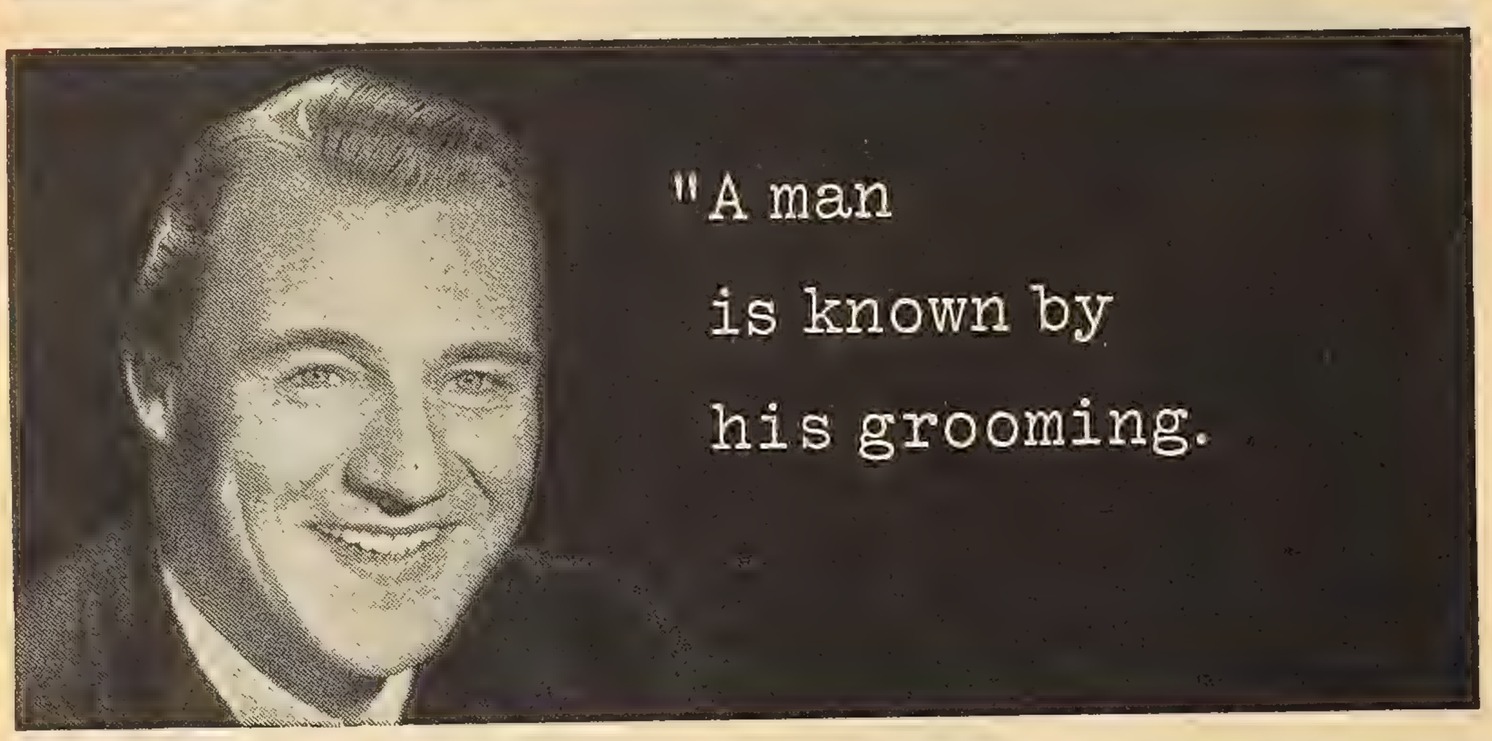
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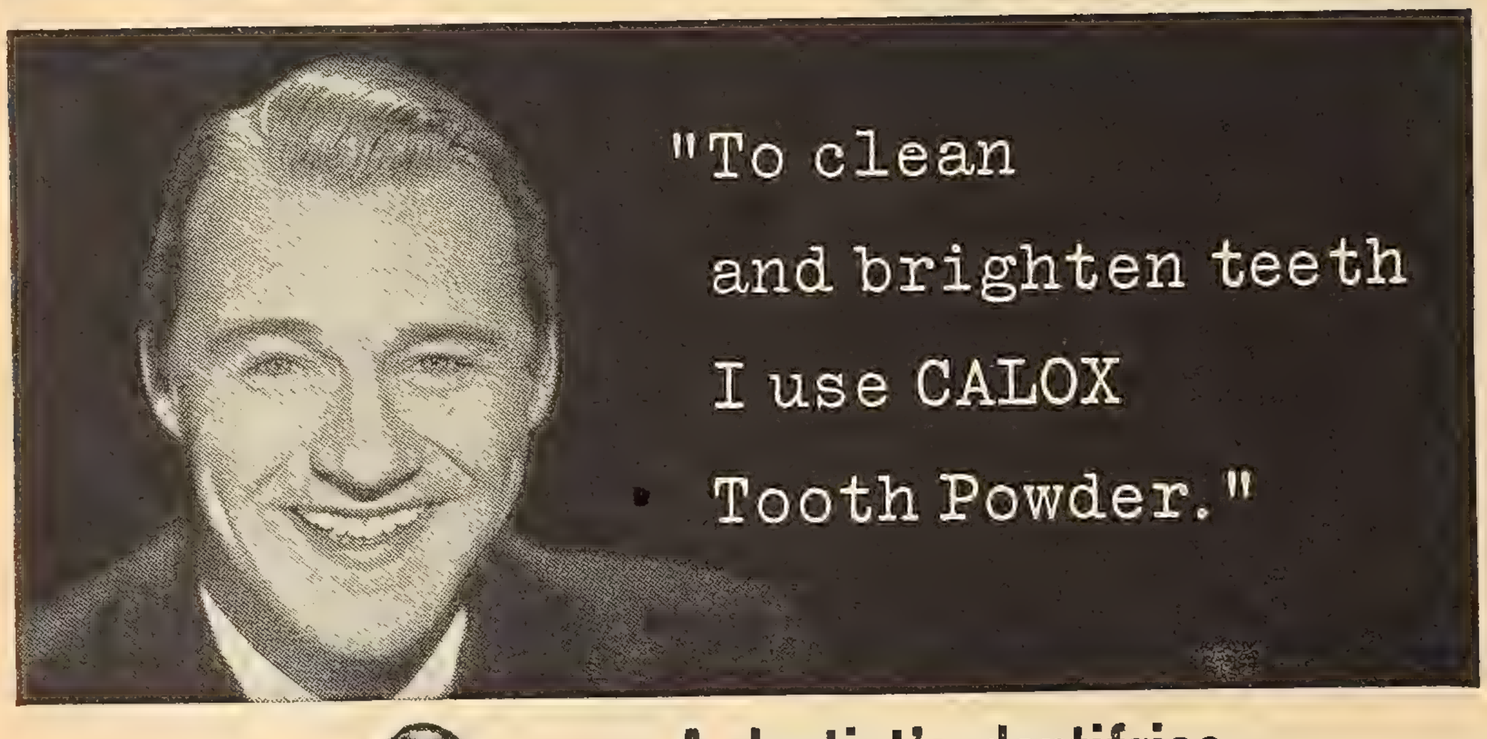
Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

SONNY TUFTS speaking:

Co-Star of "HERE COME THE WAVES," a Paramount picture









A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for people who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with *utmost gentleness*. Calox offers you:—

1. **SCRUPULOUS CLEANING.** Calox is a multiple-action powder. It contains *five* cleansing and polishing ingredients.
2. **LUSTROUS POLISHING.** Calox brings out all the high natural luster of teeth.
3. **CALOX IS GENTLE.** Double-sifted through 100 mesh silk.
4. **NO MOUTH PUCKERING MEDICINE TASTE.** Children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. **MADE BY A FAMOUS LABORATORY.** McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

pack of cards. Johnny has decided to give up gambling and go to California for the Gold Rush. By now, Caroline, too, is a fugitive from justice, since her irate father has sent word ahead that she *stole* the five thousand dollars. Unfair, perhaps, but a good way of keeping her from reaching Latham, he thinks.

Caroline, Johnny and the "Prince" join forces. It's a long way to California, and there is plenty of time for Caroline to decide that Johnny would be a lot more fun as a husband than Latham. But she has told him a flock of lies in order to get him to take her along, and when they get to California, the flock comes home to roost. There is a hilarious scene when all the "suitors," real and mythical, get together, but Deanna persuades everyone that it was all in a good cause.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Copies of the sound track of this picture, featuring Durbin and Bob Paige, of the songs "More and More," "Californ-I-Ay," "Any Moment Now" and "Can't Help Singing," were collectors' items in Hollywood. Somehow the sound tracks were sneaked out of the music department and copied months before the picture was ready for release. Bidding on the waxed copies was high. . . . Trade secrets: The Treasury Building in Washington, D. C. (à la 1849), was actually a new face on one end of the Los Angeles Coliseum, scene of the 1932 Olympic games and some of the biggest gridiron classics in history. . . . Tough summer location trip when the cast and crew went to Parawan Gap, Utah, for shots of covered wagon trains crossing the great Western desert. For miles around there was nothing but sand and sagebrush. The wind blew, whipping up dust clouds which threatened to stop operation of the cameras and sound equipment. It finally did stop operation of many of the cast who had to be taken to the hospital to have their respiratory tracks dusted. A normal day's supply of water was exhausted by noon, and a truck had to be sent to town ten miles away for fresh supplies. . . . However, Deanna learned a few of the finer points of camping while in Navajo Lake, Utah. It was she who made gallons of coffee over a Bob Paige-built campfire each morning. . . . There are no limitations to the sources of material for motion pictures. Director Frank Ryan lifted a situation right out of his own family life for a running gag. For more than a year his six-year-old son indulged in a habit of twisting his hair with a forefinger. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan did their best to break the habit—finally succeeded by having the boy's hair clipped. Exactly as it happens in the picture!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A car pulled up to the Twelfth Street door of the Hotel Muehlebach in Kansas City, and the doorman stepped up and seized the luggage.

"Will you please send the bags up to my room?" the passenger inquired.

"I'd be glad to, sir. I presume you have a room here? And are you one of the boilermakers attending the Ship Builders Convention?" queried the doorman.

"No," snapped the guest, "I'm Errol Flynn, and I have quarters reserved in the penthouse!"

Mrs. E. W. McMichael
Little Rock, Ark.

ROUGHLY SPEAKING

You can call this the saga of an American family, or you can call it the history of a

rugged individualist. Either way, it's a delightful picture, and if you miss it, you'll be so-o-o-rry! Rosalind Russell is still playing a career girl, but this time the career includes five children and two husbands. Two, because husband number one leaves her with this dramatic but accurate farewell speech. . . . "Living with you and those kids," he says bitterly, "has been like living with Baby Snooks in a cageful of lions."

Let's go back to the beginning. The strongest single influence on the life of Louise Randall Pierson (Rosalind Russell) is probably her father. He is a genial, extravagant gentleman whose motto is "Nothing is too good for the Randalls." He dies when she is twelve, and leaves his wife a huge white elephant of a house, a diamond sunburst, two daughters and enough unpaid bills to heat the house all winter. But to Louise, her father will always be alive. His advice to "shoot for the moon and the hell with everybody" becomes her philosophy of life. It undoubtedly is the chief factor in the failure of her first marriage.

Rodney Crane (Donald Woods) is a handsome, conservative young banker. He brushes off Louise's desire for a job and turns her into a housewife and mother. He never has the faintest understanding of her character. He can't understand why she doesn't cry when Louise, Jr., is crippled by infantile paralysis. It is, of course, because she is too busy making the child realize that lameness may be a nuisance but it need never be a handicap. When Rodney loses his job, Louise goes to work to support them. Rodney promptly finds a girl who will bolster his ego and asks Louise for a divorce.

It is a shock to her, for she still loves him. But she determines to make a success of life without him, for the children's sake. Later she meets Harold Pierson (Jack Carson), who's an utter screwball but perfect for Louise. "Mother, are you going to get him for our new father?" Louise, Jr., inquires curiously when Louise brings him home to look over her offspring. "That child could make a fortune reading tea leaves," Harold says gravely. Reading tea leaves is practically the only thing they don't try in the next fifteen years, but it's all fun.

Robert Hutton, Jean Sullivan, Alan Hale and John Qualen are among the cast.—*War.*

P. S.

Miss Russell lost seventeen pounds during production of this picture. It didn't matter photographically because as she aged in the picture, more padding was used in her costumes to make her appear heavier. However, it mattered very much to studio officials who insisted she take a long vacation before doing another picture. She'd been resting a few weeks at a Southern California lake resort when she collapsed and was hospitalized for a long session of rebuilding her health. . . . Picture was filmed on seventy different sets, and Miss Russell has fifty-seven costume changes. Took fifteen players to portray the five children in three different age periods. . . . George James Hopkins did the sets. Spent seventeen weeks studying the various periods before making designs. Pictures of this type, which cover half-centuries, are the most difficult to produce. Every department: Costumes, sets, hairdressers, actors—all have a much harder and time-consuming job to do. . . . Nineteen-year-old Robert Arthur got a terrific break. Eleven days after he arrived in Hollywood (fresh from an honorable medical discharge from the Navy), he was portraying one of Mrs. Pierson's sons. It's his first film job. . . . Jo Ann Marlowe won the distinction of being Hollywood's youngest

(Continued on page 18)

A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft Dependably Strong



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YOUR NOSE KNOWS—THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

There is only one KLEENEX



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FOR FANS

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INFORMATION DESK—Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 26 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART

STAR AUTOGRAPHS—Turn to page 62 to see how you can get autographs of all your favorite stars.

FOR ROMANCE

PLEASE BEHAVE!— Helpful, practical chart with tips on how to be poised, well liked. Etiquette for dating, engagements, weddings, letter writing—the works. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope..... ☐

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GLAMOUR FOR THE TEENS—This is 'specially for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hairdos for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ..... ☐

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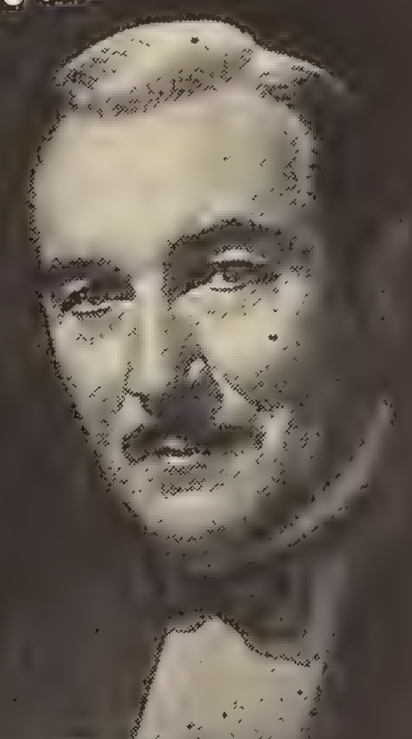
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Her Beauty WEARS A MASK OF Terror!

Desired by all men, envied by all women. What is the spell that hangs over this beautiful woman, making her a terrified slave . . . fearful, even, of the man who so desperately fights to free her?



ANOTHER OF THE GREAT RKO RADIO PICTURES

HEDY LAMARR

GEORGE BRENT • PAUL LUKAS

in

"Experiment Perilous"

with

ALBERT DEKKER • CARL ESMOND • OLIVE BLAKENEY
GEORGE N. NEISE • MARGARET WYCHERLY

Produced by Robert Fellows. Directed by Jacques Tourneur
Screen play by Warren Duff

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

pin-up girl, following a request for her photo from a Seabee unit. Jo Ann is eight. . . . Cole Porter's famed college song, "Bull Dog," was written in 1911 when he was a Yale student. It's one of 35 songs cleared for use in this picture. . . . Rosalind brought a small metallic doghouse to the set to be worn about the neck of any who incurred the Curtiz wrath. First victim: Miss Russell, herself, who wore it all day for being late to the set.

EXPERIMENT PERILOUS

You can't blame a husband for being jealous of anyone as beautiful as Hedy Lamarr. No, this isn't a tip-off on the love life of the Loder family. . . . It's a remark prompted by her new picture, "Experiment Perilous." Hedy wears the elegant gowns of the early 1900's and has a psycho-neurotic husband who goes green-eyed when she so much as looks at another man. Since he is played by Paul Lukas, who is a suave, subtle actor, he doesn't denote jealousy by gnashing his teeth. He does it in a suave, subtle way, by making people think his lovely wife is going out of her mind. He even calls in a psychiatrist.

The psychiatrist is Dr. Huntingdon Bailey (George Brent, and I'd be psycho-analyzed myself if George would do it!). He knows considerably more about Nick Bederaux and his beautiful Allida (Hedy Lamarr) than Nick at first realizes. That is because he happened to meet Nick's sister on a train from Chicago, and she chattered along carelessly about family matters. Too carelessly. Poor Miss Bederaux! Next day at tea with Nick and Allida, she has a "heart attack" and dies immediately. But her dressing case was substituted for Nick's in getting off the train, and when Hunt opens it, he finds a diary which gives him a clue to events past and future in the Bederaux house on Murray Hill. The diary mentions Alec, who was young and full of life and in love with Allida. Alec is dead, and now Miss Bederaux is dead, too. When Hunt remembers the look he himself got from Bederaux's inscrutable eyes when Allida seemed to like him, he feels none too safe.

He knows the risk Allida and her five-year-old son run every day they stay in the same house with Nick. But it isn't going to be easy to get them out. It might have been easier if Hunt hadn't fallen deeply in love with Allida at their first meeting. Still, he is a psychiatrist, and he understands Nick's twisted mentality. There must be a way. There is indeed, but it lies through a grim path of horror that at last resolves into violence.

It takes a superb cast to do justice to this kind of picture. Fortunately RKO has given us one, including Olive Blakeney, Albert Dekker, Stephanie Bachelor and Carl Esmond.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Story of "Experiment Perilous" was not changed from the book plot except to be set back fifty years. This was done at the suggestion of Miss Lamarr. She believed the role of a submissive wife would be more plausible as of fifty years ago than it would be with a modern day treatment. Also, in this manner, the studio escaped the necessity of undertoning and overtoning the picture with war, one of the most difficult of modern movie problems. . . . This is the first period picture for Hedy Lamarr, who is enhanced by sixteen costume changes. . . . George Brent returns to the screen after more than a year spent in training fliers for the Army. . . . Paul

(Continued on page 20)



Yes—

YOU CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL

AND HERE'S THE SECRET—a make-up *miracle* awaits you in the new *duo-tone* Rouge by Princess Pat. As you apply it, mysteriously and amazingly the color seems to come from within the skin—bringing out new hidden beauty. Your color looks so real, no one could believe that you use rouge at all!

LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR! There's an amazing 'lift' to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence in your beauty—bids you be irresistible—and if you feel irresistible, well, naturally, you *are!*

THE RIGHT WAY TO ROUGE

For the most lasting and natural effect:

- Apply rouge *before* powdering.
- Smile into mirror. Note that the cheek raises. Apply rouge to the raised area in the form of a > pointing toward the nose.
- Blend with finger tips outward in all directions. Notice that Princess Pat Rouge leaves no edges.
- Put a touch of rouge to each ear lobe and point of chin.
- Now, apply Princess Pat Face Powder.

ONLY PRINCESS PAT ROUGE has the *duo-tone* secret—an undertone and overtone are blended in each shade. See it perform its beauty miracle on YOU! Until you do, you'll never know how lovely you really can be.



And Lips to Match—

Key your lips perfectly to your cheeks—the effect is stunning! You'll love the smoothness of Princess Pat Lipstick and its amazing power to stay on. The shades are simply heavenly! Wherever you buy cosmetics you'll find Princess Pat Rouge, Lipstick and Powder. Get yours today.

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Ham from Hamtramck (John Hodiak) ☐
Stop, Look and Whistle! (Deanna Durbin) ☐
Cinderella Boy (Farley Granger) ☐
Jenny Made Her Mind Up (Jennifer Jones) ☐
"I Envy Claudette . . ." (Claudette Colbert) by Hedda Hopper ☐
Frankie, We Love You! (Frank Sinatra) ☐
Sweet and Lovely (Jeanne Crain) ☐
Lon McCallister, Life Story, Part II ☐
"Der Bingle" (Bing Crosby) ☐
Big Bad Wolf (Helmut Dantine) ☐
Golden Girl (Louise Allbritton) ☐
Marriage Is Strictly Okay! (Dana Andrews) ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? .....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference .....

.....

.....

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WITH **JANET BLAIR · LEE BOWMAN**

MARC PLATT · LESLIE BROOKS

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Produced and Directed by VICTOR SAVILLE

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Lukas fans will like this one because it gives Paul a rich role as the shrewd, relentless, psychopathic killer. . . . Olive Blakeney gets a meaty role in this picture, too. Olive was a top-ranking star of the English stage and screen, has done some fine work in America. . . . Albert Dekker, who came to Hollywood to do a couple of pictures for experience and intended to return to the New York stage, has decided to stay in Hollywood permanently. His picture schedule is booked solid for several months to come. . . . Stephanie Bachelor, well-known on the New York stage, is a comparative newcomer to films—made her screen debut in "Lady of Burlesque." This is her second venture. . . . Produced by Robert Fellows and directed by Jacques Tourneur, son of Maurice Tourneur, ace director of silent films.

A SONG TO REMEMBER

Most of us are pretty vague about the life of Chopin. We remember a detail here and there—his Polish background, his affair with George Sand, his fatal illness. "A Song To Remember" fills in all the blank spaces and weaves an enchanting Technicolor tapestry of Chopin and his music.

Cornel Wilde makes a romantically melancholy Chopin. Merle Oberon as George Sand is fascinating whether she's wearing trousers or the fabulous gowns of the period. The picture is materially aided by the presence of Paul Muni in the part of Professor Elsner, Chopin's teacher.

It is Elsner who first insists that Chopin must go to Paris as a concert pianist. Since the boy is only twelve at the time, no one takes this very seriously. Ten years later Elsner gets Chopin to Paris, but it is only because the young man's Polish nationalist sympathies have gotten him into trouble with the Russian authorities, and he has to leave the country. They arrive in Paris, a disheveled pair of yokels, and Elsner insists that they go at once to see Louis Pleyel (George Coulouris), who was interested in Chopin ten years before. Ten years is a long time—Pleyel doesn't even remember the name and will do nothing about a concert. Franz Liszt meets the young musician, however, and is convinced he has talent. He himself arranges a concert.

The affair is a failure. Chopin has bad news from home just before he goes on—his two best friends have been killed for aiding his escape. He plays poorly because of this emotional upset, and the critics are caustic about the perfomance. All except George Sand. She—the most talked of woman in Paris—is intrigued by his looks as well as persuaded of his genius. In a few days' time she succeeds in whisking him off to her country home, and the romance between them becomes the scandal of the year. Poor old Elsner is left alone and broke in Paris. Chopin has forgotten everything except a beautiful woman. No, not everything. He remembers his love of Poland, and the rest of his life is torn between these two warring passions. Both have a tremendous influence on his work, and posterity owes a debt to each for the music of Chopin.—*Col.*

P. S.

Whether you're a solid sender, a long-haired ickey or just an ordinary guy with a love of pretty tunes, the music in this will go straight to your heart. Chopin didn't write his music to the intelligentsia of his day but to the peasants and to Madame George Sand—it may be understood and enjoyed by everyone. . . . The 23 pieces in the picture include almost all of the popular Chopin compositions. Proof of their melodious appeal is that many of the American songs of the early Twenties were taken from Chopin movements. "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "Moonlight and Roses," "I Found You in The Rain," to name a few. . . . Muni, the perfectionist, had three pairs of glasses specially ground by his oculist for his work as the music teacher. Glasses were smaller than those worn today and were encased in steel rims. . . . The character of George Sand demanded that the Oberon legs be hidden with tailored trousers, but on her they look good. History also recorded that Sand smoked cigars, and Merle was willing to try if it would authenticize the picture. The idea was dropped, however, as unnecessary to the characterization and possibly offensive to many picture-goers. . . . Cornel Wilde practically lived at the keyboard during the months of filming. So that his piano fingering would be facile, he was forbidden to garden, golf or play tennis. Even at that, he finished production with deep callouses on his finger tips. . . . When the picture was completed, Cornel visited the nearest music store, bought a baby grand for his formerly piano-less Beverly Hills home. . . . Production was held up for three days when Borden, the mustached Duke of Orleans, absent-mindedly mailed his mustache to the Screen Actors Guild along with a check for his dues!

THE SUSPECT

It is not the policy of this department to recommend murder. But if ever anyone asked for death by violence, it's the wife in this picture. She is a Termagant, a shrew and a harpy. Charles Laughton, as her husband, makes you feel that he deserves a medal, instead of hanging, for her removal from this world.

You see, Philip Marshall (Charles Laughton) is really a quiet, gentle man. Given the right wife, he would have raised flowers, had an occasional pint at the local



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Delightfully Fragrant . . . You'll like the clean, fresh scent of this clear liquid shampoo. It leaves your hair with a pleasing, delicate fragrance. Try Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

FOR DANDRUFF...ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the *only* shampoo whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance companies. No other shampoo can make this statement.



A Shampoo for the whole Family

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pub and lived a happy and useful existence. But he married a virago who screams at him like a fishwife and makes him wish he had never been born. Their son, John (Dean Harens), leaves home because his mother's nagging interference is too much for him. Philip, who loves John deeply, is very lonely after he goes. Perhaps that's one reason he particularly notices the girl who comes to the exclusive tobacconist's shop where Philip works. She is looking for a job, and somehow she seems as lost and lonely as Philip himself. Mary (Ella Raines) is a typist, and in the London of 1902, women who want jobs are looked on with suspicion. But Philip finds her a place in a dress shop, and they begin to see each other regularly. He neglects to mention that he has a wife.

After all, he tells his conscience, you can't call Cora (Rosalind Ivan) a wife, really. They live in the same house (and a filthy place it is, too, since Cora is too busy complaining to do housework), but there is no love between them, or even friendship. With Mary he finds both. So when Cora threatens not only that love but Mary's very existence, Philip takes things into his own hands. The coroner's verdict calls it death by accident, but Inspector Huxley of Scotland Yard isn't so sure. When Philip's drunken neighbor hears about Huxley's suspicions, he decides to cash in on them. He tells Philip he heard Cora cry out the night of her death, and what she cried is worth twenty pounds. Philip considers the matter. He is married to Mary now, and they can be very happy together if there is no trouble over Cora's death. But he can't afford to hand out twenty pounds every week or so. The next day the neighbor disappears.

It's frightening to see the lengths even a gentle man may be driven to. Laughton manages to convince you that he *is* a gentle man and to scare hell out of you at the same time. Ella Raines turns in a fine performance as Mary.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Only trouble with cats as actors, you don't get any emotional range. A cat is a cat—either frisky or quiet and that's that. Problem was solved when two identical Persian kittens were discovered by Prop men. "Mickie" gets the call for the playful scenes, and "Vickie," the docile type, is brought in to sit quietly on Laughton's lap or at Miss Raines' feet. . . . Talk of cats reminded Mr. Laughton of the eternal triangle at his own home. He has three cats—all strays—"Pinkie," "Mrs. Pinkie" and "Fredric". . . . Ella Raines, who ran off to be married a few days before her final exam at the University of Washington, was promised an A. B. degree from the college if she would write a thesis on some theatrical subject. Ella hasn't had time before, but between scenes for this picture she managed to get it done. It's a thesis on Laughton's technique in acting. . . . Some research had to be done into the barroom habits of ladies in the early 1900's. Director Robert Siodmak discovered that on shipboard it was permissible for a lady to enter the drinking room, but that she definitely did not stand with one foot on the brass rail. She was served at a small table alongside the bar and sipped at a mild cocktail. . . . Laughton reduced considerably for this role. His stand-in, Tommy Hicks, who weighs 265, couldn't knock off a pound. Since he can't diet down to stand in for 200-pound actors, he will have to take on fifty pounds and stand-in for Andy Devine. . . . Laughton came to work each morning with a new, glowing report on the pastry of his Danish cook. Finally the drooling cast and crew pooled their ration points and bought Laughton two pounds of butter so his cook could send over samples of her culinary achievements.

Are you in the know?

Can this WAC Lieutenant marry—

- ☐ A Private
- ☐ A Captain
- ☐ A Sergeant

A WAC officer can wed her One and Only, whether he's a brass hat, a non-com, or plain G.I. Joe. Perhaps you'll be asked to be one of the bridesmaids at a furlough wedding. You can be on the scene—serene—whatever the time of the month. Kotex will keep you confident, because unlike thick, stubby napkins, Kotex has patented *flat tapered ends* that don't show revealing lines. And you'll find the dependable *comfort* of Kotex so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch—for Kotex *stays soft while wearing!*





If your writing runs uphill, are you—

- ☐ Moody
- ☐ Indifferent to people
- ☐ An optimist

It's fun to read character through handwriting! If you study up on the subject, beforehand, it tells all! Do you write uphill? You're an *optimist*, says Dorothy Sara, noted handwriting analyst. Why not *keep* that cheery outlook—even on trying days? You'll never be a "worry-bird" with Kotex sanitary napkins, because that *4-ply safety center* keeps moisture away from the sides. That's why you can count on getting protection *plus*—when you use Kotex.

Will lip rouge linger longer if you—

- ☐ Moisten the lips first
- ☐ Apply it over powder
- ☐ Repaint a previous job

To make your lipstick *stick*—first, powder lips lightly. Apply lip rouge *over powder*, blot with Kleenex and you're set—for longer than you think. And your *confidence* can linger longer—on problem days. Just be sure your sanitary napkin is suited to your special needs. Only Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular, Junior or Super Kotex by the color of its box.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

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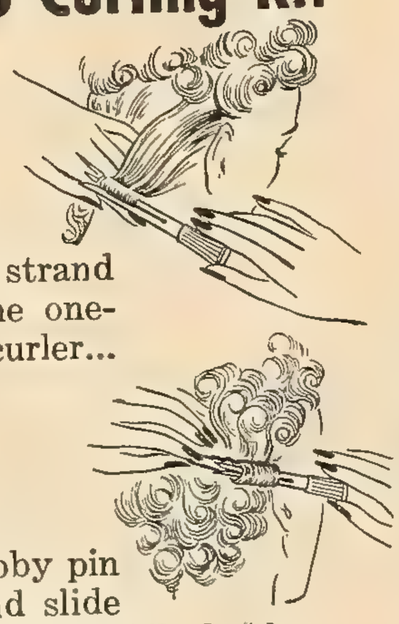




Easy to set your own hair

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Simple!

First wind a strand of hair on the one-piece plastic curler...

Quick!

Then slip bobby pin onto curl, and slide curler out. That's all! The bobby pins hold the curl. You can set your hair and go right out.

THE Hold-Bob patented curling kit is new and different. One simple, durable kit does your whole head again and again. Each kit contains a supply of genuine Hold-Bobs—"the bobby pins that hold."



LAKE PLACID SERENADE

Czechoslovakia is a long jaunt from Lake Placid, but it's in Czechoslovakia that the opening scenes of this picture take place. Personally, I like those scenes best, with all the snow, white, and velvet soft, and the vivid Czech costumes, and quaint little men like Haschek (Lloyd Corrigan). Haschek is the foster father of the heroine, Vera (Vera Hruba Ralston). Vera is Republic's version of Sonja Henie, and a very nice version she is.

Vera doesn't, of course, stay long in Czechoslovakia. When she wins the national skating championship, she gets an invitation to the Lake Placid Winter Festival. Also there are a couple of agents, Webb (Walter Catlett) and Jiggers (William Frawley), who follow her around, waving contracts under her pretty nose. They are backed by a man-mad Countess, played by Vera Vague in the usual Vague manner.

Vera (Haschek, not Vague) comes to America to star as a skater, and here she meets her wealthy uncle, Carl Cermak (Eugene Pallette), and his two daughters. Daughter A is Irene (Stephanie Bachelor), a spoiled beauty who's trying her darndest to coax handsome Paul Jordan (Robert Livingston) to the altar. Daughter B, Susan (Ruth Terry), is a charming girl with a sense of humor. She likes Vera immediately and does her best to protect her from Irene's glacial onslaughts.

One evening, Vera is skating on a pond near the Cermak home and meets Paul for the first time. He doesn't know who she is, but she's for him, right from the start. "A blonde angel off the top of the Christmas tree," he thinks. Vera goes for him, too, but of course Irene puts a prompt period to this budding romance. Or maybe it's only a comma, because Paul goes right on being in love with Vera even when she disappears, and no one knows where to find her.

Susan pulls a fast one and gets them all together at Lake Placid where Vera is Winter Queen. And who is Winter King? None other than our old pal, Roy Rogers. Trigger is along, too, and does everything but skate. Ray Noble makes with the music, Vera loses one skate, Cinderella fashion, and when it's found, there's a happy ending.—*Rep.*

P. S.

The lover of beautiful and clever dances on ice will not go away from this hungry for more. There's plenty of ice-skating in it. Vera Ralston is at her best as is the rest of the cast-on-ice. Little Twinkle Watts, the child wonder, is in it, and McGowan and Mack do their famous apache number, and the famous Polish ballet dancers, Felix Sadovsky and Janina Frostova, do some beautiful folk numbers. In addition to all this, the musical score is perfect. Music is supplied by Harry Owens, Ray Noble and a 64-piece studio orchestra under the direction of Walter Scharf. There are no original numbers in this picture, but the familiar tunes, subordinated to the action, make the musical background even more pleasant to listen to. . . . The only vocal number is by Roy Rogers, "King of the Cowboys," who sings "Winter Wonderland." . . . Brilliant sets surround the huge frozen lake on a Republic sound stage for the series of numbers. One set is a replica of Lake Placid, with hundreds of real pine trees, tons of artificial snow. Another represents the ice rink at Madison Square Garden, and a third duplicates a scene in Czechoslovakia. A luxurious Long Island estate is the locale for another, and the fifth is the sparkling show boat background of the minstrel ballet. All five are done on the same rink. . . . Scene for Bob Livingston had to be rewritten. Bob was supposed to take a fall on the ice, but Livingston is considered such a dangerous risk that Lloyd's won't insure him. He's broken both legs in riding in sagebrush sagas, nearly scalped himself galloping beneath a tree, and he can play his broken knuckles like castanets. "Don't bother about the fall, Bob," director Sekely told him, "just stay on your feet—if you can!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was Tuesday night, October 31st, and we'd been waiting for almost three hours. Not that it mattered—Frank Sinatra was at the Paramount, and it was his last night!

My friend and I finally got in, only to find that most of the audience had been in the theater so long that they not only chatted while the picture was running, but were able to recite some of the dialogue along with the actors!

Finally, it was the last show. Ray Paige and his orchestra went into a medley of service tunes, Eileen Barton, breathtaking in blue net and sequins, did two numbers and encored with "The Trolley Song." Pops and Louie, a dance team, and impersonator Ollie O'Toole thanked us for our attention, and Ray delivered a tribute to Frank who, he said, ". . . is a great guy and always a gentleman and deserves all of the admiration you give him."

Then the orchestra swelled into "This Love Of Mine," everyone stood up applauding and cheering like mad, and Frankie burst forth. As one fan said, he looked "simply heavenly" in his blue-grey suit with matching shirt and a maroon and grey-striped tie. And that lock of hair which had started falling at the earlier shows had now tumbled down over his forehead. As he stood speechless in front of the mike, the kids started singing "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow" while a stream of beautifully wrapped presents and white carnations flowed towards the stage with Frankie placing each one on the bandstand and trying, as far as possible, to shake each hand reaching to him. Finally, the procession was over, the singing stopped, and just as Frankie stepped to the mike, the first 25 rows of fans who were still standing went into "You'll Never Know." Instantly, the theater hushed with the sincerity of the girls. When they finished, Frankie looked at them and murmured softly, "I've never been able to express myself by writing, and I'm not much for talking, but one thing I want to tell you, this is the happiest moment of my life."

He then proceeded to thank us in his own way—by singing. He rendered several numbers and then announced "Old Man River," adding, 'Paul Robeson does a magnificent job, and I only hope I can do one-third as well."

When he finished, the applause was tremendous. He smiled, bowed, threw a kiss and was gone.

But not forgotten.

Harriett Pearson
New York City

MINISTRY OF FEAR

A charity bazaar in an English village sounds innocent, doesn't it? Not the sort of thing you'd expect to lead to a spy ring and a few murders. It seems to Stephen Neale (Ray Milland) a harmless way to

(Continued on page 24)

the whispers grew into a roar...

the woman grew into a legend...

the love story grew into

a great motion picture!



A surging, tempestuous story... aglow with tenderness... powerfully emotional.

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

A Sidney Buchman Production

A Song to Remember

starring

Paul MUNI

Merle OBERON

with CORNEL WILDE

NINA FOCH · GEORGE COULOURIS

Screen Play by Sidney Buchman

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR



A new kind of motion picture!

A new miracle of TECHNICOLOR!

COLUMBIA PICTURES



pass the time till he catches the train for London. He pays a shilling at one stall to guess the weight of a cake (winner gets cake), and then goes on to a fortune-teller.

It is while he's having his fortune told that he begins to realize things are a little odd. Instead of predicting a voyage across the water and a meeting with a luscious blonde, the fortune-teller says urgently, "Guess the weight of the cake at four pounds, two ounces." Stephen, intrigued, goes out and pays another shilling for an extra guess. "Four pounds, two ounces," he says, and the cake is handed over to him amid a distinctly creepy silence.

As he starts away with it, the fortune-teller comes out from a conference with a new arrival and signals that a mistake has been made. They try to get Stephen to give back the cake, but he's stubborn about it. He won it, didn't he? He gets on the train for London, complete with cake. A blind man taps his way along the platform and gets into the same compartment. When the train stops during a bombing raid, he slugs Steve with his cane and makes off with the cake. When Steve pursues him, he almost gets shot.

Stephen's interest is now fully aroused. He doesn't like being slugged or robbed or shot at. When he gets to London, he starts a quiet investigation of the people back of that charity bazaar. It was run, he finds, by a charming Austrian girl, Carla (Marjorie Reynolds), and her attractive brother Willi (Carl Esmond). Willi agrees to help Stephen find the fortune-teller. There is another murder after that, and later a time bomb in a suitcase, then still another murder. Steve falls in love with Carla in the meantime, and both their lives are threatened. The climax is a hair-raising chase across the roofs of London.

Ray Milland is pleasantly bewildered but determined as the handsome hero. Carl Esmond really makes things interesting. —*Par.*

P. S.

Ray Milland passed another milestone during the filming of this one. Paramount presented him with a new seven-year contract—no options! This establishes an unbroken tenure of sixteen years with one studio for Ray. . . . Incidentally, this is his forty-third motion picture since arriving from England. . . . This brings Percy Waram back to the screen after a three-and-a-half-year road tour with "Life With Father" in which he played the title role. . . . The large exterior set, showing the Black Moor, was built on the back lot at General Service Studio. With that exception it was filmed inside studio walls at Paramount. . . . The battle between Milland and Carl Esmond was a rough and tumble melee with wild-swinging blows and chair-throwing which lasted for two filming days. This was an exhaustive role for Ray. In addition to the two-day fight, he was slugged over the head with a cane, blown across a room by an explosion, chased up five flights of stairs, wedged in a sardine-packed crowd in an air raid shelter, and soaked to the skin for a week running in rain scenes. The role was non-stop, too. Ray worked on every shooting day of the picture! . . . Rita Johnson, originally written into the role of the "other woman," became ill before shooting began. This gave Hillary Brooke a boost into a fine part. . . . Picture required twenty major sets—an unusual number for any picture.

OBJECTIVE, BURMA

There are war pictures that are real, and there are others that remind you of the formation of tin soldiers Junior moves around the living room on Sundays when he's finished the funnies. "Objective Burma" happens to be one of the real ones. It describes a group of paratroopers on a mission. The mission is a tough one.

Maybe some of the reality comes from Errol Flynn's portrayal of their commanding officer, Captain Nelson. You feel that you'd as soon follow him into battle as you would a four-star general. The paratroopers are a mixed bunch. There's the talkative wise guy known as "Gabby" (George Tobias), and the ex-farm boy called "Nebraska," and the humorous, efficient second-in-command. Lieutenant Jacobs (William Prince), plus several others. There is also a more or less unknown quantity, a newspaper correspondent, Mark Williams (Henry Hull).

The paratroopers are taken by plane into Burma and dropped off at a designated spot. "Do a good job and you'll save thousands of lives," they're told before they start. "We'll do a good job," Nelson

(*Continued on page 26*)

JOE COLLEGE—1961 ISSUE

He's pink and creasy, isn't he, and his hair's a bit on the fuzzy side, and he makes hicuppy noises and maybe his Daddy's never seen him. Not that he doesn't know every gum mark and coo and shriek his youngster's ever pulled. It's just that for the time being, it's "Daddy—Somewhere Away From Home."

But when Daddy does come home, the going may be a bit on the tough side, and it'll be a while before he'll be able to adjust things so's the weekly budget will read, "College Fund For Mike." And you can bet your boots that that GI wants Mike to have a college fund and a nice house to grow up in and decent clothes and food and friends. And maybe he won't be able to get 'em without help. Help which you can so easily provide now, while you're earning more and living more simply.

Buy Mike a War Bond. You can't make up to him a childhood without a father, but you can buy him a secure and satisfying manhood.

BONDS FOR BABY APPLICATION FORM

War Finance Committee
1270 Sixth Avenue
New York 20, N. Y., Room 2701

A War Bond has been ☐ *purchased*
will be ☐

In the amount of $.....

Serial Number of Bond.....

for Young.....
(please print name)

Address .....
(street or R.F.D.)

.....
(City)

Purchased by.....

Dated .....

So fill out the above coupon and send it in today. And just to keep everything in the never-never land spirit of all your Mikes and Marys, Walt Disney has designed a full-color "Cradle Roll Of Honor" Certificate gaily bordered with all his lovable little cartoon people which will be filled out by the United States Treasury in your child's name —and your honor.

Buy Mike a War Bond. He's so little, and it'll mean so much.



"Hello, dream girl", he whispers. And you're glad you're looking lovely... glad you've kept your hands petal-soft.

Ever since you discovered Trushay, hand care has seemed so much simpler.

Trushay's the "beforehand" idea in lotions. All you do is smooth it on *before* household tasks.

Rich, sweet-scented Trushay helps *prevent* roughness and dryness ... *guards soft hands*, *even in hot, soapy water*.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



says quietly. The assignment is to blow up a Jap radar station, and it is accomplished with neatness and dispatch. The paratroopers, assembling later at the spot where the transport planes are to pick them up, are pleased with themselves. It wasn't an easy job, but it's done, and in a couple of hours they'll be back at the base.

The transport planes wing over them and circle, preparatory to landing. That is the moment when Nelson discovers a force of Japs approaching. Too big a force, too well equipped for the paratroopers to dispose of. He radios the planes to go back, and then there begins a long, relentless, heartbreaking struggle against impossible odds. Against the Japs—and the jungle—and death in a thousand forms. You'll get a real thrill when you see the survivors stagger into the base, and salute —"Mission accomplished."—*War.*

P. S.

"Objective, Burma" claims a Warner Bros. Studio record—more than 1400 individual scenes were photographed. Normal picture average is 650. . . . The cast includes fifty young men portraying roles as tough paratroopers. Many of them were hired directly after release from the U. S. Armed forces. Requests came to the studio from five qualified women parachutists for parts in the picture, but were denied due to Warners' attempt to give discharged servicemen a chance at the parts. . . . Laddie Rucker, grid star at Oregon State, was hired for "run of the picture" shortly after discharge from the Marines. At completion he was rewarded for his good work with a contract. . . . Picture was filmed entirely away from the studio. During scenes in Palm Springs, temperature hit 127 degrees. This made it tough on the actors who had to pack 65 pounds of equipment as paratroopers. . . . Mickey Scott is an "old timer." Fans may remember him as a member of the famous "Our Gang" comedies. Scott was married during filming of the picture. He'd served overseas for two years prior to starting this one. . . . Henry Hull returned to his dairy farm in Connecticut upon completion of his role. Announced plans for early resumption of his radio career. Henry's two kids, Shirley and Henry, Jr., departed during production for overseas duty in the Pacific. Both are serving with the parapack division. . . . Most respected members of the cast were the twenty-five foot python, trained by Albert Schloess, and a Bengal tiger owned and trained by Lou Matthews!

HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN

Take a young soldier, wounded and sent back to the States after two years in the Pacific. Take a lovely little movie star whom he's been dreaming about during those two years. Bring them together at the Hollywood Canteen, and you'll get a love story that will appeal to everyone. Especially when the soldier is played by Robert Hutton, who is handsome like crazy and a good actor besides. The girl in the case is Joan Leslie.

That's only a little of what "Hollywood Canteen" has to offer. Stars pop in and out of it like jacks-in-the-box. Famous bands play your favorite kinds of music. Comedians give with their funniest routines. And tying it all together is this sweet, tender little love story.

You see, Slim (Robert Hutton) had a girl when he went away to war. But she forgot to write, and gradually he began to think of Joan Leslie instead. When he and his buddy, the Sergeant (Dane Clark), are sent to a hospital near Hollywood and then given five days' pass before being sent back into action, of course he heads for the Hollywood Canteen. Luck plays along with Slim, and his first night there, Fate (with a slight assist from Bette Davis and John Garfield) brings him a kiss from Joan. No wonder he is in a roseate haze when he gets back to the Sarge, who has been doing the town with a blonde.

"Seeing is believing," says the Sarge firmly, so next night they *both* go to the Canteen. Joan's not there, but the Sarge meets a voluptuous bundle of primeval urges named Angela (Janis Paige), who makes his furlough an instant success.

The Canteen's an amazing place. Paul Henreid washes dishes, Eddie Cantor sings and clowns, and Jack Benny plays the violin. There are so many pretty girls it makes you dizzy, and as likely as not they turn out to be Joan Crawford or Barbara Stanwyck. Slim is the millionth man to come into the Canteen so he wins a weekend date with Joan Leslie. There are complications—some funny, some sad, all entertaining.

Dane Clark is a treat with his vitality and wit. But Hutton is the dream boy!—*War.*

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)
By Beverly Linet

Hello:

Did you hear what I heard??? Bet you didn't. But I'll be glad to tell you . . .

THAT—Van Johnson collects cashmere sweaters like mad . . . and

THAT—June Allyson can't get enough of little china pigs . . . and

THAT—Your newest idol, Tom Drake, was born with the moniker—Alfred Alderdice . . . and

THAT—This terrific new pic, "Weekend at the Waldorf," which stars Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Walter Pidgeon, Keenan Wynn and Van Johnson, is really a remake of "Grand Hotel," which Mom and big sister saw some years back.

Yup, I've heard all that, and more, too . . . so if you'd like to get "in the know," it's as easy as ABC. Just sit down in your favorite corner, dash off a couple of those pet questions of yours and send them along with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to me at—INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. I'll be waiting.

Bestus,

Bev.

Dorothy Robinson, Lexington, Ky.: MAY I PLEASE HAVE THE NAME OF THE MUSIC PLAYED THROUGHOUT "LAURA," AND IS IT AVAILABLE? . . . The piece is entitled "The Juggernaut" and as it was just background music, it is not available in either recorded or sheet music form.

Selma Robinson, Kingston, N. C.: MAY I HAVE NANCY SINATRA'S, NANCY SANDRA'S AND FRANK, JR.'S BIRTHDATES? . . . Nancy—March 25th; Nancy Sandra—June 8th; Frank, Jr.—Jan. 10th. And for good measure, the Sinatra wedding anniversary falls on Feb. 4th.

Ann Glass, Bronx, N. Y.: WHO WAS "GORDON" IN "LOUISIANA HAYRIDE"? SOME STATISTICS, PLEASE. . . . That was Ross Hunter. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on May 6, 1920, is 6' 1", 165 pounds, blond haired. Used to teach high school. Real name—Martin Fuss and can soon be seen in "A Girl, A Guy And A Pal." Write Jean Gallager, 1302 W. 102nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio, for info on his fan club.



This is Baby Betty

(SHE HAS IT!)

This is Sister Sue

(HER COMPLEXION NEEDED IT!)





This is what happened

(AFTER SHE GOT IT!)

IT IS THAT IVORY LOOK...YOU CAN HAVE IT, TOO...

It's a promise! Your complexion can be smoother, softer, lovelier. Look at Baby Betty's kissable cheek--and take her beauty tip. Just change from careless complexion care to regular, gentle cleansings with that pure, mild cake of Ivory Soap.

More doctors advise Ivory for your complexion than all other brands put together! No facial soap on earth can bring you more beauty. Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try Ivory care today ...and watch your skin start to glow— with that Ivory Look!



IT FLOATS!

99 44/100% pure

Make your Ivory go further. The ingredients that go into soap have vital war uses.

More doctors advise Ivory—

THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS PUT TOGETHER

No other charm can quite compare



With the allure of lustrous hair!

No other Shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

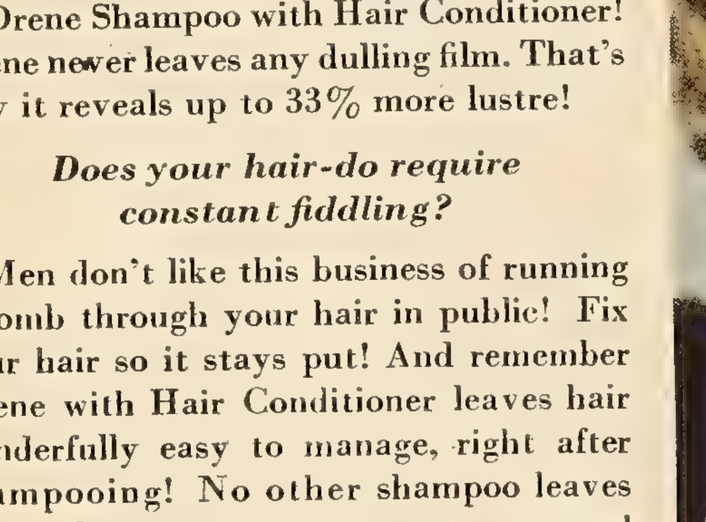
No wonder—if you're washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a *soap film* which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Ssssshhhhh! But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!





BACK-VIEW glamour—in this lovely, new evening hair-do! The back hair is set as for a page boy, then pulled together with the stunning beaded hair ornament. The shining smoothness of her hair is due to Drene with Hair Conditioner! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Drene Shampoo

with

Hair Conditioner

Product of Procter & Gamble

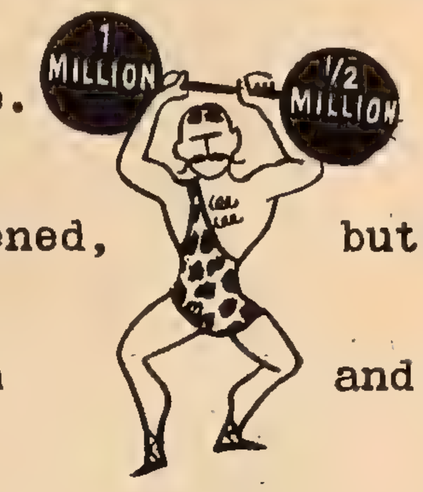
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MAKE A DATE WITH *Glamour*

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! ✓*Extra lustre*. . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✓*Manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! ✓*Complete removal* of dandruff! Insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.

TO OUR READERS...



Would you mind closing the door? There's a draft—and besides I have a confession to make, and I hate strangers around. Thanks. Well, now that we're alone, I'll give. 

It's about the sales of our magazine. Don't ask how it happened, but all of a sudden we've got a circulation of a million and a half!... Isn't that awful? Remember when we were a carefree gang with only a million to live  up to? Used to kid around the office and throw spitballs and whistle at all the pretty readers—remember?... Well, those days are gone with the wind. Now we're big shots, and you have to have an appointment to get whistled at...

Our 1,500,000 circulation puts us among the top 

ten magazines of the nation... for that matter, of  the whole darned world. And our ten color pages actually put us in a class by ourselves. What with Hedda Hopper, Fanny Hurst and Louella Parsons (alphabetical order),  we cover movies like an arc light... But, ladies, can't we still be friends? Don't be too hard on a couple of unhappy big shots. Basically we're nice, clean American boys. And I was only kidding when I made that remark about us not whistling at you any more. Heck, just try us!




Al Delacorte


Henry Malmgreen

by Fredda Dudley

SWEET AND LOVELY

■ On practically any night in the Crain household you may find the radio turned to the current quiz program. This has been the state of affairs for as long as the girls can remember.

Father Crain, a teacher in Inglewood High School—a suburb near Los Angeles—has always maintained that a few stray bits of knowledge picked up from radio contests will damage no one's mental equipment. Name 7 states that begin with the letter M; what is the date of the Norman conquest? How many eggs does the average chicken lay in a year? Who is Secretary of the Navy? In case both the President of the United States and the Vice-President die, who becomes President?

It became the (*Continued on following page*)

When Jeanne was born May 25, 1925, in Barstow, Calif., her dad gave up singing career for higher paid job as Coordinator of Education in Inglewood High. She claims "Winged Victory" co-star Lon McCallister is very good friend—it's *not* love!





Drives her mom crazy by appearing in kitchen to cook her fried eggs and bacon breakfasts, clad in filmiest, drapiest negligee in closet. 5' 4½" tall, she eats *every*thing, never gains a pound over 114!



Jeanne's jobs on maidless days are setting table, making beds. She won innumerable beauty contests and posed for so many leg art pics, she was nicknamed "The Form."

Meet delectable Jeanne Crain... one picture, and bang! she's fifth on our reader poll.

Although she gets a kick out of family album, she won't-let anyone outside the family lay a hand on it. Considers her juvenile self worse than repulsive. Sits by hour listening to Madame Pitoeff tell of experiences on European stage.





She's adept at figure-skating, dancing, spurns jitterbugging. $250 weekly salary is divvied; 25% for War Bonds, 25% for trust fund; rest to agent, clothes. She owns white lamb coat, yearns for mink!

SWEET AND LOVELY

Crain habit for the girls to call out the answers, and they were very accurate most of the time. Jeanne was so good that she won a quiz contest at St. Mary's Academy—as a Ninth Grader—and was entered in a city-wide contest that was broadcast over the radio.

It was the first time Jeanne had ever faced a microphone. When her first question was fired at her, Jeanne swallowed hard, looked at the iron ear awaiting her reply and decided that the only sharp contestant was the one safely sitting on a hassock in her own living room . . . about forty miles from the nearest microphone. Then, from somewhere, the correct answer popped into her mind. Whew! A close one.

Her second problem was easy: Name ten state capitals. Even her third question—although she doesn't remember it nowadays—was no brain-cracker. The fourth went off like a breeze, too. But the fifth. Try this on your encyclopedia: In what year did Caesar complete his conquest of Gaul?

Jeanne was taking Latin; she had floundered her way through that celebrated seventeenth chapter dealing with the construction of a pontoon bridge. She knew "Omnis Gallia in tres partes divisa est." But she didn't know that date. She had to give up, and this omission of knowledge dropped her rating into second place.

She felt badly about it; she could visualize her family sitting around the radio, rooting for her and being disappointed when she couldn't win.

However, like Caesar, she carried home some of the spoils of war: As second place contestant she was awarded three dollars in cash and ten pounds of sausage. It was the sausage that impressed the family. They had sausage for breakfast, luncheon and dinner for a week in order to use it up. To this day no one in the Crain household ever describes success as "bringing home the bacon." It is "bringing home the sausage."

Jeanne felt better about the whole thing when she learned that her father had gone scurrying to the nearest ancient history tome when he heard the question. In case you've been worried, too. Caesar licked Gaul in 51 B.C. when he was fifty-one years old.

When Jeanne was fifteen and a half, she attended a candid camera night at which lens hounds were photographing a popular dance band. It was customary at affairs of this kind for a girl to be selected from the audience for the picture-snappers to pose with the band leader, or alone—if she were photogenic enough. Jeanne was snatched from the observers' ranks one night and caused a mild sensation. There was no band leader beside *her*. When the boys couldn't remember her name, they called her Eyelashes. "Hey, Eyelashes, how about that left profile? Oh, swell. Now, how about a big smile, Eyelashes?"

As her reward in the contest, Jeanne and some of the other girls who had taken part were guests of the RKO studios. They had luncheon in the studio commissary and tried hard not to squeal when Cary Grant came in. It was the first trip of any of them to a picture lot, and they could scarcely eat, for oogling. A group of extras in Gay Nineties outfits came in; Lupe Velez stormed through the room and into the kitchen, where she selected her luncheon from the stove, then returned to a nearby table. The girls were mightily impressed with all this. Orson Welles, eating close by, summoned the publicity man who was showing the girls through the studio and asked him who the girl with the red-brown, curly hair was.

The publicity man explained and returned to the table to say in a careful aside to Jeanne, "Mr. Welles would be very much pleased if you and I would join him in his office this afternoon at four for tea."

Jeanne didn't actually swoon, but she had the general sensation. Tea—in Orson Welles' office! With her feet treading air six inches from the ground, Jeanne followed the touring party around the lot. She saw the hand props department—very interesting. She watched part of the shooting on a new "Falcon" picture. She caught sight of Ginger Rogers en route to the portrait gallery. But all this she glimpsed through the haze of roseate dreams: She was to have tea with Mr. Welles at four o'clock.

In his office, she found him to be charming . . . and understanding. He sensed her tension, her breathlessness. "Like magic?" he asked. Without waiting for an answer he picked up a red silk handkerchief and turned it to blue. He put a bit of thread in his mouth, then a needle and pulled them out, threaded together. Jeanne laughed and forgot her nervousness.

Then Mr. Welles explained that he was looking for a girl to play the romantic lead in "The Magnificent Ambersons," and he thought Jeanne might be right. He gave her ten pages of dialogue, told her to memorize it and return three days later for a screen test.

The script under her arm, Jeanne turned at the door to say, "Mr. Welles, may I please have your autograph?" Her voice was very slim and apologetic. It was the first autograph for which she had ever asked.

Mr. Welles snatched a large piece of paper and, beaming, scrawled his signature. That was one of the most wonderful moments in Jeanne's life to date.

The following few days were hectic. She couldn't sleep at night without fitful dreams of coming down with measles the day before the test or facing the camera and forgetting every syllable she had memorized or tripping and falling flat on her face.

But when the crucial moment arrived, she did none of those frightening things. (*Continued on page 75*)



A serious reader, her favorite authors are Shakespeare, French writers in the original. As a kid she wanted to be an artist, still dashes off witty caricatures of fellow-players on set.



Jeanne's signing these NAA cards we're offering on page 62. You probably saw her on covers of Coronet and Ladies Home Journal, when she was New York model, before coming to Hollywood.

THE HAM *from* HAMTRAMCK

■ An anxious Hollywood hostess caught John Hodiak on the phone one afternoon last month.

"John," she began in a worried voice, "I know it's awfully late—but can you please come to dinner tonight?"

"Gee," boomed John in that husky he-man's voice of his, "I'd love to, but there's something else I ought to do. I—"

"It's awfully important to me," broke in the lady, desperately, "you don't know *how* important!"

Big John swallowed hard. He thought of the Hollywood girl who had planted her foot in the door of his apartment and refused to budge until he told her, yes, he thought she was pretty. His mind flashed to the feminine phone fan who got hold of his number and called him every midnight until he had to say regretfully, "I know it's not nice to hang up on a lady, but I can't talk any longer!" He thought of all the funny, strange, puzzling things that had happened in Hollywood since he made "Lifeboat" and "Marriage is a Private Affair." It made him dizzy.

He was stammering into the receiver when the lady cleared it up.

"My maid," she (*Cont'd on following page*)



John indulges in ties, but wears and rewears same two or three. Wardrobe's scant, but he has no yen to enlarge. That beard's in early stages; must grow thick and flowy for "Bell for Adano."



Dad hasn't vacationed since 1912, despises loafing around the house. When he found Douglas plant within walking distance of house, he wanted job. But John insists parents take it easy.



Calls self "Johnny," can't stand any other nickname, was shocked by casual H'wood "darling," etc. He means it when he says it!

Like a kid who gets in free at a circus, John Hodiak can't believe this wonderful thing is happening to him!





Mom took him at his word to get rid of all furnishings before heading West, sold irreplaceable radio-vic! First celebration in new house was weekend visit from brother from Camp Hahn.

During brother's stay, Mom surprised them all with their favorite old Ukrainian dishes and borscht. Only 3 gals he dates are Judy Garland, June Allyson, Anne Baxter. Next pic's "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier."

by Jack Wade



To rumors of romance with Anne Baxter, John declares he won't wed until he buys home for parents and has enough money left over to support wife. Mom wants farm where she can raise chickens and pigs. Most likely spot: San Fernando Valley.



Hates dolling up, lives in old togs around the house and spends most of leisure hours at carpentry in tool house behind house. Reminisces how as a kid, "I'd pick up junk, melt it down, and if I made a dime, I'd go see a picture show."



When gas restrictions are off, he and Dad plan to take fishing trip every week-end. Six feet tall, he weighs 180 pounds, celebrates birthday April 16th. Sleeps 5 or 6 hours a night in double bed, wears bright, bright pyjams, uppers *and* lowers.

explained, "says she'll quit unless I get you here for dinner. She's simply wild about you! And you know how scarce maids are these days! Please don't let me down!"

Well—with it put right up to him like that, what could John do? He accepted. His friend's maid, by the way, has been happy in her work ever since. She's got an autographed picture of Hodie in her room. It belongs to the lady of the house (John gave his hostess one)—so how can the maid ever threaten to leave?

It's pretty hard for a plain, straight-thinking, modest Hunky guy from Hamtramck, Michigan, to get himself geared to all that's been happening to him in the past year. Sometimes Hodie gets as mixed up inside as a chef's salad at his new-found fame. Like a kid who gets in free at a circus, he can't quite believe it's true.

Right after "Lifeboat," John found himself at a big Beverly Hills cocktail party at Romanoff's for Tallulah Bankhead. The whole Hollywood roster of Big Names were elbowing each other out of the way in Prince Mike's bistro. You could hardly breathe for all the Big League glamour that cluttered up the place. Somewhere in the ritzy crush John Hodiak was busy staring from left to right and then around in circles with his grin a mile wide and his eyes shining like traffic lights. Suddenly, he started bopping himself sharply on the temple with his knuckles. A watchful waiter stepped up.

"The gentleman has a headache—yes?" he asked politely. "Perhaps a bromo-seltzer or an aspirin? The cool air?"

John shook his head happily. "No headache," he grinned. "No aspirin. No—I'm just checking up to see if I'm really here with all these famous people!"

"But obviously, you're here," murmured the waiter, giving John a queer look and sidling off warily as though he thought the guy was nuts.

John swears he hasn't slept a solid night since he arrived in Hollywood—and he's been home and in the hay early most nights, too. The reason he can't drift off to dreamland is because the

minute he stretches out, his mind revs up like a Mustang motor—thinking about what's happened that day and what goes on tomorrow. Making plans and having hunches. Getting ideas and inspirations. Dreaming exciting, wide-awake dreams.

Because there's no actor or actress in Hollywood brimming with bounce like Hodie. He's loaded with more potential volts than Boulder Dam and happy as Heaven about the whole thing. If he doesn't blow up from spontaneous combustion, John is set for the time of his life from now on. Already, once or twice he's come pretty close to flying off into a billion Hodiak atoms from pure enthusiasm.

Hodie's most Horrible Moment, he'll tell you, came the first day he faced a Hollywood camera to speak his piece. It was with Red Skelton in "I Dood It"—not anything to bid for an Academy award, but to John it was—as everything is—the most important job in his life. They gave him five pages of dialogue to take home, and said, "We'll shoot it in the morning." John stayed up all night memorizing his dialogue backwards and forwards. He came to work pepped up like a doughboy on D-Day. He arrived an hour early and sat around all morning jumping out of his chair with a "Coach, lemme in!" look every time the director glanced his way.

Finally he got a nod, and he bounced across the set.

"We've rewritten your part," the director said. "Here's five more pages."

John learned those. He sat and fidgeted. He sat and fidgeted some more. He got another nod. Again he shot across the stage like a substitute quarterback in the Big Game. "Here's another re-write," yawned the director again. "Learn this."

Well, I won't go into the sad tale, spasm by spasm. Except to say that there turned out to be four new scripts for John to learn on the set, a couple of changes of wardrobe, a beard to be put on and then a beard to be taken off, and a whole day to wait trembling on the edge of his big moment. When they finally did get to Hodie—around quitting time—he was as woozy as a chameleon on a crazy-quilt (*Continued on page 86*)

THE HAM *from* HAMTRAMCK



By Hedda Hopper

"I envy Claudette..."



Claudette started building house year before marriage, moved in as bride. Never sets foot in kitchen, runs household with cook, maid and personal maid, to whom she's strictly "Mrs. Pressman."

Because she's what every woman wants to be—a touch of Paris, an adored wife, and the type who *never* gets fat!

■ One day the phone rang. Miss Colbert, and she wasn't kidding.

"*What's* this in your column about my playing Shirley Temple's mother?"

I'd mentioned her—along with Roz Russell and Irene Dunne—as a possibility for Ann Hilton in "Since You Went Away."

"Sounds to me," she said, "like another of those Scarlett O'Hara guessing games. Anyway, I'm not playing it, so count me out."

A couple of months later she'd signed to play the part. Why? Because she's an actress.

I'm perfectly ready to admit I had my finger in that pie—in fact, I'll brag about it. I ran the item because I knew—never mind how—that David Selznick wanted her. I also knew her first instinct would be against it, and I didn't blame her. Because in our town, given an attractive young woman who agrees to play the mother of grown children and, before you know it, they'll be after her to play Whistler's granny.

On the other hand, I felt she'd be ideal in the role—with just the right combination of humor and dignity and grace. So I decided to stir up a little action. David hadn't yet sounded her out. To tell the truth, I think he was a little scared. All he'd done was tell her the story at a dinner party. But, as Claudette remarked later: "At dinner parties, people always tell you plots—some good, some bad—so you can go home and forget 'em."

Well, my little bombshell served its purpose. She got mad. She wasn't having any of that Gone-With-The-Wind stuff, and so she instructed her agent to inform David. What went on between those two is something else again. Because a month goes by, and the agent comes to Claudette. (*Continued on page 81*)



Tho' she sutters over letter-writing, she dutifully scrawls V-mail to Jack every other day. Despaired when only 3 of first 20 she sent ever reached him! Enlisting 6 mos. before Pearl Harbor, he's with Pacific fleet.

When French poodle from Jack died, she was so broken up that brother Charles donated replacement named Missy. She buys enormously expensive suits, wears them for 8 years running! Her next pic's "Practically Yours."



Bing spotlighted the unknown entertainers with him so they'd come home stars. In England, they played and sang for Col. Elliott Roosevelt and Lt.-Col. Shoupe at Officers' Quarters.



Official War Dept. Signal Corps Photo

Bing asked visiting Fred Astaire, "Will I live?" as Army nurses prepared hypos prior to embarkation. Bing's been voted most popular G.I. "request," is planning Alaskan tour at own expense plus a Pacific solo trek.

Crosby a hero? Naw. All he did was croon in the Kraut's back

yard, swap gab, bring home 4000 miles closer for your GI Joe.

"der bingle"

■ People swoon. They write long letters putting the bite on you for $73.50 to put their two-headed nephews through college. They claw you half to death in your favorite spaghetti joint and refuse forty Churchill autographs for one of yours and name all their children after you. It's fun being Bing Crosby.

But darn it, let the crooner ache after a mere egg when he's 4000 miles from home and pronto, his name's mud!

As Bingo puts it, "At first it's a relief to be where nobody knows you, no jams, no autographs, just rolling along with the rest of 'em. But finally it gets downright embarrassing. Especially when you're hungry and would like to grab off something extra to eat."

He can make you howl telling about an occasion when he put on his best Sunday celeb manner and tried to wangle an egg or two. He turned on the charm—both vocal and otherwise—and said he'd like an egg, preferably king-size.

"I am de chanteuse de American," he said importantly.

"Oui, Monsieur," they said politely with a so-what-ish expression.

"Connaissez-vous 'Le Big Broadcast'?" he asked.

"Non," they shook their heads.

"'Sing You Sinners'?" went on Bing.

"Non."

"Le Kraft Music Hall," he asked a little desperately.



Crosby forced his pet tie on the G.I. who sighed he'd "sure like to have it—for after." Bing, plus Hope, MacMurray, Colbert, is quitting Par. to concentrate on own company. Trademark? Pork-pie hat and pipe!

By Maxine Arnold



Bing (above) surprised newsmen at Waldort press conference by giving lengthy interview—about terrific G.I.'s. Waifs Monique and baby sister (below) "adopted" him in home town of Commercy, France.



Still no egg.

Then he started crooning . . . "When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day"—and looked up expectantly.

They listened with interest but no previous recollections. Also no egg. It had been a long time since the blue of the night met the gold of the day in blacked-out France.

So Bing gave them the $64.00 question.

"Connaissez-vous BING CROSBY?"

They shook their heads.

"I must've laid many an egg there myself years ago," grins Bing.

And harkening back to that (*Continued on page 126*)

Jenny Made Her Mind Up

■ She lives in the 20th century, so she's more like Jane in "Since You Went Away" than *Bernadette*. Just the same, she has the quality of both girls.

What clinched *Bernadette* for her was the vision scene. The choice had been narrowed down to six. They were all being tested, and they were all told to imagine The Lady of The Vision beyond the camera—

After the tests had been run, Henry King said: "There's no sense in looking any further. The others are all capable actresses. Jennifer's the only one who *saw* the Vision—"

She's had three most exciting days in her life:

The day David O. Selznick signed her to a personal contract and changed her name to Jennifer Jones. When he said plain Jones, she couldn't believe her ears. Putting Jennifer in front of it made it sound lovely.

The day producer William Perlberg told her she'd been cast as *Bernadette*. She tried to call Bob in New York and couldn't reach him. He was on his way to Hollywood to surprise her, with an M-G-M contract in his pocket. She tried to call her mother and dad, and couldn't reach *them*. So she celebrated with Henry, her maid, who danced round the room and sang hallelujah.

The day she got the Academy Award. She felt she didn't deserve it as much as Ingrid Bergman, for instance, who'd done so many wonderful things. Yet she couldn't help being thrilled from her scalp to the tips of her toes. Only (*Continued on page 110*)



20th filed a $600,000 suit against Jen when she refused to do "Laura," but when Gene Tierney made pic a hit, all was forgiven. (Exiting from a long-ago Selznick party *a deux*.)

What do you do when you're very young and aching to act and your heart starts slowly breaking?

by Ida Zeitlin

Jen's new Bel-Air home's been burgled 3 times and always on weekends when she's at Palm Springs with her boys. 'Tis said Selznick draws $7000 per for her services, with Jen getting but $1750 of it.

The not-yet-divorced Walkers often date but vow those tender "SYWA" love scenes are ersatz. While Jen was off p.a.-ing, Bob bunked in at her place to tend kids.





Grateful make-up man on "Bernadette" baked her a cake "for not using lipstick!" In Wash., she guested at Catholic Univ's stage version of pic. (With Van at CBS.)

"FRANKIE

By Virginia Wilson



Frankie's slated for a gag duet with Fred Allen soon, just heard that N. Y. Para. egg thrower received $10 from reporter for deed.

Frankie's first week at the Paramount netted $98,000, and though he parted from his vitamin sponsor, he'll still pull highest 1944 income in world—$1,535,000! (Hot-footing Arranger Alex Stordahl.)



It's a cry that rings from speeding taxis, echoes on street corners, bursts from 500,000 Sinatrites.

WE LOVE YOU!"



Ben Marden's Riviera may reopen as the Club Sinatra at same time F. produces, backs "The Jazz Singer." (Signing NAA cards offered on p. 62.)

■ This was always the moment of almost unbearable excitement just before the broadcast began. Joan sat tense, leaning forward, her slim shoulder touching Katie's plump one.

"What do you suppose he'll sing first?" she whispered.

"Maybe 'Long Ago And Far Away.' Honestly, when he sings that I could just die, it's so beautiful." Katie rolled her brown eyes.

"S-sh-sh! Here he comes!"

There was a sudden electric hush, and Joan felt as if the breath were sliding right out of her. Then Frank strolled onto the stage, and everyone burst into wild applause. He was wearing the checked tan jacket that Joan and Katie liked best, and "The sweater!" (*Continued on following page*)



"FRANKIE, WE LOVE YOU!"

Katie said softly. "It's the one we sent him." It was, too. Joan stared at it, and a glow of happiness crept through her. He liked the sweater well enough to wear it for a broadcast! That made up for all the things she had gone without to save her share of the price. Katie, of course, had plenty of money —it hadn't been important to her.

The kids were all clapping and squealing like mad now, as Frank stood there, one hand on the mike.

"Those new fans," Joan said disapprovingly. "They don't know how to act."

Frank raised his hand, and the hush came back. His tanned face was serious. His voice was serious, too. He said, "Look. I'm not kidding about this. I like you to like my songs—(*Continued on page 76*)



Hubby gifted Nancy, the family banker, with a diamond brooch "the size of a saucer" when she returned from the hospital. They're praying new maid "will like us."



New Sinatra home, "Warm Valley," is located on Toluca Lake in North Hollywood. Kids' red, yellow, blue playroom is partitioned off large upstairs balcony by tiny white picket fence. Shelves were specially built for toys sent Frank, Jr., and Nancy Sandra by fans. F.'s next pic: "Anchors Aweigh."

Stop, Look and

Just a voice, a face, a hunk of figger -- but on
Dee Durbin, somehow they look awfully good.



Dee spent her time off from "Can't Help Singing" hunting unrationed shoes, buying 2 and 3 pairs. Incidentally, wardrobe for the pic was copied from patterns of a 1905 Paris belle.



Exhausted from 4:30 a.m. studio calls, Deanna sleeps late on vacations, shops at Adrian and Howard Greer, catches up on best sellers she's missed. Hiring new help recently, she had to take their two dogs, too—or else!

Whistle

■ Is she or is she ain't Bob Landry's lady? Bob being the LIFE photog just back from overseas who's been wining and dining our Dee like mad—and since when do childhood sweethearts sigh at each other like *that?* Right now, Deanna's busy poking around art shoppes, agonizing over those extra 10 pounds . . . . And here's how she got 'em: Some of the kids drop in "just for a minnit." Then Alma, who cooks like an angel, whips up a buffet, the beer gets poured and from the den comes jive from the Hammond organ. Or from the harp being plinked in the living room. Before you know, it's a wee hour in the a.m., and you wouldn't want the gang to *starve* so—more wienies coming up!



Dee takes daily voice lessons. Tho' her ambition's opera, she turned down the Chi. Civic Opera Co.'s invitation to appear—too busy.

The new bedroom boasts tea cozies from Russian War Relief, a photo of nephew Dickie and rare perfumes hoarded from last Xmas.





During Santa Monica hitch filming "Winged Victory," Lon was hooked for labor detail just once, latrine duty one week. Chores were made merry by crew of comedians.



Dueted with Jeanne Crain at "Wilson" premiere, ran into Maria Montez. He still writes buddies at Camp Crowder, wonders where he'll go at end of "Victory" tour in April!

LON McCALLISTER

The extra roles went on and on, but there was always the warmth of home, friends, books. Life story, part II.

Before leaving H'wood for Frisco with "Winged Victory" troupe, he paid special farewell visit to neighbor Lee Mueller, a worshipper ever since Lon taught him technical handling of toy gun!



■ The brilliant shooting star of Lon McCallister is a heartening miracle of modern day Hollywood. Although the magic days of Cinderella boys and girls in the fabled movie city are supposed to be dead and gone, Lon has proved that over the rainbow and across high studio walls the pot of gold and the crown of fame still lie. The glass slipper still waits for the right youth to fill it.

But Lon McCallister didn't even look like the right youth. He was a local boy; stars seldom come from Hollywood home town boys. He was an extra from Junior high days on, and "once an extra always an extra" is a Hollywood conviction.

Besides, Lon had no ambitions to be a star; at first he only wanted to help his financially pressed family—his (*Continued on page 115*)

By Kirtley Baskette



Next to Mom, Farley's best gals are June Haver (below) and Vee MacDowall. The only fault he has to find with Mom is she won't wear clothes gay enough to suit him.





Home on 3-day leave, before shipping out, Farley revelled in clean sheets and late hours. Born Farley Earle Granger II, in San Jose, Calif., July 1, 1925, he was an only child. Weighed in Navy 6'1/4" tall, 159 pounds.

On deck behind his broom, S/C Farley Granger dreams of home and ice cream and snowy white sheets.

cinderella boy

High spot in Farley's life as gob at Shoemaker Receiving Station was running into Roddy MacDowall and H'wood gang. Boys talked shop about Roddy's exciting role in "Keys of the Kingdom."



■ One afternoon last February a tall, merry-eyed, good-looking kid stood stripped to his birthday suit at the Los Angeles Service Induction Center while docs gave him the medical once-over. They banged him on the chest and listened.

"Perfect!" they said.

They jumped him up and down and listened somewhere else.

"Perfect!"

They swatted him here and there, squinted down his throat, poked things in his ears and burned a baby spot into his shiny brown eyes. They stuck him with needles and tested this and that. They photographed his insides in Technicolor and wired him outside for sound. And every time they (*Continued on page* 92)

By James Carson





big bad wolf

Don't believe all you hear! One of Helmut Dantine's hottest romances was a phantom . . .

■ One recent afternoon Helmut Dantine rolled his car into a Hollywood gas station, and a pretty little blonde attendant bobbed out to serve him. Helmut chatted away pleasantly while the lady gave him gas, wiped his windshield, pumped his tires and filled his radiator. He rewarded her with the correct cash, an "A" coupon and a flashing Dantine smile and roared off, unsuspecting that a studio press agent had observed the little scene and cried "Yoicks!" or "Tally Ho!" or whatever a press agent cries when he is cracked over the head with a terrific idea.

No sooner had Helmut entered his dressing room than the press agent appeared, frothing like a bubble-bath with inspiration.

"It's like this, Helmut," he explained. "You date up the gas station cutie—see? You give her a whirl at the Hollywood night clubs, we take pictures, and it hits the papers. 'Hollywood Wolf Woos Pretty Windshield Wiperette!' Get it?"

"Go away," grinned Helmut, "I don't even *know* the girl."

"Come, come!" urged the p.a. impatiently, "don't be juvenile. What difference does that make? It's a terrific idea."

"Are you kidding?" said Dantine, with a look that meant business.

He thought that ended it and forgot all about it. The next thing he knew Helmut was staring at printed pictures of himself—(it said in large print)—helping the pretty little greaseball, all dolled up in evening clothes, out of his car in front of Hollywood's fancy dancery, Mocambo! "Hollywood Wolf Gives Gorgeous Girl Greaseball Night Club Whirl," he read. "Helmut Dantine escorts So-and-So, his A-Coupon Cutie, to Mocambo for an evening of fun."

Well—Helmut couldn't believe his bright grey eyes. He hadn't seen the girl since that day, but there she was—he hadn't been (*Continued on page 98*)

By Struthers Holt

Helmut lives in a one-room, $50-a-month apartment with daily maid service. But he does laundry, mending, marketing. Likes to eat alone at drugstore counter, take long walks to think.



Conscientiously tends to fan mail, piling in on "H'wood Canteen" set. Yens to write fiction and occasionally scratches away but won't show result to anyone. Calls friends "Creeps."




Bob Walker

Daughter of a Major overseas, Patricia Ann Jones, daughter of Major and Mrs. Howard P. Jones of Nyack, New York, engaged to Charles Roebling Meissner, Jr. of the U.S. Navy.



Patricia has a pixie charm—dancing eyes and a glowing, ivory-smooth skin

It's easy to see why her tall blond Navy fiancé adores Patricia!

There is a bright, warm aliveness about her that is infinitely endearing—and she is *so* lovely to look at! Eyes of deep, sparkling brown . . . rich, glossy hair . . . and from the tip of her little pointed chin to the top of her smooth high brow, a skin as arrestingly beautiful as a new-opened rose.

Like so many other engaged girls, Patricia trusts her flawless complexion to Pond's Cold Cream.

"I began using Pond's when I was in college at Northwestern—and *loved* it right from the start—it's such a soothing, silky-textured cream!

"Then, while I was studying acting and stage make-up at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, I grew to *respect* Pond's more and more. It does such a grand job of removing make-up and of keeping my skin *really* clean and *really* smooth!"

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



CHARLES CHOSE this square-cut, beautifully mounted 2½-carat diamond for Patricia.



AT THE STATION, Patricia and Charles silently share the memory of wonderful days together. Till Victory, Patricia is writing for *The Nyack U.S.O. Councilor*, servicemen's newspaper.

Patricia's complexion is disarmingly fresh and sweet—a lovely tribute to her daily Pond's beauty creamings—

Every night, every morning, Patricia smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats to soften and release dirt, make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with more snowy-satin Pond's, whirling finger tips lightly over her face for *extra* cleansing, *extra* softening. Tissues off. "My *double* Pond's creaming makes my skin feel so blissfully smooth," Patricia says.

Give *your* face this Pond's beauty care. You'll see that it's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Ask for the *big* jar—you'll love being able to dip the fingers of both hands in the luxurious *big* jar!



A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

MRS. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON

MRS. ROBERT BACON WHITNEY

THE LADY MORRIS

GLORIA VANDERBILT DE CICCO

As a kid, Louise Allbritton busted her nose and rode around in a chintz-cushioned jaloppy—but look at her now!

Golden Girl



Louise is first femme player to get Pasadena Playhouse Award for top newcomer of year. Just back from Europe, she's hankering for Pacific tour. She's opposite Turhan Bey in "A Night in Paradise."



■ A tomboy—that's what they called Louise Allbritton! It's hard to think of this sophisticate as a roughneck, but at eleven she carried on like a Dead Ender. Tore around Wichita, Texas, in blue jeans, an old gingham shirt and tennis shoes, to her mother's horror. Even Dad put the clamps on it when she ran home one day crying and dripping blood like a leaky faucet. Seems Mutt—that's the name her family dreamed up for her—was playing football and made a three-point tackle into a water hydrant, breaking her saucy nose. From then on the Allbrittons tried to persuade Mutt to leave the rough stuff to her brother Larry and be a carbon of her sister Elizabeth, whose feminine leanings made her very Belle-of-Wichita-ish. But it was tough on Mutt and rebellion came second nature.

Whenever life for the youngest Allbritton was just one scolding too many, she'd trudge stolidly down to the river, a half a mile from home, and contemplate the joys of the hobo. Somehow they always found her stretched out on the river bank, her blonde be-pigtailed head resting on defiant, clenched little fists, and somehow, too, they'd always wheedle her into going back home and (*Continued on page* 64)

By Ann Ward

Glamorous Professional

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in the RKO Radio Picture
"TALL IN THE SADDLE"

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fuss with heat, no bother with machin- or electricity — no harmful chemicals. nple as putting your hair up in curlers! ply in the comfort of your own home fore going to bed. The next morning ur permanent is completed . . . all ready comb out. Or apply in the morning and about your housework . . . and that very ning your hair will be ready for the st important date!

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This finer Cold Wave is effective with all kinds of hair—blonde, brunette, redheads, gray, white, bleached—and for silky textured or coarse hair.

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by Jean Kinkead and Ann Ward

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide...

■ What's as exciting as your first date? Heart-stopping as an encore by Frankie? Well, lookit, that's easy! A print dress in January, of course. You don't believe it? Just watch the lads when you turn up at the next Sunday night session in any one of these sweet jobs we've chosen for you. You in Technicolor—the other poor gals slogging along in black and white. It's sabotage, kids, but it's fun. Huge fun if you try Jean Sullivan's trick—real flowers to match the ones in the fabric. Imagine, just one slick little dress is the answer to all those clothes dithers. For the blind date with that smooth new boy friend, the new print of course. For the speech in Assembly you've gotten yourself into, for church, for prancing on the arm of a sailor on leave, for hypo-ing a dying romance, for supercharging a trousseau—it's a gay, new print every time. (*Continued on page 63*)



SENTIMENTAL DATE . . . Jean picks a Joanne Jr. flower print. Tucked at waist, matching pink Bouvardia flowers.



SUPPER DATE . . . Jean Sullivan wears this J.L.F. original. Baby orchids to match are pinned in her hair.


IT'S A MUSICAL HONEY!
BING
CROSBY
TWO
BETTY
HUTTONS
SONGS
by JOHNNY MERCER and HAROLD ARLEN
"Ac-cent-tchu-ate The Positive"
"Let's Take The Long Way Home"
"I Promise You"
"There's A Fellow Waiting In Poughkeepsie"
SONNY
TUFTS
In Paramount's
"HERE COME THE WAVES"
with Ann Doran • Gwen Crawford • Noel Neill
Catherine Craig • Marjorie Henshaw
A MARK SANDRICH PRODUCTION
Directed by MARK SANDRICH

New Film-Finish Powder

gives Shirley Temple's skin that smooth and flawless look . . .

Sweet-sixteen Shirley Temple, just beginning to wear make-up, chooses Woodbury Film-Finish Powder, made for the stars and *you!* For that screen-glamour-look you cherish!

New five-way blending creates *stay-fresh shades,* smoother *new texture* that *clings,* hides lines and blemishes, never clogs, cakes, nor turns pasty. Choose from *eight* film-star shades!



SHIRLEY TEMPLE David O. Selznick player, co-starring with Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten in **"I'LL BE SEEING YOU".** Shirley uses Windsor Rose to dramatize her medium pink-toned skin!

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP $1 . . . Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you get your glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge . . . *at no extra cost.* No change in the box—all Woodbury Powder now on sale is the new "Film-Finish."

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, plus tax



Woodbury Film Finish Powder

AUTOGRAPHS!

Millions of 'em, well, anyhow, 156. Autographs of your favorite movie stars on cards stamped with the genuine NAA emblem. And not only can you get *an* autograph for 25 cents (the money, incidentally, going to the NAVAL AID AUXILIARY FUND for seamen and their families), but you can pick up FIVE AUTOGRAPHS FOR ONE DOLLAR! Five for the price of four—good deeds at a discount!

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Mary Anderson
Dana Andrews

Lynn Bari
Lionel Barrymore
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Turhan Bey
Janet Blair
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Barbara Britton
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Claudette Colbert
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Laird Cregar
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Durante

William Eythe

Jinx Falkenburg
Alice Faye
Errol Flynn

John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson
Sidney Greenstreet

Alan Hale
Signe Hasso
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Bob Hope
Marsha Hunt
Walter Huston
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson
Jennifer Jones
Brenda Joyce

Danny Kaye
Gene Kelly
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Priscilla Lane
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn

Roddy McDowall
Lon McCallister
Dorothy McGuire
Irene Manning
Trudy Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Ray Milland
Carmen Miranda
Thomas Mitchell
Maria Montez
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Lloyd Nolan

Jack Oakie
Merle Oberon
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Michael O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power

Frances Rafferty
George Raft
Ella Raines
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Donna Reed
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Phil Silvers
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Alexis Smith
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
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Lana Turner

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NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
9136 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

You'll choose it wisely, girls, because this isn't just a new dress; it's a new you. Maybe you've been a mouse all your life, now you're kind of electric and exciting. Maybe you've been a tomboy since kindergarten, now suddenly you're feminine as a shot of "Heaven Sent," dateable as Grable. See what we mean? Just any old print won't do it.

In choosing your dress, study its line, the size of the print, your own figure. Here are a couple of rules to guide you. If you're small and chubby, a wee print's for you. If you're tall, you can get away with lots of splash. Be sure the colors do right by you. No shocking pinks for redheads, no screaming hues on baby-skinned blonds. And as for line, the darling cap sleeves are new as next month's MODERN SCREEN, but they're strictly for the slim-armed. Have a look at the Junior League Frock on cute Jean Sullivan who appears in Warner Brothers' "Men Without Destiny." It's wonderful, but if you have a bit of tennis bulge, we'd suggest that honey of a shirtwaist job from Jonathan Logan. Notice, too, the peplums and tunic effects—they're terrific this spring. Fluted ones, like the Stephanie original on Jean, help to camouflage if you're on the hippy side.

About price, the tags on these are going to look a bit steep, but the satisfaction (*Continued on page 85*)

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide...

Continued from page 60



PARTY DATE . . . Jean goes for the tunic effect in this Sherle original. The fabric is Cohama's "Hanka-Sheer."



MOVIE DATE . . . Try this daisy-fresh shirtwaist print by Dorris Varnum. Spring-y in turquoise and white.



DANCING DATE . . . Why not this Stephanie original in Cohama's "5 P.M." crepe? Matching hat of zinnias and violets.

Merle Oberon

PORTRAYS "MADAME GEORGE SAND"
IN COLUMBIA'S TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION
"A SONG TO REMEMBER"

AND IN

Shire-Tex
SLACKS



Daring 100 years ago
—the smartest
fashion today

Lovely Merle Oberon, as star of "A Song To Remember," portrays George Sand who showed the world 100 years ago how alluring and glamorous a woman could be in well-tailored, trim and comfortable trousers. In today's modern exquisite counterpart—SHIRE-TEX SLACKS—Merle Oberon is even more beautiful. Shire-Tex Slacks are so expertly made with peg-top to help keep the shirt-tail in, comfortable, drape-retaining pleats, in the finest sportswear fabrics and eye-arresting shades.

At Better Stores Everywhere

SHIRE-TEX
Slacks by Davenshire

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GOLDEN GIRL

(*Continued from page 58.*)

taking piano lessons and ballet and diction, so she wouldn't grow up to sound like the Texas tomboy she was.

Ballet was just so much pirouetting, but the diction lessons weren't too bad. Not bad at all when they handed her all the leads in the Jr. High plays. Then life didn't seem too rough. She had Maggie and Jiggs, her two pet terriers, and Dale, a handsome beast of an airdale, and best of all was her car—well, Mutt *called* it a car. Even in High School, Mutt was short on frills, long on athletics—literally. Her talent for towering over every other female in her class made her the star of the basketball team and any other sport you care to mention. Even so, school was a good hike down the road from the Allbritton's Colonial house, so Mutt spent her free time loitering around the local junk yards, till one day she emerged with a stripped down car. After much monkey-wrenching and greasing, it started to putt. It had wheels, a floor board and a kind of seat—and it ran! It was the envy of every boy in Wichita, till the day Mutt approached her vehicle—to find the seat upholstered in ruffled chintz cushions. Seems her Negro mammy didn't think it fittin' and proper for a young lady to cavort around in such an. unfeminine jalopy, and sort of fixed things up.

But what really made a lady out of her and caused her to grow up suddenly at 14, was the death of her mother. Somehow, Mutt's rowdy ways vanished, and she began to understand why her mother'd made her curtsy and hang up her clothes and in general, behave. Under a very kind neighbor, Mrs. Yager, and her Negro mammy's guidance, Mutt learned how to run the house and the intricacies of budgeting, marketing—everything. But more important than knowing beans came by the pound and carrots by the bunch, was the sense of responsibility Louise developed. Though the loss of her mother was a dreadful ache deep inside of her, she gained an independence and confidence in herself that turned her into a woman before her time.

the lower depths . . .

Then, there was this boy—a friend of Larry's, and what a dream he was! It looked as though things were clicking, even if she were only sixteen. One dreamy night out in the back yard he put his arm around her and actually—oh blissful bliss—kissed her. Result, Mutt in the clouds, floating gracefully around the ether till the next morning—plop—she crashed down to a very dismal earth. He liked her, sure, but like a sister. His real love was an older girl; his eyes were only for *her!*

The next man in her life was the Van Johnson of Oklahoma U. They were in the same class, only he was the president of the works and a killer with the local co-eds. He had a king-sized brain and took a shine to Luke (in college "Mutt" gave way to "Luke," except where the family was concerned), and that was the feather-in-cap that restored much of the Allbritton prestige. Dad, on the other hand, did much to deflate it. First of all, he was doing his best to drive out that bee in Mutt's bonnet that she wanted to be an actress. Whipped her off to Oklahoma, where she was born, to keep her in front of and not behind, footlights. But when he started giving his daughter lessons in economics, the ego was doing somersaults. Seems that Mutt in college became very clothes crazy, especially since she

was going steady with *him*. A girl just can't wear the same outfit two dates in a row. So she bought clothes, racks full, and wrote checks for 'em. Budget difficulties set in, so Dad had to set her straight and teach her that what comes out of a bank, must first go in.

's wonderful world . . .

After two years of dramatics at Oklahoma, the bee in the bonnet was buzzing around worse than ever, and finally Papa Allbritton consented to Louise studying at the Pasadena Playhouse. After four years of this training Luke had no less than six contract offers from H'wood. All the talent scouts prowl around the Playhouse, and they couldn't miss Luke—not 5' 7½" of her. The way she carried herself, half panther style; the way her clothes fit, and her acting rated her a "find."

A bit bewildered, Louise waltzed herself over to Warners', and the brothers proceeded to do a Gremlin job on her. Said she was ugly, photographed like mud pies, took nine tests to prove it. WB had better go in a body to see their ugly duckling plaving Lillian Russell, one of history's famed beauties, in "Bowery to Broadway!" Luke bethought herself of the other five offers, got an agent and flourished her neat hand on a Universal contract. *They* thought she was beautiful—kept her busy and for the first time she was earning enough to return papa's checks uncashed. Mutt, bubbling over with that "Oh-what-a-beautiful-morning" feeling, decided she'd just have to do something nice for somebody. So, on the q. t., she paid an ex-fellow struggler's tuition to the Playhouse.

It's wonderful gestures like that that make her such a popularity queen. She's chummy with scads of people, but her two best pals are Marion Clark, a news writer at CBS, and Deedee Allen, a cutter at Columbia. They adore her for her really quick-on-the-uptake banter and comfortable disposition. Only things that bother 'em are her hawk-like calory counting ways and what Louise calls her noseyness. She's so eager about her friends and what they do that those who don't know the interest is genuine, are apt to get a prying impression.

One place the Allbritton nose sniffed at relentlessly was the Victory Committee's office. So Louise and June Clyde and George Raft and a whole bunch trotted off to North Africa, Sicily, Italy, England, the works. Part of it was heartbreaking. Told blind boys what she looked like, cracked jokes with guys practically dead from pain, and sometimes just stood there letting men starved for the sight of a woman stare at her. The worst part about it was having to control herself, to keep from letting the guys know how much it hurt to see them. But they taught her to grin and put on the most terrific act of her life, the way they did. Breakdowns were out until she reached her own room.

But it wasn't all tears and bucking up. Once in Sicily a considerate colonel had the engineers rig up a shower for her and put an M.P. in charge of the tent while the Allbritton ablutions were under way. Somehow it got around that he wasn't just guarding a tent full of military documents, and when Louise stuck her shiny, scrubbed face through the flap, there were five M.P.'s and a colonel grimly guarding her privacy.

Now that she's back, Louise is nosing around for a South Pacific jaunt. She's also nosing around—but in a genteel sort of way—for a husband. Please apply in person. Blonde men on the tweedy side preferred. Nothing under six feet need apply. Main requisite: He must love music, and Mutt. But who doesn't?

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PARKER Quink THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X!

By Karen Pieck

Especially if you're Dana Andrews

and you've got Mary, 2 kids with 1 to

go and such a *shiny* future!



Originally a crooner, Dana sings for first time in "State Fair," is proudest of his wife, Mary (below), who's "top actress in town," and prize camellia beds.

MARRIAGE IS STRICTLY OKAY!



Father and son share each other's hobbies with Davy fast becoming as murderous a mimic as Dad. Dana estimates "bite" fan mail (requesting money, etc.) has upped 300% since "Laura."

■ Love can hit you like a block-buster, or it can sneak up on you gradually so you hardly know it's there. With Dana Andrews, it sneaked. Oh, sure, he knew this Mary Todd. They'd been cast in a play together at the Pasadena Playhouse where they both were students. After that they said "Hi" when they met backstage and smiled politely. But did Dana's heart go into double action when he saw her coming? Did he say to himself, "This is it. This is the girl for me?" Nothing of the kind. Idly, he thought that she had pretty blonde hair and good teeth. Otherwise she made no impression whatever. The Playhouse was full of young actresses, and Dana wasn't interested in any of them.

Maybe you think that Mary fell for him and was carrying a secret torch all this time. Boy, would you be wrong! Dana was a great, big handsome guy with dark curly hair and a breezy Texas way about him. But Mary was going in for eccentric geniuses at this point. You know—dark, intense characters who sit around biting on smelly pipes and talking about Stanislavsky and the future of the theater. Flamboyant, brooding. Orson Welles-ish types with violent ideas on practically everything. Dana wasn't like that at all. He was far too normal, too every-day. Why, you'd hardly even think he was an actor!

So nothing seemed to happen for a year or so. Then Mary went away to play in stock at Martha's Vineyard. There wasn't much to do there except sit around, and she put on thirty pounds. She came back looking like an overweight cherub, and Dana, who had a positive phobia about plump females, was utterly disgusted. He was certainly glad this Todd chick wasn't anyone *he* was interested in. Imagine letting yourself gain thirty pounds like that! Didn't the girl have any strength of mind? His indignation was so great it surprised him a little.

Somehow, he began to pay more attention to Mary now than he ever had when she was thin. It made no sense, of course. Sense or not, Dana found that when the gang got together these nights after rehearsal, he always sat with Mary. She was fun to talk to, and she knew so much about the theater she made him dizzy. Someone would mention a play produced back in 1902, and Mary could reel off the entire cast and tell you what they'd been doing ever since. Dana found himself looking forward more and more to these evening rendezvous. In fact, on the occasions when Mary didn't show up, everything was very dull indeed.

He would go home and lecture himself sternly. "Andrews," he'd say, "you're a dope. You're falling in love with this girl, and she's a fat girl. You know you hate fat women. So snap out of it, will you?" But try as he would, he couldn't snap. Love had sneaked up on him, and it was too late to do anything about it. Except find out if it had sneaked up on Mary, too.

About this time, Destiny, in the shape of the Playhouse director, cast them together in a play called "First Lady." Dana was a handsome young Senator, and Mary was a coy, moonlight-and-magnolia creature from the Deep South. In the play the two became engaged. And it seemed to Dana a very fine idea to carry it over into real life. By now he'd been seeing Mary pretty regularly. He thought he had convinced her that eccentric geniuses were all very well in their way, but for a steady diet there was nothing like a normal he-guy. Or had he? Dana decided he'd better find out. That night he cornered her backstage, and they sat down on a couple of handy boxes.

Dana cleared his throat loudly. "You know it's funny," he said, plunging in, "the way these plays go. Uh—I mean, you're cast with someone and you like 'em a lot. Then the play's over, and maybe they go away or something. I think it's too bad." His dark eyes said a lot more. They said, "I'm crazy about you."

Mary sat and made absent-minded doodles with a pencil on her white skirt. Not saying anything, but blushing a little. The blush encouraged Dana.

"I wouldn't want *us* not to see each other any more," he said positively.

"Uh-uh! Me neither." Mary looked up at him then, her blue eyes serious.

"I've been wanting to kiss you for a long time," Dana told her suddenly. He leaned over and did it. Thoroughly. Thrills chased themselves up and down Mary's spine. The day of eccentric geniuses was definitely over!

Well, after that, somehow they were engaged. Dana hadn't formally proposed, but they both knew they were going to get married. Everyone else around the Playhouse knew it, too, and approved. Only there were complications. That old saw about the course of true love never running smooth was altogether too accurate, Dana thought gloomily. (*Contd. on page 102*)

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Miss Babs Merrick — one of John Robert Powers' beauties who keeps her hair naturally bright and lustrous with Kreml Shampoo

Reveal Natural Sparkling Beauty That Lies Concealed In *Your* and *Every* Girl's Hair!

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If your child's hair is dull, stringy, lifeless-looking—either oily or dry—"glamour-bathe" it with Kreml Shampoo. Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals or caustics. Instead it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. Children like its soft, billowy suds. And *you'll* take pride in the way your child's hair looks.

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Soon after June Allyson and Dick Powell were snapped at Mocambo, she left on her first p.a. tour—to Eastern hospitals.



Ingrid Bergman, usually reluctant to appear in public, is avid Bond tourer, spent entire vacation that way. Left for Canada after show with Greg Peck, above.



Following in Johnny Payne's footsteps, Glo DeHaven's composed 2 romantic ballads, as yet untitled. Written under assumed name, they'll be played in her next pic.

Louella Parsons' Good News

Kay Williams shrugs off Van Johnson rumors . . .

Olivia deHavilland bedded in Fijis . . . Alan Ladd loses at races!

■ It's 1945! A New Year—a new slate for Hollywood. And for this shining, clean new record, I hope for the following things:

That pictures will be shorter. Three hours or longer is too much.

That Van Johnson will stay as unspoiled, charming and likeable as he is (and I'm not worrying that he won't).

That there will be fewer divorces, and that the good score for reconciliations in 1944 will keep up—Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant, Evelyn Keyes and Charles Vidor, Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, Rudy Vallee and his bride—are all a credit to that fine old habit of "thinking it over."

That Olivia de Havilland comes back to the screen.

That Turhan Bey forgets that pipe—and posturing. He's a nice guy—why behave like a ham?

That Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth buy some hats.

That another musical comes along like "Cover Girl" and a drama like "Wilson."

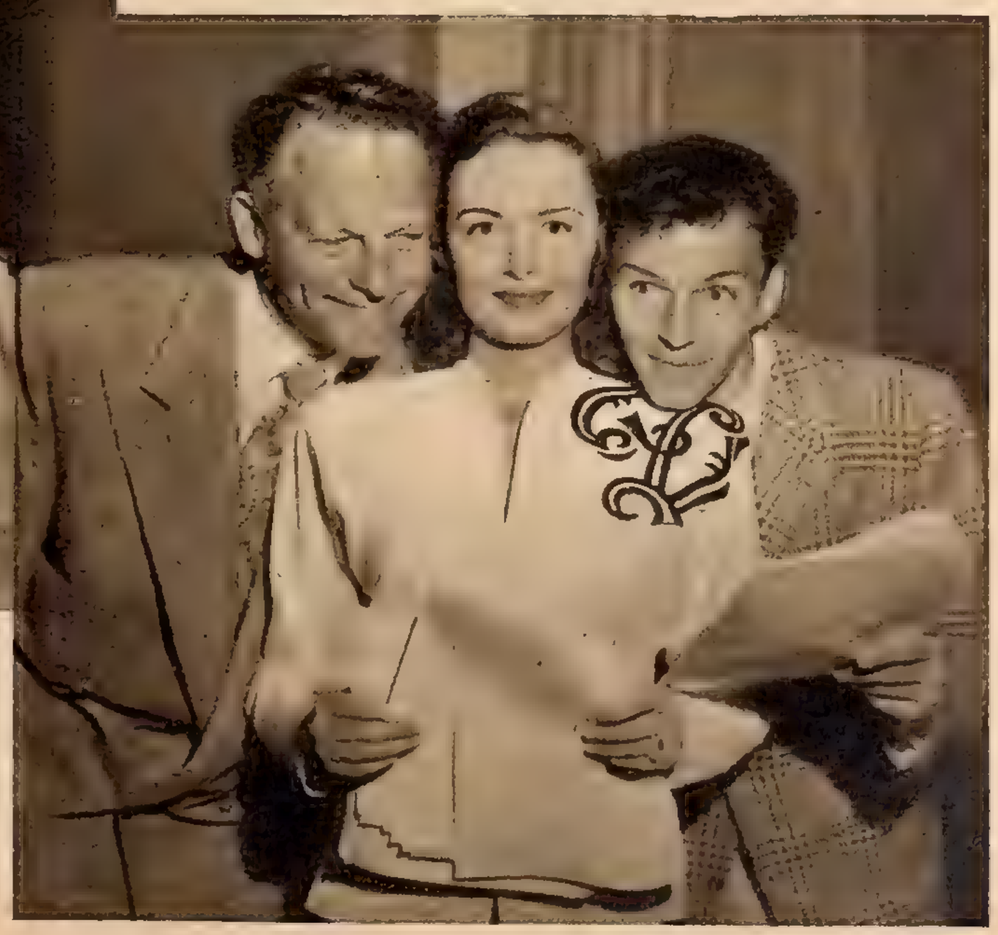
That "Going My Way" will never (*Continued on following page*)



Friends of the Phil Harris' are worried over Alice; say she's so unhappy over long separations when Phil's on band tours. Above, night-lifing at Charlie Foy's supper club.



Janie Wyman's sleep-talking never ceases amazing Ronnie. She'll sit up, wide-eyed, raving, and never remember a thing. She's given up blonding hair; too much trouble!



Bill Goodwin, Donna Reed and Frank Sinatra on CBS Screen Guild broadcast. Donna's husband, Bill Tuttle, is sculpting bust of Frankie whenever he finds time to pose.

be shelved—but will be reissued for several weeks each year.

That Bing continues to go his grand way.

That Bette Davis won't travel half across the country to see a heart interest (it was Corporal Riley) and then blow up when the press finds out about it.

That Frank Sinatra is more careful in his interviews and doesn't pop off about Hollywood. I'm for Frankie—and I think Frankie is for Hollywood.

That Susan Hayward gets a break—privately and professionally.

That June Allyson continues to show 'em.

That Mr. Sam Goldwyn and I can get through a year without a feud (but I doubt it).

That "The Robe" will be the great picture it should be.

That all our boys in the service can lay down their arms—because beautiful Peace has come to the world again, forever and forever.

* * *

The girls who have been making the "corset pictures" swear "Never again!" Judy Garland says she still has marks from her tight lacings in "Meet Me In St. Louis." Greer Garson agrees that "Mrs. Parkington's" stays were a pain—and not in the neck! Ingrid Bergman feels that an actress who can emote in a corset is part contortionist. But it takes Betty Grable to give out with the loudest wail over her tight squeeze in "Diamond Horseshoe." "The corset is not here to *stay*," quips Betty.

* * *

Portrait of a Lady With a Cracked Heart:

It's raining. The streets around Hollywood and Vine are glistening with the mirage of the street lamps that have just been turned on.

A "newsy" in a slicker yells, "The Battling Bogarts—all kissed and made up!"

A girl with strange slant eyes, in a car with the top down, slowly eases the clutch and turns the corner. It is hard to say just what her expression is—there is so much wind and rain in her face.

It's the poker face of Lauren Bacall.

(Of course, you know folks, the Bogarts are now going through with a divorce.)

* * *

When Signe Hasso took up numerology, it was just a gag. A nice way to spend an evening, working out the "number" of the friends who dropped in.

Then on her hospital tours she started "reading" for the bedridden boys. Particularly for the psychoneurotic cases. A doctor told her, after she finished with one patient who had been very interested, "Do you know that this is the first glimmer of attention or interest that boy has shown in months? I thank you for what you have done for him—and us." Is she proud of her hobby now?

* * *

Hedy Lamarr will wear the most disguising maternity wardrobe ever designed (by Irene) in "Her Highness and the Bellboy"—Hedy's last movie before the Interesting Event next June.

I've seen some of these clothes, and while they are very loose and drapy—they are so chic the most streamlined glamour girl would be proud to model them. They are in very vivid colors, too. There's one green dinner dress trimmed with bands of gold that makes Hedy look like a Greek goddess—in Technicolor.

Lamarr is so crazy about the gowns that she is having many of them copied for home wear.

* * *

Kay Williams says if Van Johnson is in love with her—he's forgotten to mention it.

I like that Williams girl. No wonder she was head honey in Clark Gable's life for so many months. She has a terrific sense of humor, the bluest crinkly eyes I've ever seen—and she's so honest.

Many girls would be glad to keep up the pretense that Van was just mad about them. If nothing else—it's mighty good publicity.

But Kay laughs, "I've had just one card from him from Mexico City—which doesn't sound like he's on fire to me!"

* * *

When Judy Garland read that her ex, Dave Rose, was in a military hospital suffering from nervous exhaustion, she wanted to go to see him at once. But she was afraid that her visit would attract attention, or that a photographer might be lurking around, and rumors of a reconciliation might crop up to upset Dave again.

So she asked her mother and sister and little niece to pay her visit to Dave. And sent along all his favorite records including a private recording by José Iturbi of Dave's own beautiful "Holiday For Strings."



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Phil Harris kids Alice Faye by calling their two tow-headed daughters, "The Dolly Sisters."

"The Dolly Sisters" is the movie Alice flatly refused to make with Betty Grable.

* * *

George Brent does so much raving about Joan Fontaine in "The Affairs of Susan" (he's her leading man) that people are saying they're in love. No such thing. But George thinks Joan has had a bad deal being labeled temperamental, and he is putting on a one-man campaign to stop it. Remember, too, that this praise is coming from Mr. Brent who *can* be plenty caustic about his leading ladies. . . .

* * *

Surely Olivia de Havilland's luck will get better. It couldn't get worse. Off the screen a year because of her battles with Warners' is bad enough. Then Livvy tried to do her bit by going on a USO tour to the Pacific.

But fate had still more bad luck up her sleeve. She caught pneumonia and was confined to an Army hospital. Livvy wrote her sister, Joan Fontaine, "Looks like I will be here in the Fiji Islands six months longer. The doctors think the long flight home would be bad for me until all the lung congestion is gone. How's the world going since I left it?"

* * *

Bud Abbott gave his rotund partner, Lou Costello, a huge dog whose disposition, at best, was "uncertain."

"You'll learn to love him," Bud said, "He's a one man dog."

A week later, Lou—whose clothes looked like they had been chewed up by a mountain lion, returned the animal to Bud.

"He may be a one-man dog," said Lou, "but I ain't the man!"

* * *

Jackie Jenkins was having a lot of trouble learning his lines for "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes." The director, thinking the little boy wasn't concentrating, tried to shame him with Margaret O'Brien's fine record. "She's older," said Master Jenkins doggedly, "I'm littler—and my brain is softer!"

* * *

Ran into Alan Ladd and Sue Carol at Hollywood Park on the first day of racing in California after three years.

It was also Alan's first visit to a track any place—any time.

At first he had a beam on his face that wouldn't come off. Then, as he made good-sized bets on each event—and lost them all—he didn't look so well. When the eighth event was over, and he hadn't cashed a ticket, he was a sad looking customer, indeed.

"The trouble with him," giggled Susie, "is that he just finished a race track picture, 'Salty O'Rourke'—so he thought he knew all about the nags. But there isn't a director around to get the horses he bets on in *first!* This will learn him, I betcha."

Guess it did—because as we were leaving we heard Alan breathe, "Never again!"

* * *

The town's gone Ouija Board mad again in a revival of the old "spooks" fortunetelling fad with Susan Peters, Lana Turner and the Basil Rathbones constant players.

* * *

Veronica Lake's (Continued on page 74)

New! TAKES ONLY 2 TO 3 HOURS!
GENUINE BEAUTY-SALON TYPE

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Complete with same ingredients used by beauty shops on costly cold waves

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Now, you can give yourself a perfectly exquisite, cold permanent wave at home, in only 2 to 3 hours. Think of it! . . . only 2 to 3 hours! Just do this: Put your hair up in "CHIC" De Luxe curlers . . . dab each curl with the amazing "CHIC" Quick-Wave solution . . . and almost before you know it, you have a gorgeous, crowning halo of beautiful, soft, natural looking curls and waves.

A "CHIC" De Luxe Cold Wave is safe to use on all types of hair . . . fine, medium, coarse . . . bleached or dyed. Excellent, too, for children's hair. Remember, "CHIC" De Luxe is a genuine, beauty salon-type cold wave with the same ingredients used on costly cold permanent waves.

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Light, bright and dainty is the polish that Shirley Temple prefers. She's the perfect sixteener, yes?



Gene Tierney, who's soon to be emoting in "A Bell for Adano," likes a deep, rosy polish for her nails.

by Carol Carter

FASHIONS

■ "Children, the beauty class will come to order. Please raise your hands."

Horrors! Do I see chipped polish, hangnails, raspy-rough skin? Gene and Shirl are definitely right: Winter is rough on hands. Bless their little hearts for suggesting some beauty chatter this month about fingertip fashions.

And all talk of finger fashions boils down to this: You must soothe your hands with creams and lotions, you must manicure them regularly. So coming up! One manicure routine. Practice this routine regularly . . . and while a-practicing it remember to work first on your right hand. It's more difficult because it works harder. (You left-handed chicks can go into reverse.)

1. Off with the old polish . . . and while about it, here's a conservation note for polish remover. Saturate cotton with p. r. and press it against the nail for several minutes. Do this with each nail before you begin the actual job of removing. Three "dips" of the remover should make a complete job of it.

2. File and shape nails with an emery board (the new garnet boards are super wonderful!). Careful, now. Don't file too deeply into the corners. Glamour nails are almond-shape.

3. Swish your fingers in a cozy bowl of warm, soapy water. Feels good, doesn't it? Well, go ahead, soak them for a few minutes. With your brush, scrub each finger. Dry thoroughly. Oh, but your nails are in the dry and brittle stage? Stop fretting. A warm oil soaking will put them back in the pink.

Here's a handsome story. All about the best ways
to keep your hands smooths, your nails a-gleaming!

IN FINGERTIPS

4. Your attitude to your cuticle should be gentle but firm. Push it back with a cotton-tipped orangewood stick dipped in cuticle remover. Cut cuticle only if you want to encourage infection.

5. You don't swoop your polish right out to your nail tips? Then now's the time for nail white (paste or stick form) to be applied. Give fingers a second scrubbing. Wipe 'em dry, and you'll be eliminating the last shreds of cuticle loosened by the remover.

6. Now comes a polish base to make things smooth for your pet lacquer.

7. Ah, the climax! A gay nail enamel! Use one coat of polish for special occasion manicures (when you wear a particular color that's heavenly with your chartreuse formal). Use two coats for a heavy duty manicure (a color that goes with everything you wear for days!) When your nail glamour is completely dry, slather a hand cream or lotion over your paws. Massage the skin well as you apply it. All this in the interest of smoothness.

COLOR CODE: "Color, color, which shall it be? Rose or red or pink for me?" Now how do you like that poem? Glimmering, shimmering, sparkling polish brings out the poet in me! But let's get down to the business of which color it should be. If your outfit is blue or purple, wear a rose polish with a bluish cast. Browns, green and yellows look best with dusky pinks. Blacks, reds and prints take a clear red polish. For those who would be fashion-wise (that's all of us, isn't it?) subtle, clear pink polishes are the current pets. Then, too. there are new shimmer-sheen (*Continued on page 84*)



(Continued from page 71)

trousseau is all blue. Ice blue wedding gown, blue going-away suit and hat, blue bags, shoes, gloves—and blue lingerie.

Oh, what luscious nightgowns they were taking back for her to try on in a private fitting room at Saks'! One beautiful sheer chiffon had a tiny train with deep, deep ruffles. Another, a "shortie" in chiffon, was made like a sports coat.

* * *

Most interesting set of the month, to me, is "Enchanted Cottage," being produced by my child, Harriet Parsons. (I admit I'm prejudiced.)

The "cottage" is a sheer delight and so complete a honeymoon couple could move in on a moment's notice.

I begged producer Parsons for some "stills" so I could show you fans the amazingly "homely" make-ups on Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young. But she said "Nothing doing. It would spoil the surprise when the movie is released." Well, she's the boss—and mighty proud of her I am, too.

Guess it doesn't hurt, though, to tell you that it takes Bob two hours to turn himself homely. That's how good looking he is.

* * *

Another set that is fun to visit is "Weekend at the Waldorf." Very cute the way a bellboy ushers in every visitor. Then you are hustled up to the desk to register. But there is no tipping—which ain't like any hotel I've ever been in in my travels at home or abroad.

So far, the star-studded cast headed by Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Walter Pidgeon, et al, is getting along fine. Ginger and Lana have no scenes together throughout the entire picture. Not that the girls wouldn't get along—but this certainly does away with the possibility.

However, other gals in the cast have taken long, long looks at Ginger's brand new, swanky, portable dressing room. It is really a three-room suite on wheels, "done" in corals and bright greens. By far the fanciest portable ever sported by any star.

So far it hasn't bothered Lana—or maybe she hasn't seen it.

* * *

Most meaningless movie title: "Hold Autumn in Your Hand."

Cutest: "No Leave, No Love."

Craziest: "Salome Where She Danced."

Saddest: "Don't Ever Grieve Me."

Least Indicative of the Story: "Laura."

Swellest: "Blue Skies"—for Bing Crosby.

* * *

I was delighted to get a letter from Jean Pierre Aumont. He is in France again after being hospitalized in North Africa. "Everywhere we go, we French soldiers," he writes, "we run into the Americans—and believe me the roots of friendship being planted will last forever. Hollywood seems so far away. Sometimes I think of it as one of those far away islands inhabited by Maria (Montez—his wife) in her sarong pictures. But it is a dream I want soon to come true very, very soon—because my home and heart is there."

* * *

That Sonny Tufts is a one.

He told Paramount he needed a month's vacation after finishing "The Golden Years" so he could learn to ride for "The Virginian."

What Par. apparently doesn't know is that Sonny's trophy room is lopsided with ribbons he won riding in Eastern horse shows!

* * *

Burgess Meredith is taking an awful beating from pals (and otherwise) because he has had to partially shave his head to look like bald pated Ernie Pyle in "G.I. Joe."

But the worst comes from Paulette Goddard who calls him "Uncle Buzz" or "Daddy Dear," and her voice sounds just like "Baby Snooks."

* * *

Sure pays to be a Swoon King. Even the domestic help problems get solved. Mrs. Dick Haymes was interviewing a young college girl about being a "sitter" for the kids when they go out in the evenings. "I can work only one night a week," said the girl, and then, as Mrs. H.'s face fell, she added, "But I belong to a sorority—and we'll take turns if Mr. Haymes will just open the front door when we come to work!"

Maybe you think it wasn't a deal!

* * *

Speaking of all these cocktail brawls and fights, William Powell has a new way of extending invitations. He just says, "Please come for cocktails—and boxing—between five and eight."



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SWEET AND LOVELY

(Continued from page 33)

It was not a difficult scene. It consisted of a dolly shot in which Jeanne and Tim Holt simply walked down a street, talking, while the camera preceded them slowly. Jeanne had no way of knowing that Mr. Welles was experimenting with the technique of making screen tests, in view of the fact that no scene ever lasts for an unbroken five minutes under studio conditions.

Jeanne and Tim went at the task masterfully. They didn't fluff once. They exchanged their ten pages of dialogue several times, then Mr. Welles said that was all, thank you. He added that he would get in touch with Jeanne's mother in a few days.

The wait was interminable.

Then, one morning, Mr. Welles telephoned Mrs. Crain for a long talk. He said that Jeanne photographed much too young for the part. But he did say that she had great possibilities; that at that time she didn't project her personality—she was more interesting off screen than on. "If she really wants to act," he summed up, "she will have to study."

Jeanne, hearing only half the conversation, knew simply that she was not to have the part. She went to her bedroom, locked the door, flung herself on the bed and sobbed wildly. In the midst of her woe, she had a comforting thought: "They say a girl must *suffer* to become a really great actress. Well, I'm getting a start."

And then she went to work. Where she had never taken any interest in school dramatics, she now went in for everything produced with or without a curtain.

The late Max Reinhardt, a friend of the Crain family, mentioned one night that he owned the rights to "Song of Bernadette" and wanted to test Jeanne for the part. Jeanne made the test, which is safe in Hollywood vaults, and those who have seen it say that it is one of the loveliest things on celluloid. However, Mr. Reinhardt's plans fell through, and the rights became the property of 20th Century-Fox—a studio that had heard nothing of the girl who was later to become one of its most incandescent hopefuls.

When Jeanne learned that Mr. Reinhardt had given up his intentions of producing "Bernadette," she had another bitter session of tears. The months, the years were going by, and she wasn't getting anywhere! Here she was—seventeen.

Several of her girl friends had vocations and were making plans to become novitiates in the Order of St. Joseph. Jeanne thought it over carefully; she felt that she, too, had a vocation, but it wasn't as strong as she felt it should be. She decided to be quite sure before she took the step, a decision encouraged by the nuns who were her teachers.

One night she went to a Little Theater performance in which one of her friends had the lead. Ivan Kahn, talent scout for 20th Century, spotted her in the audience. During the intermission, he approached Jeanne, introduced himself and suggested that she take a screen test on Monday.

"Oh, all right," sighed Jeanne. She had been through that test routine so often. It didn't mean a thing. It simply gave one a few moments of dreams and an hour of tears.

During the intermission between the second and third acts, two other talent scouts introduced themselves to Jeanne and proposed screen tests. Jeanne said she'd let them know later, thank you very much.

She breezed through her Monday morn-

(Continued on page 109)



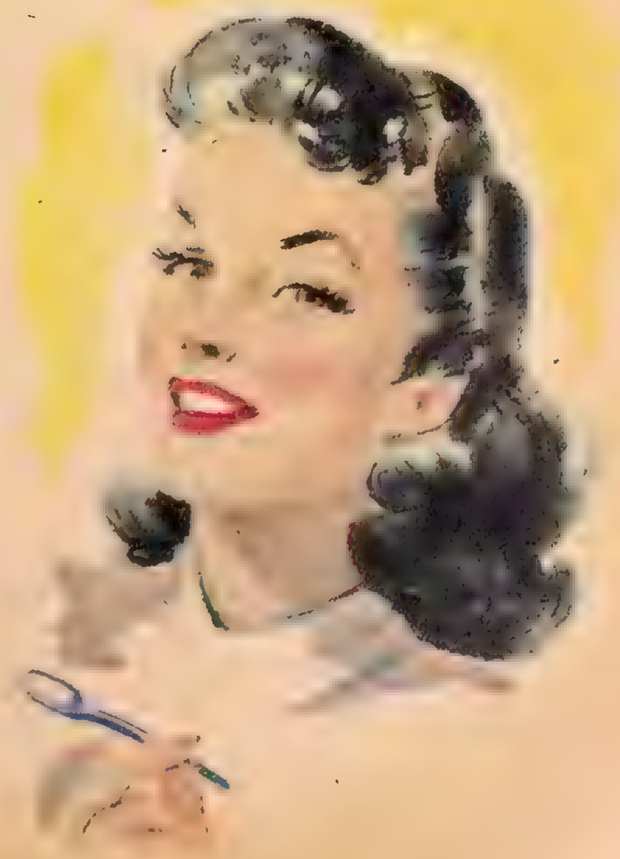
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So, get yourself a really good toothbrush, a Dr. West's "25". Of course, the *finest* toothbrush that money can buy is Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft, the only brush made with waterproofed, anti-soggy "Exton" brand bristling.



FRANKIE, WE LOVE YOU!

(*Continued from page 47*)

you know that. But these broadcasts are shortwaved to the boys overseas. If you squeal in the middle of songs, they can't hear 'em. So wait till the end and then make with the applause. Okay?"

Joan sighed. "Golly, it's tough to keep still when he does those ups and downs, but I see what he means."

Katie laughed, her round face twisting comically. "One thing—there won't be any squeals from Sinatra Fan Number One. They've got four guards around her." She pointed across to where a small, red-haired girl sat surrounded by four stalwart men.

Alex Stordahl's band was playing now. Joan felt the quiet contentment that always came once the broadcast had started. This was it—this was what the whole week led up to. Frank stepped to the mike. And then—gosh, he was singing her song—

Night and day, you are the one—
Only you beneath the moon and
under the sun. . . .

He had been singing that song the day she had walked into the Paramount four years ago. She had been not quite thirteen then, but tall for her age. A slim child with smooth blonde hair in pigtails and solemn grey eyes. She had come to hear Tommy Dorsey's band, and the fact that he had a new singer hadn't meant a thing to her.

Frank had seemed pretty young himself, then. Thin as a sliver, but gay and funny and so *alive!* The things he did to "Night and Day" had been heaven. She went, hesitating a little, backstage after the show.

He had smiled at her and patted her shoulder. "Better stay away from here, kid, or we'll have truant officers backstage."

"Autograph the sleeve of my blouse, will you, Mr. Sinatra?" Joan asked suddenly. "Sign on my sleeve instead of in my book."

"Listen, honey, your mother'll be down here with an axe if I spoil your blouse."

"She won't care. Please, Mr. Sinatra. I'll go over it later with invisible ink. I—I want to keep it always."

moonlit baritone . . .

The broadcast went on, with Frank clowning around, and then singing in that voice that drifted over you like a moonlit cloud. When it was all over, the girls stood up slowly. Queer. It was like coming back to another world.

"Things were pretty quiet tonight. The kids hardly squealed at all," Katie said. "I hope Frank was pleased. I hate to have him think we're a nuisance."

"I suppose we are, though," Joan admitted. "Rushing around after him, wherever he goes. Only maybe he understands how we feel, sort of. We've *got* to see him. He'll be leaving for the Coast again and—oh, Katie, what will we do without him?"

"It's going to be awful," Katie said gloomily. "It always is, at first. But at least we can still hear the broadcasts."

"Yes, but we won't *see* him!" Joan gave her checked jacket an impatient pull. She had bought it because it looked like Frank's. "Katie, remember our 'perfect day'?" Her grey eyes under the long black lashes were dreamy.

"*Do I!* It was last spring. In May. We started out at ten in the morning, and we were walking by the General Motors building when Frank's car drove up."

That had been a car! Joan could remember the blue flash of it in the spring sunshine as it came around the corner into Broadway. The top was down, and Frank was wearing dark glasses. The wind had blown his brown hair until it was even more tousled than usual. He stopped the car and got out. Then he saw them and gave them a cheerful grin.

"Hi, kids. Looks like everybody's up early today. What's cookin'?"

a day to remember . . .

Joan and Katie just stood there a minute, not saying anything. Funny—when he wasn't around, there were a million things you wanted to say to him, and then you saw him, and everything went right out of your head. It happened every time.

"Will you sign these snapshots, Frank?" Joan managed at last, getting them out.

He did a little jig step and bowed. "Let's see 'em, baby."

There were three of them. The one she had taken as he came out of CBS. The one of him at the Brooklyn ball game. And the one of little Nancy Sandra.

"Say, this of the kid is pretty cute, hey?" Frank said proudly. "You took that last week out at the house, didn't you? Nancy told me you'd been out there."

"She did? Did she know us? Our names and everything?"

"Sure. My wife's smart—not a dope like me." He laughed at them. Then he took out his fountain pen and shook it to start the ink flowing. He always did that, no matter where he was. Even when he had been singing in the Wedgewood Room at the Waldorf he had done it. He signed the pictures the way he always did—"Best wishes to Joan. Frank Sinatra." Then he went on in the office building.

But when he came out, they were still there. They walked down the street with him until some other kids recognized him, and he had to duck into Lindy's before a crowd gathered. All day long, Joan and Katie had followed him wherever he went, and he hadn't minded. He had just laughed.

Oh, it had been a perfect day all right. But it could never happen again that way. Frank lived in California now, and when he came back East, he was always in a hurry, there was so much to do. Besides, you couldn't get near him, usually. There were such mobs following him around, and the kids acted so crazy.

"I'd give anything to get backstage tonight," Katie said, as they left the broadcast. "Do you s'pose it's any use trying?"

"Katie, you know we can't get within a block of the door!"

They turned the corner, just to be sure. A solid crowd packed the street. At the fringe of it, two sailors were trying to see over the heads, to find out what it was all about. One of them noticed Joan and said "Hey, sister, what's the mob scene? Betty Grable?" He said it hopefully.

"No, they're waiting for Frank Sinatra."

"Oh, him. Come on, Bill, let's blow."

But Bill, who was freckled and had the widest grin this side of Joe E. Brown, said "No. Stick around. I'd like to see this guy."

"You'd better try it," Katie told him. "You ought to hear him sing 'Nancy'. That's the song that's dedicated to his wife and little girl. He's crazy about his family."

"What does his wife think of all this swooning stuff?" the sailor demanded.

"Listen, Nancy's swell," Joan said. "She knows how we kids feel about Frank. We're crazy about him, sure, but it's the way we'd be crazy about a big brother that was nice and let us tag along. We think he's super as a singer and solid as a guy. He's a good husband, and that's the way we want him to be. We're crazy about Nancy, too."

She stopped, out of breath, and both sailors laughed. "Okay, kid, we're sold."

Katie stepped in. "Would you like to join our Sinatra Club? We already have three hundred service men who are members." She whipped out a card and proffered it gravely. "Just write to the president and tell her you'd like to join."

Joan and Katie walked away. It was no use waiting for Frank . . . all they would get would be a flash of the top of his head.

At the corner, a boy stood posed against a building. He had brown hair that fell over his forehead, and a thin face, and he wore a checked sports jacket. Half a dozen girls were taking his picture.

"That boy ought to be arrested," Joan said indignantly. "Posing as Sinatra."

"Everybody knows he isn't Frank," Katie pointed out. "But in snapshots he *does* look like him."

"Sure, and then the girls trade the pictures for ones of Frank. It's dishonest."

Katie giggled. "You're mad because you got stuck with one of them."

"If I'd seen it in a good light, I'd have known right away," Joan said. "I made the trade at night, like a goon, and gave up a perfectly good snap of Frank for one of this little worm!"

"Look, Joan, what about next Wednesday? You know, Frank is doing his broadcast up in the Bronx that night, at Hunter College where the WAVES are."

"Gee, I'd like to go up. Only we'd never be able to get in. Nobody can, except WAVES." Joan's voice was wistful.

"Let's go anyway. Maybe we can sneak in some way."

They separated, and Joan took the subway to Brooklyn. There ought to be *some* way they could get into that broadcast!

crashing waves . . .

But the Navy is a super-efficient organization. The girls discovered that when they got up to Hunter College. They went in the afternoon right after school and found the auditorium where the broadcast was to be held. It might as well have been held in the U. S. Mint, as far as guards were concerned, Joan thought. Cops, the Shore Patrol, WAVE officers—all there to see that no one got in.

Joan and Katie stood outside the fence for hours. They saw Frank and the orchestra come out and ride over to the mess hall for dinner. Frankie waved but what good was that? Finally they went way around the block and crawled under what seemed like miles of wire. They crept back to the building in the autumn darkness. And there right ahead of them the WAVES

(*Continued on page 78*)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Garbo's almost hypersensitive fear of intrusion prompts her to rent homes surrounded by high walls whenever possible. In one of a long series she has occupied in and around Hollywood, she felt especially secure because of the presence of a 12-foot brick wall, topped by a vine-concealed barbed wire.

Garbo never did meet her next-door neighbor, so she doesn't know to this day that the resident was a former pole-vaulting champion!

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Hollywood, Calif.

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209 nurses, in hospital tests, found Modess gives far more protection than nationally known layer-type napkins.

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Zahn Dry Goods Co. . . . . Racine, Wis.
and many others.

were marching into the auditorium. They marched two by two, neat and smart in their blues. Back of them strung a line of "boots," still in civilian clothes.

"They'll *love* the Navy!" Katie said, grinning. "Their first night here, and they get Frank Sinatra!"

But Joan wasn't listening. "Quick!" she said, and pulled at Katie's sleeve. In one lightning moment they had fallen in behind the last of the "boots," and the heavy doors clanged behind them. They were in!

behind closed doors . . .

That seemed like a very special broadcast. It was like the apples you swiped. They always tasted better than the ones you bought. Frank was wonderful, and the WAVES loved him.

"I'm going to join as soon as I'm old enough, if the war's still on," Joan decided.

They almost got to be WAVES that very night. They had an awful time getting out of line before they were marched straight into the dormitory.

"It's late. Mother's going to be mad at me for this," Joan realized when they were at last on their way downtown.

"Mine won't. She understands."

"Remember the night you took her to a broadcast?" Joan giggled, thinking of it.

That had really been a good joke on Katie. Her mother had said one day, "You know, dear, I think I'd like to watch your friend, Frank Sinatra, broadcast. You've talked so much about him."

Katie had stared in unbelief. Her mother had told her for months that she was crazy, with all her talk about Frank. But she had dashed around and somehow managed to get another ticket for the broadcast, and off they went. Her mother seemed to enjoy it very much.

When it was over and they started out, she said, "Now I'd like to go backstage and meet him."

Katie gaped. "Mother, I'm sorry, but you can't. They won't let you in. They won't let *anyone* in!"

"You've gone in. Several times," her mother pointed out reasonably.

"That was ages ago, before he got so popular. When there wasn't such a mob around. Anyway, Mr. Evans, his press agent, took me in."

"I can try," said her mother serenely and drifted off, leaving Katie staring after her. Of course she would soon be back.

But she didn't come back. After a while, Katie got tired of waiting and went looking for her. Katie recognized Tony, a fan of Frank's from New Haven, in the crowd, and went over to him. Tony usually was hep to what was going on. He had known Frank for a long time and often did errands or personal jobs for him.

"Hi, Tony. Did you see a sort of plump, middle-aged lady in a blue coat try to get through the stage door?"

"Sure I saw her, Katie. She was a friend of Frank's—the guard let her right in."

"He *didn't!*" Katie was unbelieving. Still, her mother did have a sort of assured way of talking that just might have gotten her by. And she had certainly disappeared. Katie squirmed through the crowd and finally got to the guard at the door.

"Hey, let me in," she panted. "My mother's inside."

"Oh, yeah? You kids'll try any gag."

"Honest she is. You let her in yourself a minute ago. She had on a blue coat."

The guard scratched his head. "I remember that lady. She's a friend of Mr. Sinatra. But I ain't so sure you're her daughter. You don't look like her."

"I look like my father!" said Katie furiously. *"Let me in!"*

"We'll see if that's really your ma," said the guard stubbornly. Taking Katie by the arm, he brought her inside the door, holding her tightly so she couldn't wriggle away. Katie stared, open-mouthed. A few feet away her mother was standing with *Frank*. They were laughing and talking as if they'd known each other for years.

"Hey, lady," said the guard. "Is this your kid?"

Katie's mother looked over at them, and suddenly a gleam of pure mischief lighted her eyes. "Certainly not," she said coolly. "I never saw her before!" And while Katie was still speechless with indignation, she was hustled through the door.

"When she finally did come out she handed me a paper and said, 'Here's another autograph to add to your collection, dear,'" Katie remembered now, laughing. "And she's been as sold on Frank as I am, ever since."

"I know. That makes it swell for you," Joan said enviously. "But my family still think I'm nuts."

"Joan, Frank leaves for the Coast again Wednesday morning. Let's meet Tuesday afternoon and try and see him."

"I've *got* to see him before he goes," Joan agreed. "I have a—a present for him."

It seemed as if Tuesday would never come, and yet it came all too quickly. After Tuesday, Frank would be gone, and the glimpses of him that made life so exciting would be over. Joan did up the going-away present in silver paper and tied it with a blue bow. It looked awfully pretty. It wasn't anything, really. Just a snapshot of Katie and herself with their Frank Sinatra buttons on, and Joan had had it enlarged and had tinted it herself.

Tuesday finally arrived. It was one of those brilliant days that are half fall and half summer, with the air crisp and the sun hot on your bare head. The kind of day when anything can happen. Joan went through the motions at school, but her eyes were on her wrist watch most of the time. Her heart was already pounding with excitement. At the last bell, she grabbed her reversible and tore out of the building.

come out, come out, wherever you are . . .

Times Square was the usual jam of soldiers, sailors, cops and out-of-town visitors. Katie was waiting on the steps of the Astor.

"Where'll we start?" she demanded, as Joan hurried up. "He might be *anywhere.*"

"Do you know where he stayed last night, Katie? Some of the kids at school said he checked out of the Waldorf yesterday."

"Maybe the Gotham. We could go around there—"

"Look!" Joan said in a voice that was unrecognizable with excitement.

It was Frank, no question about that. He was in a taxi with Al Levy, his manager. Two other girls had recognized him, too.

"It's Babs and Helen. Come on with them!" Katie said, and they dashed over and piled into the cab that pulled up.

Babs and Helen were looking out the window. "Don't let him see you," Joan hissed, "or he might try and lose us."

Giggling, they all got down on the floor of the cab, while Katie peered furtively out at the green taxi. Suddenly, it stopped for a red light, and their driver drew abreast. Before Katie could duck, Frank saw her. He stared past, at the other girls down on the floor, and he began to laugh.

Joan stuck her head out of the window. "Frank, we want to see you—about something special. Where are you going?"

"Listen, kids, I'm in an awful hurry, and I'm going too far for you to follow me."

"I'll switch to Bing Crosby!" Helen called threateningly, but Frank only grinned and waved as his cab shot ahead. They followed him for ten blocks, then he lost them. Dismally, they got out of the taxi.

"Who's got money?" Helen asked, looking at the meter. "Not us."

(*Continued on page 80*)

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Everyone turned to Katie. Katie always had money. She fished it out now good-naturedly. "What would you have done if I hadn't come along?"

"Washed windows, I guess," Babs admitted. "We never stop to think about things like that when we see Frank. We just go." She and Helen said good-by and walked off jauntily.

Joan stood and stared, unseeing, at the traffic weaving past. "I didn't even get a chance to give him his present."

"Never mind, Joanie. We'll catch up with him later, see if we don't." Joan smiled at her and felt better. Maybe they *would* catch up to him again.

They did, but not until a frightening number of hours had passed. At ten that night, Joan was ready to give up.

But, "I *won't* give up," Katie said crossly. "He's somewhere in this town, and I'm going to find him. I've got a present for him, too, you know."

"It was early when we tried the Villanova," Joan suggested doubtfully. "Do you suppose he might have come there later?"

"Let's try." Katie started impulsively toward Forty-Fifth street.

The Villanova was a small, unpretentious restaurant. They approached it slowly, hardly daring to hope.

"There he is!" cried Joan and Katie simultaneously. And there he was, sitting at a big corner table with George Evans, Al Levy and two men they didn't know. He looked up from his spaghetti and saw the faces pressed against the window. His thin face broke into a smile.

They couldn't go in. The manager had put a stop to that long ago. "When Mr. Sinatra eats here, he will have his dinner in peace," he had said firmly.

It wasn't so long, really, and a thin mercury of excitement kept them warm. "If he'll only stop just long enough for us to give him the presents," Joan said desperately. "But he'll be in such a hurry."

we'll meet again . . .

Then, quite suddenly, he was there. He came through the door, like a whirlwind in a polo coat. Joan stepped forward automatically, her heart thudding, the little silver-wrapped package in her hand.

"Frank, here. It's nothing, really. Only—I thought you might like it."

He took it quickly. "Thanks a lot, Joan."

Then Katie was handing him a package, too. One that bore the seal of Countess Mara, on Park Avenue. A tie, of course, one of the fabulous kind Frank loved.

He looked at it and grinned. "I'll bet I know what this is. Thanks—that's swell."

"I hope you'll like it, Frank." Katie sounded sure of herself.

Joan looked at her wistfully. It would be marvelous to be like Katie. To be able to give him a tie from Countess Mara. To be sure of yourself. Suddenly hot, blinding tears filled her eyes.

"I—I wish you weren't going, Frank," she said softly. "We miss you awfully."

One of the men who had come out behind Frank laughed. Frank turned on him swiftly. " 'T'ain't funny, pal," he said. He looked at Joan and put his hand on her arm. "I'll be back, you know." He glanced down at the silver package she had given him. His quick fingers untied the blue bow. He opened the package.

"It's nothing," Joan repeated miserably. "Just Katie and me. Your fans."

Frank's blue eyes looked at her gravely. "It's great, honey. I like it better than anything you could have given me. Because you fans are my best friends—and don't let anybody tell you different. 'Bye, kids."

He was gone then, in a taxi that had been waiting at the curb. Joan and Katie stood, caught in a wave of happiness. He was gone, for now, but they were his friends. He would be seeing them again.

"I ENVY CLAUDETTE . . ."

(*Continued from page 39*)

He hems and he haws, and he finally brings it out.

"Look, would you *talk* to Selznick? That's all, just *talk* to him. Talking doesn't commit you to a thing."

So she talked to him. "Let's cut the comedy," she said. "What's this all about?"

Now David's a super-salesman. Give him half a chance, and he'd sell Hitler the rope to hang himself with. Claudette knows a fine story when she listens to it, and this time she listened. It had everything—heart and thoughtfulness and a universal appeal. But she still wasn't sure she ought to play Shirley's mother. Mind you, it was only Shirley at the time. David's a cute guy. He didn't pull Jennifer out of the bag till he had Claudette hooked. Then he was very casual about it. Very off hand and airy. "Oh well, what's the difference, you might as well have two."

Who really cinched it for him was Lt.-Commander Joel Pressman. He was in the States at the time, luckily for David. And when Claudette asked him what he thought, he gave it to her straight.

genius or ham? . . .

"You've always squawked about type casting," he pointed out. "You've always wanted to vary your roles. Well, here's a fine part in a fine picture. Far as I can see, nothing else matters. The point is, are you an actress or a personality?"

"I'm an actress," she said meekly, and you know the rest. I doubt if any picture since "It Happened One Night" has done more to endear her to the public.

Believe it or not, Claudette's a shy person. When you tell people that, they fling up their hands. With her poise? Her composure? Just the same, it's true. She's not easy to know. Even when she's letting her back hair down, she never quite takes out the pins. But what lies behind her reserve is shyness, and I can tell you a story to prove it.

She happens to be Betty Hutton's ideal. Not once, but a dozen times, I've heard Betty say: "If I could ever get to be the kind of person Miss Colbert is, I think I'd die happy." One day Claudette was in her dressing room at Paramount, waiting to be called to the set of "Practically Yours." From Betty's dressing-room, about four doors down, she heard sounds of revelry—laughter, a piano. "It's kind of dull in here," she thought. "I'd like to find out what goes on in Betty's room."

But did she go? Not she. Because suppose she knocked at the door and they said come in, what next? She'd feel kind of silly, breaking in on them like that. It never entered her head that Betty would have rolled out ten carpets and marked it a red-letter day on the calendar.

On set, it's a different story. There, she's sure of herself. It takes a sure person to make others comfortable, and I don't know any actress who's done more to put her fellow-players at ease. Fred MacMurray played opposite Claudette in "The Gilded Lily," his first picture. He told me that except for her help, he'd have been thrown out on his ear. "Remember the Day" gave John Payne his first real importance to the screen. Ray Milland was just jogging along till he made "Arise, My Love."

Somehow she gives them confidence, loosens them up. Partly, it's generosity of spirit—partly, her conviction that you're only as good as the cast you're working with. Take the case of George Reeves. He'd been kicking around for a long time, getting nowhere. Finally he said, "What the hell? Might as well go over and make Westerns

LESLIE BROOKS AND JIM BANNON APPEARING IN COLUMBIA'S TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION "TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT"



LESLIE BROOKS— such "Sweet-to-touch" Hands

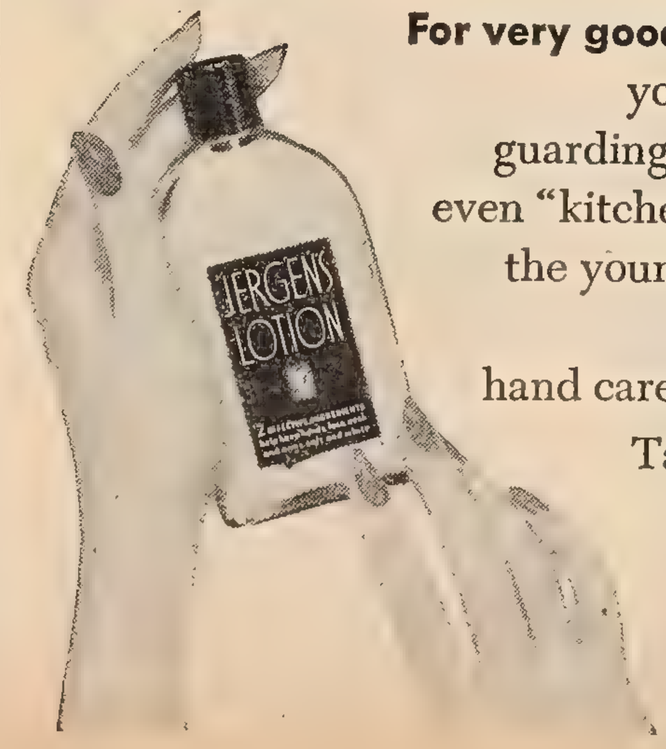
YOU: *I'd love to have such smooth, soft hands.*

LESLIE BROOKS: Then why not use Jergens Lotion?

YOU: *Do you use Jergens Lotion yourself, Miss Brooks?*

LESLIE BROOKS: Indeed I do use Jergens.

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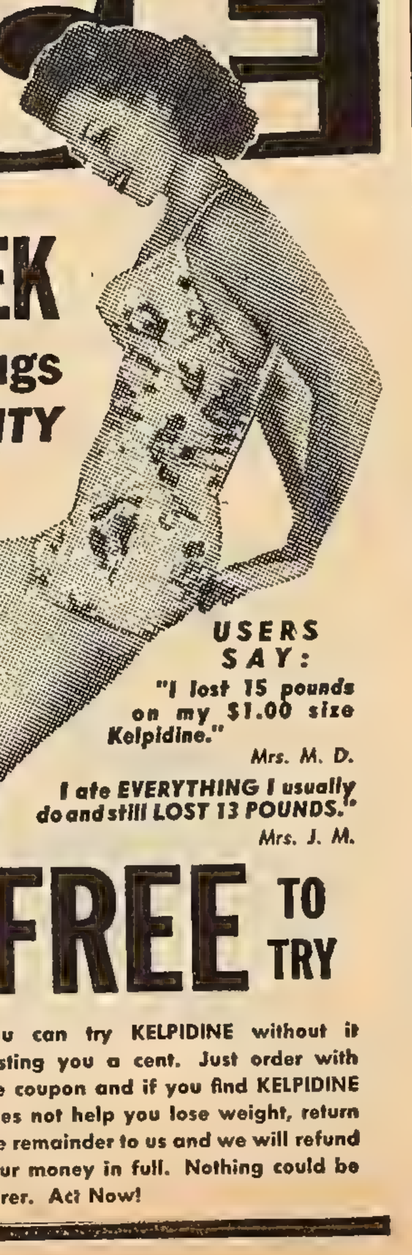
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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

for Harry Sherman. At least I like him."

He'd done half a dozen horse operas when Paramount found themselves up a tree for the romantic lead opposite Claudette in "So Proudly We Hail." They ran one of his Westerns, and Claudette thought he had the right quality. Came the day when they were about to test him with her. The boy was an emotional wreck, torn apart by suspense, and no one was more keenly aware of it than Claudette. At the last minute, she turned to look up at him. "Where's your horse?" she smiled. He threw back his head and roared, went into that scene with every muscle relaxed and did a swell job.

I've liked the girl since our first meeting at the cocktail party Paramount threw when she first came out. She was wearing a white lace gown, and looked like a dream. I walked up from behind. "How," I demanded in my genteel way, "does anyone get a chassis like yours?" She whirled round, smiling. I liked the way she smiled and the way she stuck out her paw and said hello. I liked everything about her.

tummy pamperer . . .

They used to call her Legs Colbert, but that kind of petered out. Not the legs, just the name. Somehow, it didn't go with the kind of girl she was. Being a woman myself, there are times when I'd like to crown her. Not only does she keep her luscious figure, she doesn't even have to diet. Pastry's her favorite food—the richer, the better. She could eat it from morning to night and frequently does, without gaining an ounce. Says she's trying to make up for the wasted years, when some dope told her she had ulcers. For two long years she lived on milk and mush and puréed vegetables, and eyed chocolate eclairs the way a lush eyes a drink—

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S GROWING UP

And so's our NAA Fund, and all because you've been feeding it so many quarters in return for which we've been sending you so many *autographs*—of so very many movie stars. Turn to page 62, huh?

Claudette always makes me think of Paris, and it's not because of her French background. If you've ever been to the Parc Monceau in Paris, you'll know what I mean. There, all the little girls—from two-year-old toddlers on up—run around like so many butterflies in brief bright dresses, no hats, and short white gloves. At least, they did before Hitler, and I hope they're back again. It's the gloves that get you. They're the badge of the well-reared French child. Whenever I see Claudette, I think of those kids in the Parc Monceau. Even hatless and in slacks, there are the short white gloves, always immaculate. The slacks are always beautifully tailored, the blouse crisp and spotless. She's one of the best-dressed women on the screen, and because I know you girls devour beauty and fashion hints, I asked her to let me in on some of hers so I could pass them on.

She wears lots of suits, but not the masculine type. Never could see the sense in a woman's looking like a man. If the suit isn't black, it's one of the copper shades that go with her hair. For evening, she sticks to black or white. When she was your age and couldn't afford many clothes, she still preferred one good suit with accessory changes to three shoddy ones. Even now she doesn't go in for so-called luxury garments. In our local shops, movie stars

are considered fair prey. She was shopping one day when a saleswoman came up, all agog. "Miss Colbert, I'd like to show you something," and she brings out a silver mink.

Claudette just laughed. "Tell me," she said, "I'd really like to know—who can afford such things? Because I earn more than most women, and *I* wouldn't have that much left out of a picture, after taxes."

She's got no patience with people who scoff at costume jewelry. She thinks the design's far more important than the value, and she'd rather wear a smart looking costume piece with three little stones stuck in the right places than a huge solitaire.

Another thing. If you're clever with your fingers, you don't have to spend fortunes in beauty shops. When Claudette first came out, she had make-up men and hair-dressers trailing her like all the rest. Some were good, some indifferent. You couldn't always count on the best, and Claudette's fastidious. So she watched the good ones, asked questions, and now does her own hair and make-up.

Finally I asked about perfumes. She uses only those with a flower base, never anything heavy, like musk or amber. After a bath, she rubs toilet water all over, but perfume she dabs only behind her ears and on her hands. Hates to *smell* people walking into a room, and thinks perfume on clothes is slightly uncivilized—you never can get that stale odor out of them.

She's a screwball about sweaters and hats. Can't resist buying sweaters but never wears 'em—though there's a girl built for them, if I ever saw one. "There's something about the feel of a cashmere sweater," she says. "It's like stroking a kitten. But I look at them there in my closet, and I feel so guilty." Well, she doesn't have to feel guilty any more. When they started collecting clothes for the French, she gave them all away.

She's got to have eight hours sleep. Ten to six, when she's working. But between pictures, she stays up till three, reading, and sleeps till eleven. Always breakfasts in bed, and not because she's a movie star with people to wait on her. Because she's been known to get up and fix her breakfast herself. It's the cosiness she loves. And for utter bliss, give her blueberry muffins for breakfast—her favorite food.

Between pictures, she catches up on being a housewife. Sure she has help. But I don't care how competent your help is, a well-run home needs the supervision of its mistress. Even when Jack's at home, Claudette's the handyman round the house. One day I called about something, and she asked me to hold the wire "till I get this glue off my hands." Seems she'd been mending a candelabra.

When Jack was here, they didn't go out much. Doctors are tired at night. Now, like so many waiting wives, she finds she can't bear to be alone and tries to see as many people as possible. Old friends who know Jack and understand how she feels and don't talk about it, but simply lend her the comfort of their friendship. At home she has her dog and her mother for company. Dog's a French poodle. "My penwiper," she calls him.

You know how we all felt when France was freed, so you can imagine how Claudette and her mother felt. Mrs. Colbert staged a celebration with Charles Boyer's mother. Neither of them likes champagne, so they drank champagne.

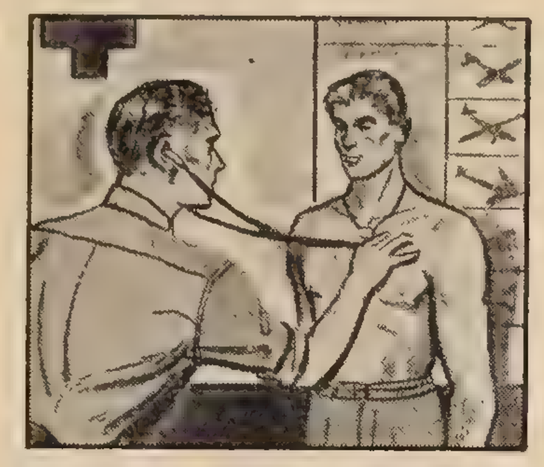
"But why," asked Claudette, "if it makes you sick?"

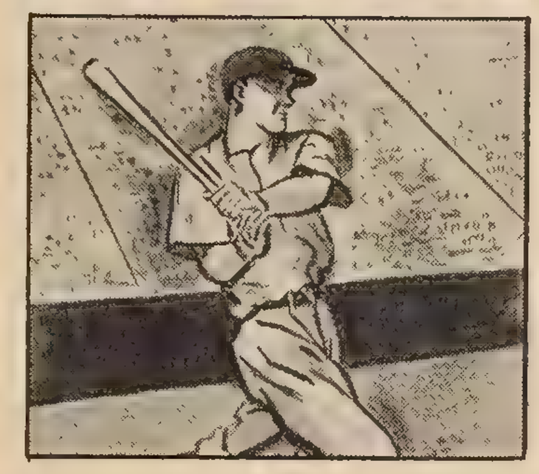
Mrs. Colbert drew herself up. "It's unthinkable that the liberation of Paris should be toasted in anything less than champagne—*even* if it makes you sick."

The Colberts are a small family. Mrs. Colbert had one brother, her husband had one sister. These two met at the wedding of

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Claudette's parents, fell in love and married. Nothing had been heard from them since the German occupation of France. Till one day last month when a letter came from the Red Cross. The brother was alive, his wife was dead. Mrs. Colbert's now living for the day when she can bring him over here.

Claudette's living for the day when her husband comes home. I hope they'll both forgive me for having brought Jack into this story. I know he's always been adamant about not sharing Claudette's publicity, and she's bent over backward to respect his wishes.

Now it's a little different. He's still a doctor, but now he belongs primarily to that vast fellowship of men in the service of their country. If I left him out, the picture would be lopsided. You'd be seeing only Colbert, the movie star—who's not half so important as plain Mrs. Joel Pressman, waiting hungry-hearted with plain Mrs. John Smith for victory and peace and a man safe home from the wars.

FASHIONS IN FINGERTIPS

(Continued from page 73)

shades for ultra glamour. And particularly loved by me are a whole array of berry shades, in an enamel that wears and wears.

POLISH POINTERS—Does polish make nails brittle? No! No! No! The part of your nail covered with polish is dead tissue. Far from doing harm to it, polish is a regular big brother to weak nails. It actually protects them against breaking and splitting. Research shows that femmes who use no polish have often more trouble with nail breakage than those who use lacquer regularly. So there!

What does cause brittle nails, you ask? Here's the lowdown: The growing part of the nail lies under the cuticle and back of the half moon; brittle nails are caused by an upset in these cells. The upset could be caused by improper diet, nervousness, or lack of lubrication. So find out the cause, eliminate it, and no more brittle, broken nails for you!

THE HORRIBLE HANGNAIL—Know why you call it "hangnail?" The word comes from the early Anglo-Saxon for "angry nail." If you've ever suffered with one of the darn things, you'll agree that those early boys knew what they were talking about. Anyway, don't have a hangnail. It spoils the beauty of your hands and nails . . . and it hurts. The cuticle normally has a firm, smooth edge that folds over the nail. If not pushed back, it's carried forward by the growing nail. It gets thinner and thinner and breaks easily.

Soften your cuticle every day with oils or creams, push it back *gently* with an orange stick. In most cases, you'll avoid hangnail. And at the same time avoid possible infection. If you do get a hangnail, trim it carefully with scissors, touch the spot with some mild antiseptic. Don't stop using nail polish—it alone will never cause infection in an open wound. In fact, a coating of colorless nail polish over the hangnail will help protect the opening until it heals.

* * *

Your letters have been pouring in . . . keep them coming, I love it. But, chicks, will you please write your names and addresses carefully. Just breaks my heart when I can't answer you because the address is illegible. Of course, I'm still at the old stand. Meaning I'm sending out info on any and all beauty problems. Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y., 16, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN FASHION GUIDE

(*Continued from page 63*)

you'll get from owning one really good dress will soften the blow. It's sort of the same feeling as being seen with the best-looking joe in your crowd. Proud and breathless and can-you-all-see-me-ish. And it's a bit of a bargain, getting a winter and spring dress in one fell swoop.

And here's the new wrinkle—flowers to match. Fresh-flower earrings, and wristlets, bandeaux for your hair. The fad took H'wood like Bey took Turner. Any florist that's a member of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association will make them for you, or you can make 'em yourselves . . .

Everyone's got a silver barrette, but the ones we love best have Frankie's or your best beau's name on 'em. Cute way for the guy to get in your hair . . . Do you like the new mittens with big, bold initials on the backs? Initial your own with some loud yarn . . . Shiny new pennies stuck in the flap of your moccasins are old stuff. Now it's your phone number in red numerals in that same handy little pocket . . . Have you tried matching your perfume to the flower print of your dress? . . . New snow suit this year? Make it jet black tailored gabardine if you're a blond; white if you're dark, and spike it with lush colored mittens and cap . . . News in date dresses, peplums, tunic effects, cap sleeves, drapey necklines . . . Best sport buys, a tan corduroy jacket, a gray flannel suit, good-looking, all wool sweaters . . . Gay 'n giddy: Hairbows in your school colors, wide hairbands of braided wool to match your sweaters, beanies decorated á la small fry with FDR buttons, fishing bait, etc.

* * *

See you next month. Meanwhile, take all your clothes jitters to our glamorous Annie (address below). She'll help you set your own private world on fire.

If you want to know the store nearest you that carries any of our swoon-makers, how much they are, what sizes and colors they come in, or anything in this world about clothes, drop a note to Ann Ward, Fashion Director, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York. There's nothing she doesn't know—from what sort of formals are sure-fire stag bait to what's hot in the gadget department.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 2

(*Continued from page 8*)

1. Went from Brent, won't leave Steve
2. David Patton's pa
3. Her Heart is young and gay
4. Ernie Mott
5. Jiving with Judy
6. A bathing beauty
7. Alana's pin-up boy
8. Out-crooning brother Bob
9. Has a good head on her feet
10. Kayo'ed by Kay
11. A von who vins
12. Tourin' with Turhan
13. Chilled on Blondell, now June in January
14. Drowning her sorrows in Bey
15. Art collector with gat
16. Strictly from Hungary
17. Girl who needs no Cover
18. Not a Brooklyn bum
19. WE
20. Conquering hero's a miracle

(*Continued on page 92*)



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HAM FROM HAMTRAMCK

(Continued from page 37)

—and he blew higher than the Empire State building. That's the nearest his enthusiasm ever came to exploding him like a frag bomb. He stalked into the office of M-G-M's exec, Billy Grady, that night, raving like a goon out of a padded cell and said, "This isn't for me. I resign!"

To which, wise, experienced Billy just grinned and said, "Take it easy. Get some sleep and you can resign tomorrow." John walked the Beverly Hills streets all night to calm down. Next morning he rattled through the scene on the first take! He never has come near a blow-up after that, although Hodie's favorite story in that department is about his first day on the set of "Lifeboat." Naturally, being John Hodiak, he was steamed up like an express train on this his greatest break, and it wasn't hard for Alfred Hitchcock to see that John was fit to be tied with the galloping jitters. The guy was nibbling his nails, bobbing his head and St. Vitusing around the set like a new hubby walking out his first baby in a hospital hall.

Hitch waddled up. "What are you worried about, Hodiak?" he inquired, blandly.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all," lied Hodie.

"There's absolutely no reason to get nervous, you know," sighed Hitch. "After all, this is just another picture. One," he added, "on which your whole future depends!"

down to earth . . .

So much for futures, but speaking of pasts—not for a minute has Hodie pretended to be the long lost son of the Earl of Punkinham or even an "Eastern socialite" (which is what you usually get every time a new Hollywood guy or gal hails from East of the Mississippi). John will talk an arm off you about his humble home origins, his hard-working father and mother, the way they had to slave and hustle to get along so he could eat and grow tall and strong and take a crack at his chance. He thinks the folks back at Hamtramck, his mixed Mid-Europe immigrant neighbors, who work with their hands, forging the industrial greatness of this Land of the Free, are tops, and he's plenty proud of them. And vice versa, I might add.

I don't know how many times John's folks saw "Lifeboat,"—not owning an adding machine—but one evening his Dad and Mother were pushing the family flivver across town to see it once more, and in their excited haste they bowled right through a red light. A husky cop roared up to them.

"Name?" he growled.

"Hodiak."

The cop started to write it out. Halfway through he pushed up his goggles and squinted hard at Hodie's paw. "Hodiak," he repeated. "Say—you any relation to John Hodiak, the Hamtramck guy that's in the movies?"

"Just his father!" boomed Hodie, Sr., proudly. "That's all!"

"No kiddin'?" The law slapped the ticket pad back in his hip pocket and coughed. "Now you wanta watch these traffic lights," he said, "they're tricky. Just take it a little easy and be careful. You might get hurt. My name's Schultz," he said as he roared off. "Tell Hodie I said hello!"

John has his Mom and Pop right out in Hollywood where he can keep an eye on them. He's planned that ever since he clicked, boasting to all his new Hollywood pals "just wait till you taste Mom's cooking. Why," he exclaimed naively, "I'll bet

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half of Hollywood will be over at our house once they find out how well Mom cooks!" That's why the happiest day of Jonn's life was the day he got the letter.

I happened to be at Hodie's tiny apartment in Beverly Hills when it came—special delivery. The minute before a 'phone call telling him he had the lead in "A Bell For Adano" had tossed John into a delirious tizzy of enthusiasm; I didn't think he had any energy left. But when he ripped open the note and yelped, "They're coming!" you'd have thought John just had a flash he'd been elected president or something. He danced around the room like a dervish, hopped around, rolled on the sofa and talked a mile a minute. The next day he started hunting all over pack-jammed Los Angeles, and he hunted a week, day and night. Finally he found a cozy house with a rent on it that Hodie (who's not yet in the chips) couldn't afford. But after the owner got a load of John's family worship, heard what a wonderful housekeeper Mom was, what a treasure of a handy man Pop was, and so forth, spouted with John's burning zeal, she actually lowered the rent—something unheard of in Los Angeles since the war began! And Hodie spent his last week's vacation fixing the place up spick and span, trimming a hedge and widening the driveway to the garage. "So Pop can't get hurt backing out," he explained.

Personally, it's my opinion that a genuine, open-hearted, guileless guy like John Hodiak could never go Hollywood.

I'm thinking of the time a reporter strolled onto the set of "Marriage is a Private Affair," where, you'll remember, John was making screen love to Lana Turner, something he'd dreamed about ever since he started thinking of a Hollywood career. Lana wasn't around that day, fortunately, but she was hot copy because of her divorce trouble with Steve Crane. The newshawk must have thought he had an angle worth poking into. He walked up to John and asked him boldly, with the breakdown technique some reporters use, "Hodiak, what part did you play in this Lana Turner-Steve Crane divorce?"

keep talkin', bub . . .

The question was absurd, of course. But maybe the gossip guy thought he could sting John into protesting his innocence and spilling some good quotes. Instead he saw a light in John's eye and a look on his face that changed his plans, pronto. But all John said was. "Did you say something to me? I didn't hear you."

The reporter said, "No, I didn't say anything." And scrammed.

Hodie's pretty sentimental about his own people. He talks, acts and thinks like any other American, but take a close look at John, and you know he's got foreign blood. He's got a square, broad face, a wide Slavic mouth with big white teeth, lots of yellow in his hazel eyes, straight, gunmetal-black hair and whiskers that still paint his cheeks blue-black when they've just been shaved.

His beloved Pop and Mom both were immigrants. Walter Hodiak was a farmer from the Ukraine, and his wife, Anna Pogorzelic, came from Poland. They were peasant farmers who came to America to work in the Pittsburgh steel mills. That's where John was born, but after an early kidhood, the Hodiaks moved on to Detroit for better pay in the booming auto industry. Naturally, they hit right for Hamtramck, Detroit's industrial suburb where people like them—Poles, Ukrainians, Bohemians, Slovenes, Ruthenians—lived in dingy drafty houses jammed up against one another—sometimes as many as six



Hudson Hosiery

All good things come in threes . . . like the three proportioned lengths Hudson brings you in hosiery. There's a length for the diminutive, the average and the statuesque . . . sheer, clinging, alluring . . . and as perfect in fit as though it were knit with only you in mind. If you don't find them at your favorite store the first time, try again.

Lovely things are always worth waiting for.

families to a house. They were homes "bought" by the workers, but loaded with mortgages, so that nine times out of ten the landlords got them right back. Homes where strikes and layoffs were family tragedies. Homes where everybody worked —ma, pa and the kids—as soon as the truant officer would let them leave school. Not what you'd call exactly a Lap of Luxury. Not even its bony knees.

dead end . . .

Hodie grew up like the rest of the kids, squeezed by 60,000 people in the tiny area that Hamtramck covers. Streets and alleys were his playgrounds. He hopped the lumbering freight trains that creaked through town; he scavenged around behind the big plants for odd hunks of metal to sell junk dealers for his pocket money.

But Hodie didn't have much trouble with the tough kids he played with because he was big and rugged and because he was a crack baseball player. That cut a lot of ice in Hamtramck, where baseball was highly respected. John broke in his mitt on vacant lots, made the team at Hamtramck High, and later when he graduated, even got a chance to join the St. Louis Cards on one of their "farm" rookie teams. But by then that wasn't what he wanted.

Because in some ways the Hodiaks had an extra hop on the ball. Pop and Mom Hodiak held on to their home and paid off the mortgage to foil the landlords. Pop was elected head of the parish. He had a flair for amateur art. He liked to act in the Ukrainian plays they put on at the church. Hodie played in them, too, and sang in the choir. (He's still got a good baritone voice, and he can spout Russian, Italian and a half-dozen Slavic dialects with the greatest of ease.) Once when Hodie fell in with bad companions and played hookey practically one whole semester, he got the stuffings whaled out of him by his dad. From then on, by the way, Hodie became a model student, making B's in everything, even graduating with a competitive crack at West Point, although he didn't make the team there.

But it was the church plays, the high school dramas and Hodie's eagerness to spout speeches at the drop of a hat that got him hipped on the radio acting idea which finally paid off way out in Hollywood. Hodie had worked up such an oratorical rep around Hamtramck that when a campaigning candidate for Michigan's governorship hit Hamtramck, John stumped the place for him and got votes galore.

"When I'm elected, Son," promised the grateful statesman, "let me know what I can do for you."

Hodie wasn't backward. He let him know all right. He was just out of high school. His dad was just out of a job. Both were just out of money.

John wrote the new governor. "Please (1) get my dad a job. (2) Give me a recommendation as a speaker. I want a radio job."

The gov came through, Pop got on the payroll at a depression-stalled plant, and Hodie got a glowing build-up as the silver-tongued young orator of the century. But the program director of Detroit's biggest station was not impressed.

"Let's hear you read," he sighed.

Hodie gave out with what he considered deathless oratory, but the neighborhood dialects of all the Polettis, Wojiehowicz's, Schmaltz's and Garfinkel's ganged up on him. His Hamtramck accents smote the mighty radio man definitely in the wrong acoustical places.

"Take some good advice, kid," he told 18-year-old John. "Go home, get a job in a factory, marry a nice girl and forget this radio acting stuff. You sound like the



"I LOST 26 POUNDS in Only 8 Weeks!"

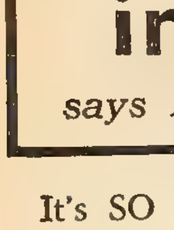
says Mrs. Florence Hopson of Houston, Texas

It's SO EASY and costs SO LITTLE to *thrill* yourself as Mrs. Hopson did! Think of it . . . *26 pounds gone* along with 5 inches off her hips; 5 off her abdomen and 5 off her waist! You, too, can have *the figure you want* with all the attractiveness and grace you now envy in others.

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Can Correct YOUR *Figure Faults*

You *can* lose the pounds you're away from a trim, beautiful figure and the inches, too! All in 8 short weeks in the *privacy of your home*. The cost? Amazingly low! Write today for *free* booklet.



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Yes, send me your free illustrated booklet about your figure molding course.

Miss
Mrs._____

Street_____

City_____Zone_____State_____



Melting Pot of the West going East!"

His attitude was, "Go away, boy, you bother me!"

Well, it still makes John Hodiak get red in the face to talk about that episode. But he's fair enough now to admit that those caustic comments were not only gospel, but exactly what stung him on to success.

But to Hodie, that radio man's bop on the ego could never be soothed until he did something about it. So he ironed out his diction by reading aloud and talking to every college-educated man at Chevrolet (where he'd got a $45 a week job in the meantime) until he had his vowel tones rolling right in the groove. When another Detroit station staged a competitive audition, Hodie won it hands down. *Tout de suite* he wrote a very snooty letter to the program chief who'd insulted his ambitions. He enclosed the newspaper clipping announcing his audition triumph. Then he felt a lot better. He got just as snooty a note back, telling him he was probably still lousy. But it ended, "Come and see me."

That started Hodie's radio career. They sort of adopted him around the station, shoved him into this and that show in bit lines, mob murmurs and extra parts. But always at night after his regular job. Pretty soon they wanted him days, too, and the Great Decision loomed. The offer "Put you on the studio acting staff—salary, thirty-five bucks a week." Hodie's spot—he already was making $45 at Chevrolet. So what did he do? He quit and took the radio job.

and baby makes three . . .

Well, even John's folks couldn't understand that. Pop and Mom Hodiak and his brother and sis thought he was stark and raving. John was about 21 then, and already Pop had said, "Now Son, it's time you get yourself married to a nice girl. You can move into the attic rooms, have scads of kids and live with us." Hodie was already a catch; he had a cushy office job at the plant with a fabulous salary. Here he was tossing away his future for ten bucks less! Ten dollars has always been plenty of dough in Hamtramck.

But that was the last peep of protest Hodie ever got from his folks or neighbors. Pretty soon he was on "The Green Hornet" and "The Lone Ranger" shows and a celebrity in the neighborhood. Even afterwards in his radio ups and downs, John was always a hero to the home town folks, and many's the time Mom and Pop sent on a $5 bill they'd borrowed down the block to help over the rough spots.

Well, to tuck up a long tale, Detroit radio soon got too small for John, even though he was dragging down $75 a week. He moved on to Chicago, struck it rich the first week, went broke thereafter, lived high, starved low by turns, but made a name for himself in the gang of soap operas and radio action thrillers the Windy City has always scattered out on the groaning air. "Ma Perkins," "Girl Alone," "Mary Marlin," "Wings of Destiny." His biggest break was playing "Lil' Abner" on the air. When the Hamtramck homefolks heard John spouting Dogpatch talk on that one, by the way, they wrote him, real puzzled, "What's happened to you? You don't sound like yourself." Nobody there ever has thought of John as an actor—just as Hodie Hodiak, the kid down the street.

Eventually what had happened to Don Ameche and Ty Power and a bunch of other radio actors around Chicago happened to John. It's almost routine when a guy makes good in Chicago radio that he gets a Hollywood test if he wants it—that is, if he doesn't have bow legs and a squint.

Let's face it, too—the War has made

Such a long, Sweet Kiss...



Q. How does that girl rate such kisses?

A. Her skin's smooth as satin. Yours can be, too.

Q. But my skin is dry.

A. Oh—this new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream especially helps dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Gives smooth-skin care so complete—it's like a daily treatment. For every type of skin. Faithful use helps *prevent* dry skin. Just use this new Jergens Face Cream all the time:

1. for Cleansing **2. for Softening**

3. for a Foundation **4. as a Night Cream**

A skin scientists' cream, by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. So many lovely girls already use Jergens Face Cream. Beauty-wisdom—use this new cream, yourself. It's the only cream you need.



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FACE CREAM

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Heal Faster!
with this medicated cream



Here's nurses' secret of quick, soothing relief

Are *your* hands red, rough, chapped and sore? Actual tests show that Noxzema helps heal even badly chapped hands *faster.* That's because Noxzema is a *medicated formula.* It not only brings *quick, soothing relief,* but *helps heal* the tiny "cuts" and cracks. Nurses were among the first to discover how effective Noxzema is for red, rough hands. Try it for *your* cracked, chapped hands! It's *greaseless!* Get a jar today at any drug counter. 10¢,* 35¢,* 50¢* and $1.* *Plus Tax.

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NOW THE DAY OF THE MONTH DOESN'T WORRY ME!

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Say "Sanapak"—and be safe!

Hollywood even more on the prowl for eligible new males. Uncle Sam found bugs in John's basic metabolism or something, and included him out of the draft. He was movie bait if there ever was. He went to New York and shot a test scene with Canada Lee, the Negro actor. There wasn't much to the trip, the test or the Hollywood temptation. John had a Hollywood bee definitely buzzing by then. It's no Seventh Wonder of the World that M-G-M offered him a contract, either. It could happen to you. But what gave out from that test from then on is a caution.

One day, after lousing around Hollywood for over a year with exactly 2 walk-ons, he got the Word from Fred Datig at M-G-M. "Go over to Fox. Hitchcock wants you for a picture."

John stuttered, "W-who w-wants who for what?"

"It's a picture called 'Lifeboat,'" said Datig, the big casting guy at M-G-M. "Some extra bit, walk-on, or something. You seem to be the type."

Hodie thought it was awfully funny the way the Great Hitchcock lumbered into Producer Kenneth MacGowan's office, barely looked at John as he handed him the script and said, "You're playing Kovac. Want to take this home and read it?"

follow the lead . . .

In a minute Hodie was outside again, deciding he must have about one line like, "They went that way," from the manner Hitch had brushed him off. He sighed and thought before he drove home he'd try to find that line, maybe on page 99. He riffled through the mimeographed sheets, and the first thing he saw was Kovac—and a long chunk of dialogue. He kept turning, and his hair lifted up on his scalp like a porcupine's quills. Kovac was all through the thing. It finally dawned on John that lightning had struck him smack on the button. He was playing the lead with Tallulah Bankhead—Hunky Hodie Hodiak the Hamtramck Ham! How come? He roared his heap out of the Fox parking lot and over to M-G-M on a couple of wheels.

Of course, what Hodie didn't know was that Alfred Hitchcock didn't need a screen test or anything to check up on Hodie. He already had one. When Hitch wanted a Negro for "Lifeboat" he thought of Canada Lee, and the only test in Hollywood was the one Canada had made in New York with John. A. Hitchcock is a practical man. He was hunting a Hunky oiler, a rugged young guy to make love to Tallu—and here Fate had dumped one right in his lap. So he just picked up a telephone and called M-G-M without any fuss feathers and said he wanted this—what's his name?—Hodiak for Tallulah's leading man.

That's why when Hodie bounded into Fred Datig's den looking like an escapee from the looney-bin, they were prepared.

"Look," babbled Hodie, waving the script. "It's no bit, it's the *lead* with Tallulah Bankhead! I wanna do it. I wanna do it. Fix it up—please, please, *please!*" Datig thought the gag had gone far enough. He didn't want a psychoneurotic on his conscience. "Okay, okay," he soothed. "Take it easy, John. Of course you're going to do it." He confessed, "It's been all set for four weeks!"

But Hodie himself, big star and all, I'm happy to say, is still the plain guy he was before the miracle. Although he's moved in with Mom and Dad for the present, he's still renting his tiny Beverly Hills apartment and will move back when the folks are permanently settled. He drives the '41 Plymouth coupe he bought on time payments in Chicago. He still calls it "Kelly" after a fictitious character he likes to weave

fantastic yarns about in his spare time. John still thinks his Mom is the best cook in the world, and he still tries to copy her Ukrainian goodie recipes on his own stove. He still hates liver, chain smokes cigarettes, lies awake half the night, discards his necktie the first thing when he gets home. He still shoots golf in the high eighties and longs for a chance to go fishing, his favorite sport. He still tags his idea of Heaven a cozy fishing lodge deep in the Wisconsin lake country. He still says one day he's going to compose music. He still would rather hang over the piano at his friend Hoagy Carmichael's (the Carmichael kids call him Uncle John Hodiak by now) than take in a swank turn at Mocambo's, because he still feels embarrassed at any place that's grand and glittering and expensive.

crystal ball capers . . .

Hodie still hates to shave his spiky beard, loves to read books in steaming bath tubs, hates to rise and shine before ten a.m. (but does it plenty often, you can bet), can't stand any drink but Scotch or beer, and doesn't dare take in his own previews, hates make-up and is foolish about big league baseball but can't stand to watch football in the sun à la Southern California and swears that when he marries it'll be for keeps. Hodie's still a bachelor, too, of course, although right now he's got it pretty bad for pretty Anne Baxter—and vice versa, so they say. John's still crazy, too, about his family. He spent his one and only week's vacation travelling to Texas to check up on a nephew in an Army camp there.

In fact, the only alterations I can uncover in Hodiak's history since he's flirted with fame are (1) that he's turned into a walking crystal ball about his career and (2) that he's putting his heart more than ever into his work.

A while ago some friends of Ann Sothern's dropped in to visit her on the set of "Maisie Goes to Reno" and observed audibly that she looked worn to a frazzle.

"You're not kidding, I'm simply exhausted," confessed Annie. "I've spent all day kissing John Hodiak. But," she grinned, "is that bad?"

As for this psychic stuff—Hodie's been bunching his hunches and serving himself second sight all over the place since Lady Luck grinned his way.

Not long ago, he was all signed and sealed to make "Valley of Decision" at M-G-M. Cheerily, John told his friends not to give it another thought. "I'll never make the picture," he stated flatly. "But I'll bet I do 'Bell for Adano.' I dreamed it." So just one week before it started shooting, out bounced Hodie from the "Decision" cast, and right over to Twentieth again for "A Bell for Adano!"

The thing is beginning to get a little creepy, but according to Hodie it's all strictly a matter of will power. You set your eyes on a certain star, dream on it, and you're in.

In fact, when you get to know John fairly well, he'll drag his personal magic, a well-worn copper coin, out of his pocket and let you give it a gander. He's carried it for some years now—ever since he had that good job with the Chevrolet Motor Company back in Detroit.

He's never been without it somewhere in his jeans, and Hodie doesn't aim to leave it lying around loose one minute from now on.

On one side there's the legend, "It shall be done." On the other it says, "Go get it and keep it!"

That's what the Ham from Hamtramck has been doing for a good many years now. It's exactly what he intends to keep doing from now on out. Yes, indeed!

Sally went skating...and my she was active....



—But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair neat and attractive!

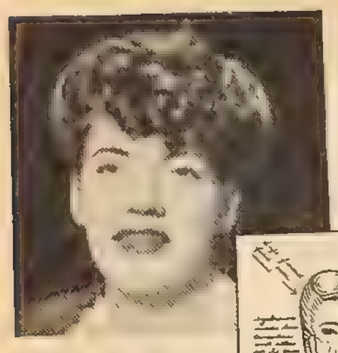
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"The bobby pins that HOLD"



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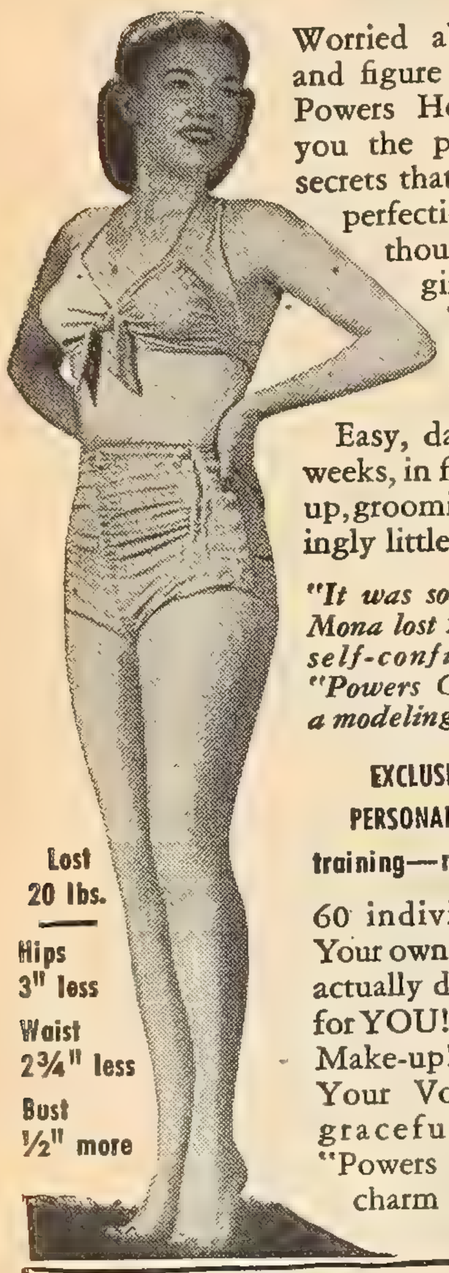




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Occupation_____ Age_____

CINDERELLA BOY

(Continued from page 53)

marked some department or other on the chart of Farley Granger with a large "Perfect!" "Okay!" or "Excellent!"

Farley carried his *cum laude* chart in to the Navy Interviewing officer because he wanted a sailor for to be. The Navy man took one gander at the report card and almost bounced out of his seat. Here before him in the flesh was practically a walking Four-Point-Zero. A model man.

"H-m-m-m," mused the exec. "You seem to be just the kind of man the Navy's looking for, Granger. You'll want the Regular Navy, of course?"

Farley swelled like a pouter pigeon. "Yes, *Sir!*" he said.

A few minutes later, cashing his inductee's chit for a glass of milk and a sandwich at the USO, Farley joined the gang of rookies.

"Did you hear about Joe, here?" said one. "He took the Regular Navy!"

"Heck," spoke up Farley. "So did I."

"You *did!*" they chorused. There was respectful silence. "Gosh," exclaimed one kid in an awed whisper. "Six years!"

Farley felt his neck shrink, "Six *what?*"

"Sure," they told him. "When you sign for Regular Navy, it's a six-year hitch!"

a goldmine in the navy . . .

Farley didn't know. But the minute he found out, he made tracks back to the interviewer in nothing flat.

Well, they were very nice about it, of course, and Apprentice Seaman Granger switched pronto to the Naval Reserve. But while he waited to rescue himself from life everlasting on the bounding main, Farley sweated it out with himself like this— "Gosh—this can't happen to me. I'm an actor. I got a career to consider."

While a mob of scattered U. S. moviegoers tabbed him right away as something special in "North Star" and "The Purple Heart" in his home town, Hollywood, Farley was still a mere high school kid who answered a want ad and got a break —in the very first stages of being a Cinderella boy, you might say, when Uncle Sam announced, "You're next!" In fact, Farley joined the sea-going gang just twenty days after North Hollywood High handed him his diploma. The only direct sample he'd had of fame and fancy life was rubbing up against a few big stars

QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(Continued from page 85)

1. "Annie Pie"
2. Tough bird's a rising sparrow
3. A singing angel
4. "Arsenic" increased "face"
5. "Wilson"
6. Studios pester Esther
7. Laddie's left home
8. Jelled with a jill in a jeep
9. Topping all rivals
10. Major'ed in gunnery
11. Foxed around 5 graves to Cairo
12. Vamped phantom at opera
13. What'll happen tomorrow?
14. Marriage was a public affair
15. Mr. Winkle
16. Watched on the Rhine for Oscar
17. All's well, but won't end Welles
18. Hairy Ape
19. Has a prayer, no wings
20. No sackin' for Eddie

Answers on page 103



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
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LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

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25¢ for 5 rinses
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LADIES OR GENTS



This Horseshoe Ring, hand made, hand engraved, inlaid with simulated pearl is a KNOCK-OUT! Choice of Ladies' or Gents'. Shoe and shank of everlasting Monel Metal is

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around Sam Goldwyn's and Darryl Zanuck's ancestral studio acres.

Heaven knows, too, Farley didn't look much like a movie star when he hit boot camp, 'way up in Farragut, Idaho. His last night as a civilian, Farley and his best girl, Vee McDowall, and brother Roddy all took in "The Sullivans," a picture about the five heroic U. S. Navy brothers who gave their lives for their country. The picture was filmed for Navy Relief, and the event was practically all-Navy with gold braid and everything. On the screen Farley saw the heroic side of Navy life. He didn't see it at Farragut.

Because a "boot" of course, is a good ten yards lower than a sock in a cellar, any way you look at it. And any way you looked at Boot Farley Granger, he was no rose. Away from home for the first time in his life and shivering in his dungarees, knee deep in the first snow he'd ever seen, Apprentice Seaman Granger was a sad looking sack, a very mouldy young mate indeed. He was woozy on his feet from a flock of Flit guns they'd poked in his arm to keep all kinds of diseases away. His nice long, wavy black hair was shaved bald, and his ears stuck out like a mournful monkey's.

Yet it was at this precise moment, this low water mark of a gob's existence, that Farley Granger's glamour days began. In his sad state you'd hardly think his boot mates would regard him with anything like awe or admiration—and maybe they didn't. All Farley knows is that he became, at least, a Curiosity.

the price of fame . . .

It all started when a boot mate got hold of a magazine, and it would be a mag where Farley's young face beamed from a particularly prominent page. "Here's a jerk I never saw before," muttered the boot. He spelled it out laboriously, "F-A-R-L-E-Y G-R-A-N-G-E-R—Granger—say, ain't that your name, too, Bud?" Then he did a delayed take: "Hey—you look like this guy here! Hey, you ain't in the movies are you?" The dawn came up like thunder. "HEY FELLOWS! This guy's a movie star!"

Well—when Farley first checked in at Farragut Training Center, the word got around. The boots came from all over—Kansas, Alabama, Indiana, North Dakota—hundreds of miles from Hollywood. To them, a Hollywood movie star was something like the Missing Link or the Wild Man of Borneo. What they wanted pronto was The Word, straight from headquarters. They bore Farley into the barracks, pinned him against the wall and let go the salvos—

quiz kid . . .

Had he kissed Hedy Lamarr? When you kiss a movie star in a scene does she kiss back? Did he make a thousand dollars a day? Can Shirley Temple cut a rug?

They gave him a new name right way. In his barracks there was a thin guy called "The Rib" and a baldish bird named "The Dome." Farley became "The Profile"—because he was an actor, of course. Then there was his mail. When you're a Hollywood actor and you enter any branch of the service, there's always the mail.

Farley's friends back in Hollywood were swell about writing, and he managed to save most of those notes for his eyes alone. The ones from Jane Withers and June Haver and Vee and Roddy and Sam. He wasn't any Alan Ladd when he left, so his fan mail didn't come in trucks, but he couldn't guard all of it from prying eyes. A flock of billets-doux arrived one day, and Farley had to open them while his boot mates looked on. The first one he ripped open was one of those—you know—"I love you madly" kind. It had a luscious picture of a sweet young thing. It had lipstick all

Lovely Constance McCormick

Leading in California society are the Alister McCormicks . . . Mrs. McCormick, Constance's mother, has been a Pond's devotee since her teens, and her charming, high-spirited daughter is quick to understand why. "The very first time I tried a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream, I knew I could forget my make-up problems," explains Constance enthusiastically. "In the sixty seconds of Mask-time, my face not only looked fresher and softer—it *felt* smoother! Ready to take powder *evenly!*"



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over it. "The Profile's" clipped cranium turned a fiery pink, and the razzing his mates handed him then was something.

But the worst mail call moment Farley had he wasn't exactly prepared for. It had to do with females, and as anybody knows, they're always deadlier than the male. One day Farley's chief told him to report to the post-office for some letters.

"Name?" asked the yeoman.

"Farley Granger."

"Nothing here."

"But," said Farley, "I was told to report."

"Might try the sorting room."

Farley hot footed it over there—and found himself smack in a vast room crowded with cute girls shuffling mail. He mentioned his name timidly, and the girl clerk yelled to the whole room: "Hey girls—here's the guy! Here's Farley Granger!" They all stopped work and stared as if Farley was the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo or something. Then they bounced up and mobbed him.

Of course, the Navy doesn't care whether its boots were formerly Hollywood actors or just plain Joe Sodajerk from Albuquerque. In the Navy, Farley went through the same rugged routine as all his mates, and nobody outside his barracks room buddies gave him a tumble around the base after a couple of days. Still it was funny how the pattern of events hooked up with his past to hand Granger the Hollywood treatment 'way up in darkest boot camp. For instance, he'd never before in his life made a personal appearance. He'd never before broken any theater records. Pretty soon, oddly enough, Farley was doing both.

By pure chance his work detail plopped him into a Welfare and Recreation assignment at Farragut. Maybe they got the idea from his screening cards or something that Farley was a show business baby. After all, you have to state what you did in civilian life, and all Farley could think to put down was "actor." Anyway, pretty soon he found himself cleaning up in the theater—a big 2700 capacity auditorium where all movies played and camp skits were staged. That cleaning up is a case of no kidding, because Farley's theatrical work wasn't exactly glamorous at first. What Farley did was lean on a broom in the mornings and wrestle with the gum stuck on the seats, the candy bars squashed on the floors.

day of reckoning . . .

At nights he hustled up and down the aisles ushering, seeing that officers and WAVES didn't rub elbows with lowly boots. Then one night what was bound to happen happened. Farley's last picture, "The Purple Heart," arrived at Farragut—eight tin cans of reeled dynamite. Farley gloomed. He wasn't a bit ashamed of the picture, of course, or his part, which was okay. But while his mates knew by now his fantastic past as a real Hollywood actor, it wasn't as if he was right there before God and all of them, making his faces. "O-o-o-o-o-h-h-h," moaned Farley when he saw the program notice tacked up. "I'm a cooked goose." He could just hear the razzes and barracks wisecracks that would pepper him for weeks. That night Farley worked a deal with a mate for some pinch-hitting. He knew he couldn't stand and watch himself on the screen in this Navy boot camp setting.

He ducked out all right, but part way through the show the boot came running out and nabbed him. "Hey," he said, "the chief wants you to make a speech after the picture finishes. Up on the stage."

Poor Farley's knees turned to all flavors of jello—raspberry, strawberry, lemon and lime. But orders are orders. He dragged back and climbed on the stage when the

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lights went up. Farley was scared stiff as a poker at first, but the minute he started telling them about how the picture was made, he was right in the groove and happy thinking about his brief but thrilling career in Hollywood. He told them all about how sets were made, how the rain poured down right realistically inside the stage, how the camera made trick shots, how stars and director worked. He had something to say, and he said it okay. He got a big hand at the end—the biggest hand of applause that had ever caressed Farley Granger's ears.

That was the happy outcome of Farley Granger's first P.A. almost a thousand miles from Hollywood. On his next one he broke a record.

thrills and chills of fame . . .

Coeur d'Alene was the little Idaho town where all the boots scrammed on liberty, mainly to stroll up and down the streets, have a look at the pretty young Idaho potatoes, sip cokes at the drug store counter and huddle around the piano at the USO. At night when there wasn't a USO dance, there was only one social center of Coeur d'Alene—the local movie house. "Purple Heart" played there not long after it ran at Farragut, and the manager had the greatest exploitation idea that had hit him since the theater was built. He asked Farley if he'd make an appearance on the stage with the picture. It would be "Farley Granger" night, and it would certainly wow the town.

Farley grinned "Sure." Because by now he kind of liked making personal appearances. He had a big night, signed autographs until he had the shakes—and later on the manager paid him back on his birthday. How he discovered that, Farley doesn't know—but he was kind of lonesome and low (his first birthday away from home) that night, sitting in the show—when suddenly on the screen there flashed, "Happy Birthday to Farley Granger," the lights went on, and the manager had Farley stand up, take a bow and get wished "Happy Birthday" by the crowd.

Don't get the idea that boot training was all a tour of triumph for Farley Granger. A boot is a boot is a boot, as Gertie Stein would say. It *was* a funny thing that Granger got local notice as a Hollywood personality at the lowest stage of his standing in the Navy—but that was just now and then. Most of the time he had his nose to the same grindstone that all Navy novices have to polish before they count as fighting guys. Luckily, outside of a peach of a cold, Farley could take the physical rap—the drills, the marches, the gymnastics and even the open-windowed barracks where the snow sifted in, although for his dough he'd take an orange grove any day. Farley's thin frame can fool you. He's got a rugged constitution. Even the shots didn't bother him too much. Farley rose to leader of his squadron in Company 243, a crack bunch of boots who took pride in their work. When his work week came at the end of boot school, Farley drew a tough one—the job of Battalion Headquarters messenger—4 hours on, 8 off—shagging dispatches and telegrams in the dark through the snow. A couple of times Farley got lost in the dark pine forest, but he never funked out. He lost weight which wasn't helped any by an airsick plane ride back to Hollywood on his first furlough (even a pretty stewardess couldn't tempt him with food). Farley arrived looking like Death warmed over. At home his mother asked him what he wanted to do, and he just grinned two words at her, "Eat! Sleep!" But when he'd had a couple of days of that, he got restless right away. The truth was—Farley missed the gang at Farragut.

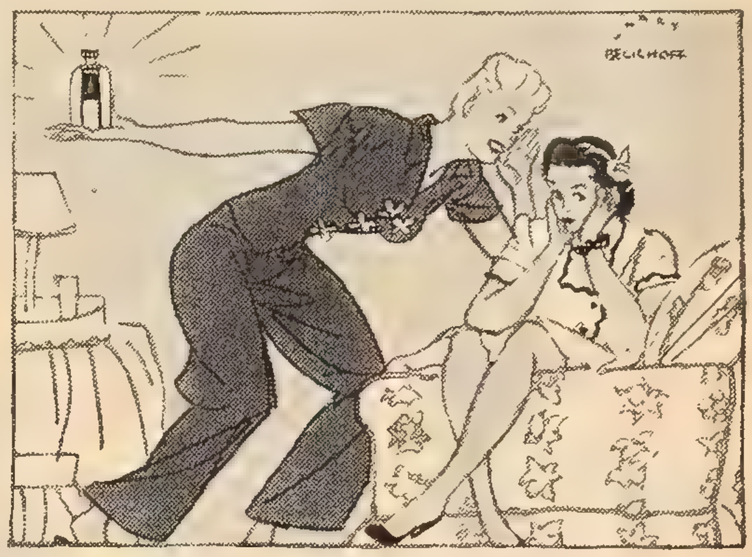
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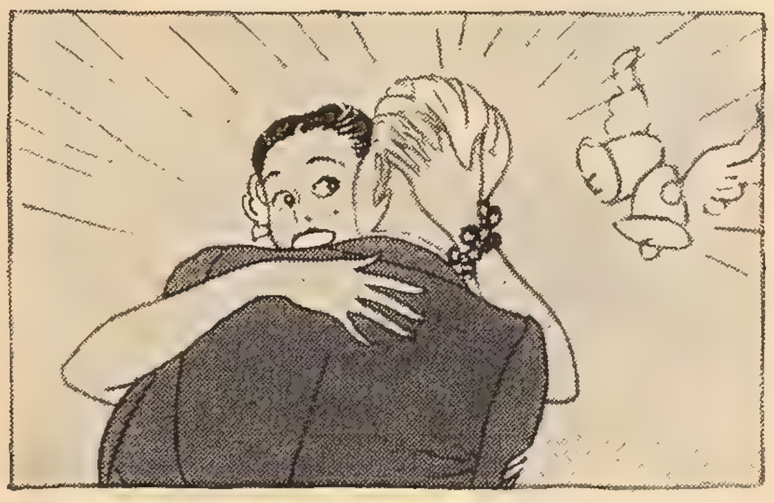
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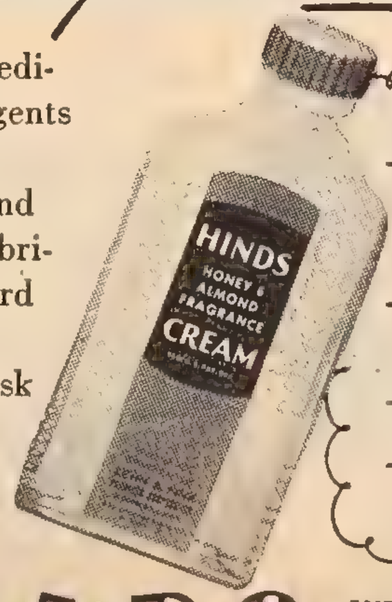
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So when he got his orders to report to Shoemaker Receiving Center, near San Francisco, Farley felt a little the same way he felt when he left Hollywood for Farragut. He was leaving new and good friends and facing the Unknown again.

But it wasn't long before the Word got around at Shoemaker, just like it had at Farragut, that this Granger was an ex-movie star—although Lord knows the guy didn't look it. The receiving center is a plenty big place, not so isolated as Farragut, though, and the sailors are always coming or leaving. So the Hollywood treatment let up a little for Farley, which was okay with him. On liberties he hitchhiked down to his birthplace, San Jose, where he has scads of relatives.

Then one day came this letter: It was from his best chum, Roddy McDowall. It carried terrific news for a lonesome sailor. "I'm coming up to San Francisco with the bunch from Twentieth-Century on the 'Wilson' premiere. Arrive Sunday. Think there's a chance of your getting off?" Farley almost fainted with excitement. He hadn't seen any of his Hollywood pals for long months, and here was his very best one coming to town—and he, Seaman Granger, was up for a 48-hour leave! What could be sweeter? Farley didn't know then how much swell fun it was going to turn out to be, although at first everything seemed to go wrong. Because when Farley rushed over to the PX and put in phone calls to the San Francisco hotels, they all said no Hollywood stars were expected *there* on Sunday. His leave started Sunday night, and it was Saturday night then. What if the gang came up too late, and his leave was all gone! Farley wired Roddy, haunted the hotels again by phone. Where the heck was Roddy? Sunday rolled by, and still Farley hadn't had a lick of luck. He was one sad sailor Sunday afternoon when he trailed back to his barracks in his Sunday whites. A lieutenant from headquarters was there outside the barracks. Farley snapped to and saluted.

pumpkin coach ride . . .

"Are you Farley Granger?" asked the lieutenant.

"Yes, sir," faltered Farley, wondering "Now what have I done?"

"Do you know Roddy McDowall?"

"Yes, *Sir.*"

"Want to see him?"

"Do I?" shouted Farley, "I mean yes, Sir, I sure do!"

"Then," grinned the officer, "get into your blues and hop over the fence to the Seabee camp next door. He's over there. Here's your leave pass. It starts tomorrow."

Farley whooped into the barracks yelling, "Gangway!" He was out again in an all-Navy record for a quick change. He was over the fence and into Camp Parks, the Seabee center, running like an Indian while the startled Seabees confirmed their convictions that all sailors were nuts. But he found Roddy at the recreation center in no time flat—and not only Roddy but the whole Hollywood "Wilson" premiere junket galaxy—Carmen Miranda, Joan Blondell, Bill Bendix, Gracie Fields, Bill Eythe, Mary Anderson, George Jessel—a half dozen more. The biggest Hollywood troupe of stars ever sent out to a camp.

Roddy spied Farley charging up. "Hi, Baldy!" he yelled. (Roddy has called Farley "Baldy" ever since he came back home on his boot leave with that jailhouse haircut.) "Is this where you live?"

"Hey!" choked Farley, "I've got liberty —48 hours—tomorrow—no I don't live here —I'm at Shoemaker."

"That's where we play tonight—"

Well—no sailor ever had such a Cinderella break. Nobody, unless he's a friendly, full-of-beans guy like Farley Granger,

could understand the kick it handed him. It was like a trip back home from the start, only it was better.

Because the gala bunch adopted him right from the start as a member of the star cavalcade, and they were up North to do things up right. That night they staged a slam-bang show at Farley's Shoemaker camp, and naturally, he stuck backstage with all the stars. Then right in the middle Bill Bendix dragged him out of the wings and kidded him before all his shipmates and led him through a comic skit that made the camp roar.

His barrack mates and the mates in the barracks next door, too, loaded him down with sheets of paper with their names marked on them for autographs. Farley staggered around among his Hollywood star friends collecting signatures before he dared get out of camp. He was as busy as a bird dog, but he loved it.

That night, though, Farley rode back to San Francisco in a Navy station wagon with Roddy. They jabbered all the way like a couple of school kids, catching up on each other, and at the Palace Hotel they kept it up until four o'clock in the morning, until "Baby"—that's Roddy's mother—rapped on the door and shut them up.

Those forty-eight hours turned into a dream no gob would have dared whip up about a San Fran leave. There was a party every minute, or a show or a shindig. There were famous names, San Francisco big shots, Hollywood stars, glamour everywhere. Farley was in the thick of it all. He met Darryl Zanuck—his own boss—for the first time, 'way up in San Francisco.

He went everywhere the Hollywood star cavalcade did. To Elsa Maxwell's big party at the Palace. He went with Roddy and the others when they broadcast Bond rallies from the big Bay City department store windows. He took in all the dinners, banquets, cocktail parties and got introduced along with all the other big Hollywood stars—just like he was one of them, which of course Farley was, in a way.

So Seaman Farley Granger went back to Shoemaker with plenty of tales to brighten the barracks bull-sessions for weeks and weeks. And by now, somewhere out in the Pacific, he's probably getting the same Hollywood treatment from his mates. But by now Farley ought to be used to it and taking it in stride. His Hollywood past has never hurt him one speck in this man's Navy; on the contrary, glamour for a gob has worked out pretty okay for everybody concerned. He's a crack shipmate by now in his own right, and it's a cinch he's trained to handle his duty like any one of Uncle Sam's seagoing sons.

C'MON, 'FESS UP!

Not that we'd like to have you tell tales, but . . . well, anyhow, not the snitchy kind. Just the good, old-fashioned Hollywood garden gossip variety. In other words, you've come across a movie personality and something funny happened. Or sad. Or glad. Or unusual. And you're simply aching to talk about it because it's just too thrilling to hold back any longer. Well, don't! Tell us. *And to soothe your fevered brow, how does five dollars sound for each one we use? Your stories go to: I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

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BIG BAD WOLF

(Continued from page 55)

near Mocambo, but there was his car and a guy who looked—wait a minute—the guy didn't look *exactly* like him. . . . What Helmut discovered when he delved into the matter, was just another bit of proof that he was a Hollywood Wolf in spite of himself. The pictures had been shot at his own studio in front of the "Hollywood Canteen" Mocambo set, with the pretty gas girl all right, his own car which had been rolled up from the parking lot—and an obliging extra who looked like Dantine in a long shot!

pagliacci of the press . . .

Things like that are happening to Helmut Dantine. Every time he gets within howling distance of a gal in public, and sometimes even when he doesn't, what happens to Helmut's rep shouldn't happen to a dog—I mean, wolf.

Yep, the power of the press is truly a wonderful thing when a guy can get himself married after a whirlwind courtship of a girl he has never met! Take, for instance, the red-hot romance of Helmut Dantine and Lois Collier.

It's an old Hollywood custom, of course, to pair off a couple of new names, one male, one female, to add up to publicity for both. Every studio in Hollywood has worked that one to death, but usually at least the romancers show up somewhere together, or if they don't, they've met or said "Hello" over the phone. Helmut's hot and heavy romance with Lois Collier—a new starlet, of course (with a new press agent, of course) started simply enough with a mere item that they were "romancing." No where, when or why. From that timid step they were spied together here and there. They two-stepped at Mocambo, rumba'd at Ciro's. Pretty soon they were cooing by candlelight at every cafe in town; bolder yet, they walked unashamed down Peacock Lane at premieres and openings. The Collier-Dantine "romance" flourished like the green bay tree. One night, Helmut counted, he and Lois were *a deux* at five different places at the same time—Mocambo, Charlie Foy's, a Carthay Circle premiere, Romanoff's and a café at Palm Springs! A radio fashion and gossip gal even described the gorgeous gown Lois was wearing at the premiere, and how the dashing Helmut escorted her here and there with his Vienna courtliness! This, naturally, was news to Helmut, bigger news still when he learned he'd given the lovely little lady a ring, and a pure scoop on himself when his popped eyes discovered one morning that he had just been married!

He very politely, therefore, walked into his studio publicity department one day and inquired, "Now that I am safely married and all that, will you please tell me—who *is* Lois Collier?"

However, Helmut Dantine has learned to rise above such rumors gracefully and even find something to chuckle about in his phony romances—when they're as harmless and absurdly humorous as that. Like that time Helmut showed up at a cocktail party where Myrna Loy was also a guest. Myrna was just free from her Eastern millionaire hubby, Mr. Hertz, at that point and being unattached, accompanied one of those post-cocktail party groups that go merrily on to somewhere else. So did Helmut. At the little Ciro's dancing party that followed, he tripped a number of turns with the lovely Loy, and you can bet there were eyes in the walls. From that innocent diversion came all sorts of rumors that Helmut was comforting

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Myrna's riven heart with his vulpine Viennese attentions. But, as I say, that didn't upset him too much, since he actually had whirled Myrna around and even taken her home.

In none of those cases did the stories add up, of course, but after all, Helmut had been around of his own accord. So no kicks. But when a malicious interpretation is put on a purely innocent happenstance—that's when Dantine's dander gets up.

A few weeks ago, for instance, Helmut left the studio with another Warner Brothers actress to take in a spaghetti dinner at a studio drama coach's house. It was all very informal. Both Helmut and the actress had been working. Both took their own cars. They left the dinner party later than they'd expected, and the actress asked Helmut if he'd mind following her home, since they lived near each other.

Well, on the way the girl pulled up in front of Schwab's famous drug store on Sunset, "I think I'll call home," she yelled to Helmut. Like the gentleman he is, he hopped out of his own car and opened the door for his friend, waited until she made her call and then helped her back in.

Well, in no time at all, the curbstone kitbitzers who spied this little episode put four and four together and made fourteen. The actress, you see, was married. Her husband, also, was away in Uncle Sam's service. In no time and one-tenth of a second, the rumor was rambling around. Helmut Dantine, the wolf, was chasing after someone he hadn't ought to. And her ever-lovin' spouse away fighting the wars, too! There were the usual snide hints in gossip columns—and this time Dantine really burned to a crisp.

his heart belonged to a zombie . . .

The funny thing about Hollywood publicity romances is—usually the phonier they are the better they're believed. To show you how screwy it all sums up: For months now there's been a mythical society girl whipping around Hollywood named "Bettina Scott." Now if anyone ever saw Bettina Scott in the flesh, he would probably cross himself and scram hastily, because if there ever was a zombie, it's Bettina. The gal's a ghost—a publicity ghost—created out of an imaginary "Eastern" Blue Book to get the young unknown males that Hollywood's crowded with these days into the public prints.

Even Helmut fell for the Bettina Scott myth early in his Hollywood career, and one of the funniest stories they tell on him was when it came his own turn to get the Bettina treatment. Helmut dashed into his publicity department all hot, bothered and upset. "You've got to deny it!" he stormed. They wanted to know—deny what? "That I am courting this Bettina Scott person," cried Helmut indignantly. "Why, every one knows that she's a notorious woman of terrible reputation!" They quickly soothed Helmut by explaining patiently that Bettina was only a dreamed-up doll.

wolf of the vienna woods . . .

But about Helmut the Gay Deceiver himself. Of course there are plenty of obvious reasons why handsome Helmut inspires the wolf cry every time he looks at a lady in public. The guy is unreasonably good looking. Everything about his tall, graceful body, his classic-profiled face with its perfect features, the straight, romantic nose, expressive mouth and soft gray eyes, is what any woman who's human would find too, too tender and understanding. Helmut has everything to tag him a natural for the lover type and more than mere looks, Dantine has everything else a lady-killer ought to have, in the popular Hollywood mind. He's Viennese (and anyone knows that Austrian men are the world's ace charmers). His accent is just right, not too thick, but intriguing. He's a dancer out of this world. He's gay and witty, a quick conversationalist. He wears his clothes like Beau Brummell, he's manly and dashing, athletic and a deadly fencer. He's a bachelor de luxe, uncaught and untamed (his first marriage hardly counts, it was so brief) with not even a heartstring permanently snarled. In short, Dantine's too good to be true. Also, nobody ever said Helmut was any hermit. No indeed.

On the contrary, he has all kinds of soft spots for the lovelies of the opposite sex like any normal guy. Sometimes it's romance and sometimes just plain friendliness with which Helmut is heavily loaded.

out of bounds . . .

There was one pretty little Warner Brothers messengerette, for instance, who tied into a heavy, hopeless crush for Helmut. She was raw on the lot (all the messenger boys have been replaced by fillies since the war) and so was Helmut. But she had the Dantine blues bad, and wherever Helmut was she'd manage to show up shadowing him with that worshiping look in her eyes. Well, one day, Helmut ran into his admirer in front of the Green Room. She said her usual shy "Hello," and Helmut was feeling particularly friendly and gay. He smiled, "Come in and have lunch with me." How could a gal as far gone as little Louise (that's what we'll call her because it's not her name) refuse? Who would? She didn't. Helmut had a grand, expansive lunch date, absolutely unmindful of the strange looks that darted his way. But he never saw his little friend after that and never thought much about it until weeks later he happened to inquire. Then he found she'd almost lost her job because of having had lunch with him.



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PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

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Compare Dr. Ellis' Nail Polish with any other nail enamel—for sheer beauty of color, for wearability, for economy. You'll know then why more and more smart fingernails daily—coast to coast—are wearing those lovely Dr. Ellis colors.

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Only one price 10¢ PLUS TAX

Be sure to try "Mystic Rose", the passionate new Dr. Ellis shade-of-the season!

AT YOUR FAVORITE 5 & 10 or DRUGSTORE

That episode dismayed Helmut and made him more discreet with his fans, but it didn't damper his friendliness one speck or his terrific admiration for American beauties. Dantine's best girl friends are girls he has met in and around Hollywood. He's the American girl's number one press agent and booster. He thinks they're tops, the freshest, prettiest, most natural and altogether swooney young things that you'll find anywhere on the globe. He likes them best, too, when they aren't actresses because, as he says, "After acting all day I've had enough acting." The reason he puts the finger on foreign girls, too, is that when he runs across them in Hollywood they try to play up their accents and Continental manners, which hands Helmut a pain right above his collar bone. Hand kissing and heel clicking and all that sort of stuff is okay, Helmut believes, where it cuts some mustard—but over here in America, confidentially he believes it—well, you know.

He's worked like a Turk ever since he arrived to iron out his Austrian accent. He's collected American slang and idiom like fans collect autographs. He dresses like any young American campus hero not long out of college. He's already become a super fan for football and American sports. The biggest kick he's had in weeks came the other night when a Pasadena society girl invited him as her escort to a dinner party. He'd never met his hostess before, and on the way home his girl teased him with a trade-last. Helmut came through with how beautiful she was so she gave out with the t.l. "Mrs. So-and-So thinks you're nice," said Dantine's date. "As I left she said, 'What a clean-cut, typically American young man Mr. Dantine is. So completely different from these refugees you see around these days!'"

In fact, the lone Continental hangover that Helmut totes around is his respectful, gallant attitude toward women. He's not smooth in the foppish way, but his manners are super. He's the kind of date who always notices a gal's perfume, what she's wearing. He sends flowers when they're called for, takes prompt care of all the little gallantries like opening doors, seating chairs, phoning before dates, lighting cigarettes and such. But the main ticket that lets Helmut in solid with most lovelies is his sincere but flattering interest in the gal as a person. It's a respectful attitude and one a lot of cocky American males are quite likely to skip. A couple of his very best girl friends today, in fact, he met and made time with through this very trait.

You wouldn't know them if I named them, because they aren't remotely connected with pictures (as few of Helmut's favored sweeties are), but one is a clever co-ed at UCLA, where Helmut served a stretch as a student when he first came to this country. In fact, he met this girl at a reunion party for the Class of '39. She's pretty, with soft brown eyes, a slim figure and rich, waving hair. But what interested Helmut—and don't laugh—was her intelligence. Yep, he got to talking to the attractive co-ed and discovered she was majoring in philosophy, a subject in which he's a deep delver at home. Discovered, too, that the only way he could enjoy her company was on the campus, because she didn't go out nights.

SINATRA LOVES BING

And they both love pitching in and donating their *autographs* for each and every one of you. See page 62.

Reduce

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NO EXERCISE
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NO STRICT DIET

Remarkable results reported with new *Kel-Ray* method. You DON'T CUT OUT starchy, fatty foods, you merely CUT DOWN on them. Take half teaspoonful Kel-Ray (a purely vegetable product) daily, follow easy, lazy plan, and fat vanishes.

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safety in numbers . . .

Then there's the girl Helmut ran into at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. Dantine's no slouch of an athlete, and when he has an afternoon off, he usually skips over to Lakeside Country Club for a swim or out to the B.H.T.C. for a set of tennis. That's where he first noticed "the colt" and her form—both tennis and otherwise. She was definitely the outdoor type, lean and a little rangy, with a merry, freckled face, honey-colored pigtails and twinkling blue eyes. "Like a young colt," marveled Helmut, observing the stylish way she handled her racquet and how lustily she swatted the ball. It wasn't long until they were exchanging tennis tips, and then Helmut found himself drafted for a set of doubles with "the colt" as partner. That started a tennis courtship that's been going on in a breezy, relaxed manner ever since. Because Helmut found out the girl was as charmingly natural off the court as on, and as fresh and irresistible in evening dresses as she was in shorts. And the first day tennis match that ended primly with a "thanks for the game," has grown into a definite romance.

If you ask Helmut Dantine to name the kind of girl friend he likes best, he looks puzzled and tries to explain that that depends on the occasion. He's not kidding either. He thinks variety in women is the spice of a bachelor's life—and he's the bachelor who can certainly stir up the variety. He has girl friends he takes horseback riding, others he seldom sees except to play chess, of all things. He has society girls he met when he lived in Pasadena, one former fencing pupil (when he earned his way with foils through the Community Playhouse) whom Helmut seldom sees except at dignified Pasadena social functions or to beau to plays and symphonies. There's a girl up in Santa Barbara's snooty Montecito millionaire colony, a member of the horsey set, that some New York friends introduced him to by mail whom he sees whenever he has a free week-end and can climb on a North-bound train. When he dines or dances at his favorite Hollywood haunts—LaRue, Mocambo, the Players or Romanoffs—Helmut invariably has a local gal on his arm, someone extra-lovely like Ava Gardner, Constance Dowling or Judy Garland.

That picture gallery may not be much help to a Helmut-happy gal anxious to measure up to a Dantine ideal. But after seeing a few photographs and talking the matter over earnestly with Helmut himself, I'd say if you'd be Helmut Dantine's Dream Supreme you would—

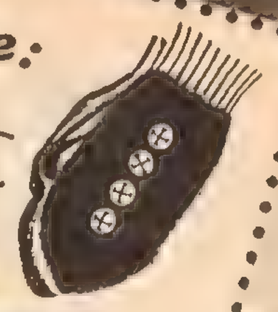
Be pretty and preferably blonde. Add up to about twenty years of age (he's twenty-five). Be natural, with no false eyelashes, red nail polish or trick hair do's anywhere around. (He can't stand 'em.) Dance divinely. (Because so does Helmut.) Play some outdoor game well. (Because he plays several.) Have a brain. (Because he has his serious moments.) Own a funny-bone. (Because he loves to laugh.) Have good taste and good manners. (To match his own.) Be honest, and direct—a chick with no tricks.

If that adds up discouragingly to Miss E Pluribus Unum, the All-American Girl—well, what have I been telling you? If Helmut Dantine is in love with anyone, she's the lucky lady. For one thing, he knows that it was the girls of America who made him the Hollywood hero he is today. He knows he owes the death of Helmut the Heavy and his big romantic chance in his next picture, "Hotel Berlin," to the ardent feminine clamors that swamped Warners' from Seattle to Savannah. So he's faithful to all of 'em.

Besides, being a wary "wolf," Helmut Dantine believes there's safety in numbers.

Fashion Recipe:
Take a pair of woolen mittens—
sew tiny bells down the back for
conversation-making gloves!

Mittens and Pretty Hands
are being worn
this season!





Use a "BRIGHT IDEA" to show off your
CAMPANA LOVELY HANDS

It's fun to pull on wooly mitts, a-jingle with tiny bells IF your hands are *Campana-lovely!* Try Campana Cream Balm—massage a bit of this creamy lotion into your thirsty skin. Right away you've silken-surfaced, soft-skinned hands you're proud of.

Scientists say lanolin duplicates the functions of the *natural* oils of your skin better than anything else!

No wonder Campana Cream Balm, which contains lanolin, helps keep your hands soft and pretty . . . guards against dryness, roughness—even in winter weather.

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Original Campana Balm is the richer, heavier Campana lotion that thousands change to in chapped-skin weather. Ask for *Original* Campana Balm in the *green* and white package.
25¢, 50¢ and $1.

Now try the kind that's *easy to use!*



FIBS Tampons have rounded ends to make insertion easy!



"I never dreamed there could be such a *difference* in tampons . . . that *any* tampon could be so *easy to use* . . . until I first tried Fibs Tampons!"

Instantly YOU will appreciate this difference between Fibs and ordinary tampons. For only Fibs of all leading brands have gently *rounded ends*—tapered to make insertion easy.

And only Fibs are "quilted" to give you greater comfort, greater safety.

So change to Fibs. You owe it to yourself to try the kind of tampon that's so easy to use!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



MARRIAGE IS STRICTLY OKAY!

(Continued from page 67)

For one thing, there was David. Although he turned out not to be a complication after all. David was Dana's son by his first wife who died soon after the boy's birth. Maybe, Dana worried, Mary wouldn't like the idea of a ready-made family. But Mary thought it was wonderful. She met David, and they adored each other immediately. Dana let out a long sigh of relief. That was one hurdle cleared.

The next one was tougher. Dana was being backed financially by some men who had faith in his ability. They were "staking him" to his training at the Playhouse.

"I can't ask them to stake me to marriage, too," he told Mary. "When I get married, I want to be able to support my wife myself. Then I can boss her around and make her like it!" He grinned happily. He was always happy when he was with Mary.

So they went on being engaged, and waiting for something to break. And break it did, at last. Sam Goldwyn signed Dana to a contract! That was the kind of moment you dream about—when the moon comes down out of the sky and slides into your pocket. Dana flew to tell Mary.

"The waiting's over, baby!" he said exultantly. "Now we can get married." Mary laughed and cried and kissed him, and everything was beautiful. For about twenty-four hours. Then Dana had a little talk with Goldwyn's representative. "By the way," he said, trying to sound casual, "I'm planning to get married. Very nice girl named Mary Todd."

The representative impaled him on a sharp and icy glance. "Look here, Andrews, I'm afraid that won't do. We signed you as a single man. We've got a lot of plans for building you into a glamour boy. Romances with your leading women, that sort of thing. You've got to be seen around town with the right people."

"But listen, I'm engaged to Mary. I'm—I'm in love with her. Terribly. We want to get married right away." Dana's heavy brows drew together in anxiety. This was bad.

"Sorry," said the representative with finality. "Mr. Goldwyn wouldn't like it."

Reluctantly, Dana went off to tell Mary. Usually she was calm about things, but she wasn't calm about this. She was furious.

"Those—those *people!*" she cried, pounding the arm of her chair in rage. "Telling you how to run your life! Trying to make you go out with other girls!"

"They can't make me do that," Dana told her grimly, thrusting out a very determined chin. "And listen, darling, if you say so, I'll tear up this contract and throw it in their face."

"Oh, fine." Mary was bitter. "Then we'd be right back where we started from. Backed by those men, and we couldn't get married that way either. No, listen, Dana, the only thing to do is to make Mr. Goldwyn see it our way. After all, he's an intelligent man."

sit-home strike . . .

"Yeah, but Mary, I don't get to *see* Mr. Goldwyn. I mean, he signed me to a contract and all that, but that doesn't mean he comes around inviting me to his house for dinner."

"Well, *go* and see him." Mary said stubbornly.

But it wasn't as simple as that. Dana

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1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing—your hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious, vigorous brushings . . . plus a tiny tint—**in these 12 shades.**

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2. Dark Copper	8. Golden Blonde
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4. The improved Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radien, all new, approved ingredients.

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tried and found that Mr. Goldwyn was always in New York or Washington or in conference. So he thrust his chin out farther and adopted a policy of passive resistance. When the studio dreamed up romances for him, he just smiled pleasantly and forgot to show up for the dates. When he was invited out without Mary, he politely declined. Mr. Goldwyn's representative called him over and said irritably, "Are you still going around with that girl? I notice they don't seem to be able to link you up with anyone else."

"I told you," Dana said, "I'm in love with her. We want to get married."

The representative sighed. "If this wasn't Hollywood, I'd believe I'd met true love at last. Maybe I have, anyway. I give up, Andrews. You'll have to talk to Mr. Goldwyn." He even made an appointment for Dana. The appointment was the next morning at eleven, so Dana told Mary to meet him at noon. By then they'd know. By then the waiting would be over. The night before the appointment, Dana rehearsed a lengthy and—he hoped—convincing speech. It began "Mr. Goldwyn, you're a man of common sense." It pointed out the pitfalls which awaited an unattached young actor in Hollywood. It spoke of the energy wasted in long rides to Mary's house, and of the nervous strain of long engagements. It went—touchingly, Dana thought—into the happy marriages combined with high box office rating of various male stars. It was undoubtedly a honey of a speech, and he learned every word of it by heart.

Next day he showed up at eleven o'clock and was told to wait. He waited, biting his nails. This meeting was damned important. It was, Dana was convinced, a lot more important than anything else Mr. Goldwyn happened to be doing at the moment. After all, it meant the happiness of two people, didn't it?

psychological moment . . .

Just then all hell broke loose outside the window. There was a scream of a fire siren, followed by shouts, general commotion and the shrieking of engine wheels. Two large fire trucks arrived, disgorging firemen like rabbits from a hat. Also rather like a rabbit from a hat, a small, grey-haired man popped from an inner office.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

"It's just a little fire, Mr. Goldwyn," said the receptionist hastily.

Mr. Goldwyn stalked to the window and peered out at the lines of hose being unrolled. He snorted.

Dana approached him hesitantly. This was definitely not the setting he'd had in mind for his speech. In fact, he'd forgotten the speech entirely. But here was

(*Continued on page 106*)

QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Continued from page 92*)

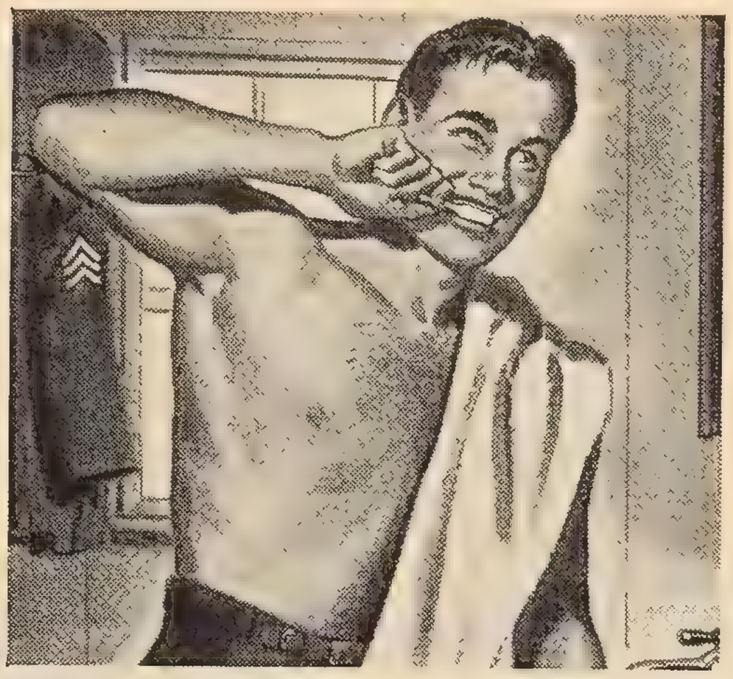
1. Ann Sheridan
2. John Garfield
3. Diana Lynn
4. Cary Grant
5. Alexander Knox
6. Esther Williams
7. Alan Ladd
8. Dick Haymes
9. Sonja Henie
10. Clark Gable
11. Erich von Stroheim
12 Susanna Foster
13. Dick Powell
14. Lana Turner
15. Edward G. Robinson
16. Paul Lukas
17. Rita Hayworth
18. William Bendix
19. William Eythe
20. Eddie Bracken

The Word for the Sergeant is "Toothsome"!



One look at that dazzling grin and the girls are putty in his hands. And don't think the Sarge doesn't know *why!* He writes poetry about it:

"O Pebeco, to thee I owe—my standing as a Romeo.
Wash right away? Not Pebeco. It's *super-fine* to make teeth glow!"

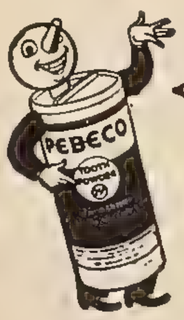


What he means is: Pebeco cleans teeth better because its *micro-fine* particles stick with your brush, cling to your teeth while you polish. Contains a special combination of polishing agents—cleans teeth thoroughly but gently, leaves them gleaming.



So any Romeo (or Juliet) can have a brighter, fresher smile with *super-fine* Pebeco. See how super its flavor is, too. See what a kick you get out of that *extra* clean, polished feeling. How popular you are with that delectable Pebeco smile!

Pebeco Pete says:



60% MORE POWDER FOR YOUR MONEY, FOLKS, THAN AVERAGE OF 6 OTHER LEADING BRANDS

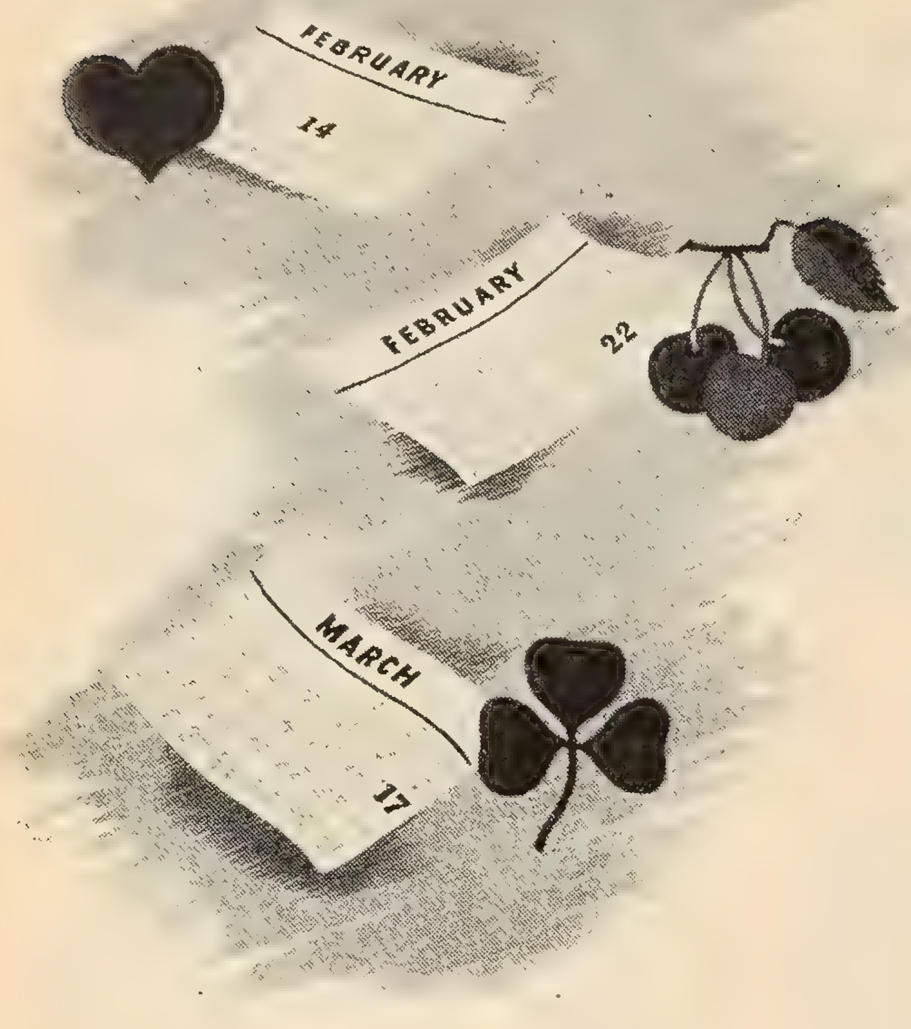
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TOOTH POWDER
Super-fine for Super Shine

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what's cookin, kids?



Peggy Ryan gives out with the sort of fanfare and party plans the younger set will go for in a big way!

■ Special occasions coming up soon! Days—like Washington's and Lincoln's Birthdays, Valentine Day and St. Patrick's Day—which can so conveniently serve as pegs on which to hang plans for festive and appropriate parties.

Not that you really need any such excuse or inspiration, claims Peggy Ryan, if you go in for the kind of strictly informal shindigs her particular crowd prefers.

"Any Saturday night in any month of the year is oke with us, especially if we're entertaining boys in the service who are stationed hereabouts or are back home on furlough," declared Peggy, with Irish eyes a-smilin'. "Sometimes we have a gathering just of girls . . . to plan for and talk about our boy friends overseas. But whatever the date or the doings we always have good times and good food!

"What do we do and what do we eat? Well, that depends on the occasion, the number that get together and the place where we meet. F'r'instance . . .

"When we go to Jane Withers' house it's sure to be a swimming party because she has the pool. Marcie McGuire gives living room parties with guessing games and the like. Cora Sue Collins features outdoor barbecues. Johnny Pironne —because his mother, Mary, makes the best spaghetti in the whole wide world—goes in for spaghetti dinners. Me, I have



Mrs. Ryan lends a helping hand whenever her dancing daughter asks the gang to their house . . . and the resulting dishes are simply super! "Here Come the Co-eds" is Peggy's next picture.



At her recent homecoming party, Peggy's pals—including Marcie McGuire and Virginia Weidler—gathered around as she imitated Winchell, on whose broadcast she appeared while in New York.

By Nancy Wood

a Whoopee Room, where the fireplace makes indoor barbecues possible—although, mostly, we have buffet suppers.

"What do we do at our house? Dance, of course." (Can you imagine Peggy *not* dancing, after seeing her with Donald O'Connor in those merry Universal musicals, the latest of which is "Bowery to Broadway"!) "Then we play games," she went on, "and do stunts. But suppose I describe some of these get-togethers for you. And," suggested Peggy, "maybe you would like to know what we serve."

Would we like to know! Can you imagine . . . when that was what we had come to see her about, having heard tell that it's fine fare they'd be featuring at the Ryans'.

But let's get back to the party. To any one of several different types of parties, to be exact—with a brief outline of the foods Peggy provides. It's "herself" that will be describing them for us.

PROVING PARTY: "Someone's always saying 'I make the most deevine cake' . . . or 'You should just taste my Welsh Rabbit!' To which we reply, 'Well, we'll get together and you can prove it.' Gives everyone a chance to cook and—although the combinations sometimes are odd—the all-over effect is nothing if not interesting. Once people *prove* their culinary skill they become members in good standing and are often called on to turn out their specialties.

FURLOUGH PARTY: "As the name suggests, this is for fellows home on furlough. They can bring their friends in uniform, too; and they can even issue invitations to others who, for good and sufficient reasons, are not in the services. But to us girls, admission is 'by serviceman only'! Or else we can come unescorted as the boys never seem to think there are too many girls. Quite the contrary, they claim the more 'femmes' the merrier!

ITINERARY PARTY: "A welcome-home affair, where the returned traveler has to put on an act as he or she describes the highlights of the recent trip. I threw that kind of a party at my house when Mom and I got back from our New York jaunt." (The picture on the opposite page was taken on that particular occasion.)

PROXY PARTY: "Strictly a feminine gathering—and downright sentimental, composed as it is chiefly of married and engaged girls or those who are 'promised' or 'going steady.'

"We tell our favorite absentees, well in advance, that we're having such a get-together and tell them to be thinking of us on that certain night, as we'll all be thinking of them. Then, at the party, we write them round-robin letters on long rolls of paper, tell them the latest news of Hollywood doings and send them our latest snapshots. We've had flocks of letters saying how much this has meant to them.

"Why don't you give such a party, too?" was Peggy's final suggestion to our readers.

But before signing off in this helpful manner, the "Pride of the Ryans" gave us some swell suggestions for party fare. It's her very own recipes that we're offering, FREE, this month. And what a collection for a collation! Two salads—both simple: Macaroni, and Carrot and Raisin. Meat Loaf—a point saver if ever we saw one. Frosted Bread Loaf—dressy looking and delicious. Peanut Butter Cookies—toothsome morsels for casual crunching during the long evening of fun. And finally the Devil's Food Cake that Peg's grandmother taught her how to bake. Want 'em? Well, you can have 'em. Just mail your request to: THE MODERN HOSTESS, Dept. P. R., MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y. (and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)





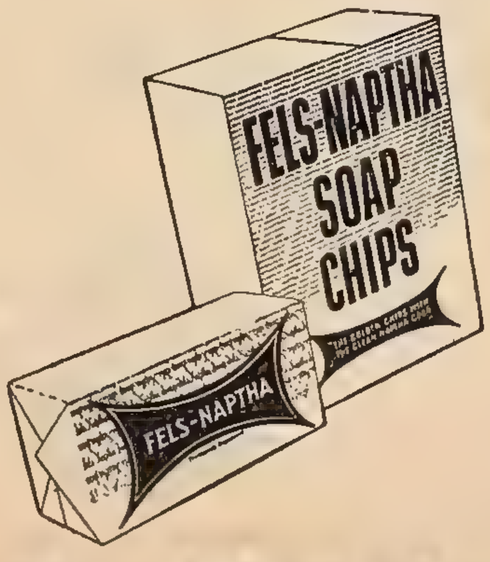
Our Number One 'Lab'.

The Fels-Naptha Plant maintains an imposing Research Laboratory, equipped with the usual testing paraphernalia— and the usual staff of 'experts'.

Here, every day, Fels-Naptha Soap goes on trial. When the experts, with their test tubes and charts, report 'up to Fels-Naptha Standard', we know we haven't been bragging.

But our Number One 'Lab'. is an ordinary home laundry. The 'staff' is the Lady of the House. Her equipment is a washtub or washing machine and a bundle of soiled clothes. When *she* puts Fels-Naptha Soap on trial, it has to be good—or else.

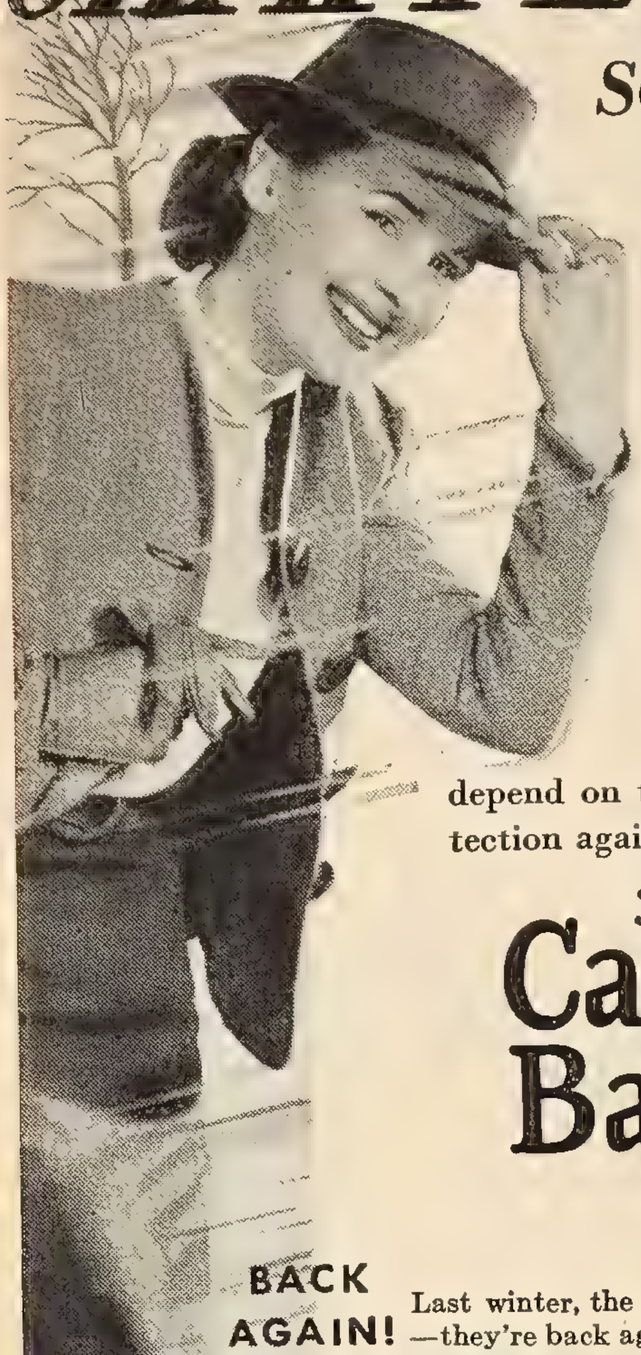
There are millions of these 'Home Laboratories' in the United States. According to voluntary reports, they use Fels-Naptha because, for practical daily purposes, they find it's the best laundry soap on the market.



We'd like to see Fels-Naptha Soap tested in your laundry. And we'd also like to have *your* 'Laboratory Report'.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

CHAPPED HANDS



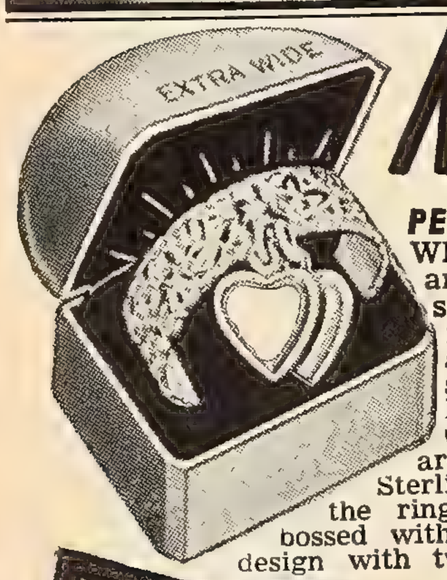
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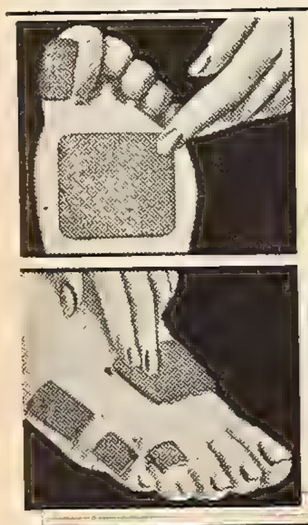
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Dr Scholl's KUROTEX Soothing – Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

Mr. Goldwyn—and a golden opportunity.

"Mr. Goldwyn," he said cautiously, "I'm Dana Andrews."

"What?" By then the firemen were making so much noise you couldn't hear yourself think.

"I'm Dana Andrews!" He shouted it this time.

"Yes. What do you want?" Mr. Goldwyn didn't look at him. He was still staring out of the window.

"Well—I—uh." It was awfully hard to put such a personal question to someone who was absorbed in watching a fire. Especially when you had to yell it at the top of your lungs. But it was, Dana decided desperately, now or never. *"Mr. Goldwyn, I want to know if I can get married!"*

Outside the window, the firemen suddenly reeled in their hose, climbed back on the trucks and drove off. The fire was over. Mr. Goldwyn looked at Dana absently. "I'll think it over and let you know," he said, and darted back into his office.

A month went by after that. Six weeks. Two months. Mr. Goldwyn was obviously thinking it over very hard indeed. Mary worried so much she lost all the weight she'd gained the summer before and more, too. Dana was too upset to appreciate her new slimness. Finally, he saw Mr. Goldwyn again, by accident, this time in the projection room. And suddenly, Dana got mad. There had been time and to spare for thinking things over.

"Mr. Goldwyn," he said loudly, "what did you decide about my getting married?"

Mr. Goldwyn peered at him in amazement. Everyone in the projection room held their breath, including Dana. Then the great man spoke. "I guess I forgot to tell you, my boy," he said amiably. "It's strictly okay. Go ahead."

So, just like that, everything was settled. Dana could hardly believe it, after all the months of waiting. He was so happy that he felt as if he were drifting around in a balloon. He came down to earth in a hurry though, when he got his father's letter. Dana's father was a minister, and strict. He had always considered the stage and motion pictures inventions of the devil and had preached against them for years. When Dana was a kid, he used to get a whipping every Wednesday night regularly. Because Wednesday was prayer meeting night, and was Dana at prayer meeting? He was not! He was sitting in a "two for a quarter" movie house down the block, chewing gum and watching with utter absorption whatever was happening on the screen. Yeah, he knew he would get a licking when he got home. But he figured it was worth it.

Dana's father had been pretty bitter over Dana's becoming an actor. And when he heard his son was going to marry an actress, you should see the letter Dana got.

It said a lot, and among other things was this: "My son, I am older than you and know more of the world. Take my advice and forget this infatuation. Actresses are handled goods."

"Handled goods." Dana thought of Mary, her background of culture, her demure gaiety, her charming parents. The whole thing struck him funny. This was a riot. This was the joke of the season. He tore off in search of his fiancée, waving his father's letter in his hand. As you might imagine, Mary didn't think it was funny at all. No girl likes to hear that her future father-in-law considers her practically a Scarlet Woman. She refused to join in Dana's laughter, and when she told her mother about it, Mrs. Todd almost called off the wedding. Her precious daughter, who had gone to the best private schools, been protected by a devoted fam-

ily, being referred to as "handled goods"! Of course, eventually everything was straightened out. Mary wrote to Dana's father and got a very courtly letter in return, which said he could see he had been entirely wrong about her, and he was delighted that Dana was getting such a sweet wife.

all or nothing . . .

The day of the wedding the local society columnist ran a large picture of Mary and Dana with the caption, "Mary Todd gives up career to marry actor." And that was just what Mary was going to do. They had talked it over seriously, sensibly. Mary was a darn good actress. She might quite possibly have a real future ahead of her in that field. She could get more out of a comedy role than any girl at the Playhouse, and in a lot of ways she hated to give it up.

"But being married to you will be enough, Dana," she said positively. "We both want a family, and there's David, and your career is going to be terribly important from now on. I don't want to be just half a wife." Dana kissed her, hard, because he knew how much it meant to her to make this decision. And Mary rested her head on his shoulder and felt a happiness that she had never known.

So the wedding came off on schedule, and Dana was the handsomest groom in history. They had two heavenly days together, and then he had to leave for Tucson on location for "The Westerner." It was his first part for Goldwyn, and he was pretty excited.

Mary, meanwhile, was busy as a whole hive of bees, learning to cook. A lot of people had told her what a big eater Dana was, and she was going to be prepared. The first morning after he got back, they had bacon. Mary put a large griddle on the stove, and conscientiously fried one pound of bacon. It wasn't a gag—she just wanted to be sure Dana had enough.

Then there was the affair of the Apple Brown Betty and their first quarrel. Brown Betty was Dana's favorite dessert, and Mary had taken enormous pains to get it right. She cooked it in a casserole, and was bringing it triumphantly through the swinging door into the dining room when the holder slipped. The casserole was steaming hot, and when Mary tried to grab it, she burned herself, shrieked and dropped the whole thing on the brand new dining room rug. Dana watched hilariously, while expressions chased each other across her face—surprise, panic and anguish in rapid succession. It was too much for him. He burst into wild shouts of laughter, as she gazed hopelessly down at the appalling mess on the new rug.

"I hate you!" Mary announced in cold fury, and went upstairs and slammed the bedroom door.

On the whole, though, they lived in a state of idyllic happiness. Dana developed an acute interest in gardens. He'd never raised as much as a sunflower before, but now suddenly, he was absorbed in seed catalogues and books on perennials.

"He won't even use plain, ordinary earth," Mary told their friends plaintively. "It all has to be mixed by hand, in the proper proportions, like a Martini!"

Dana was using the garden as a sort of safety valve. Because for seven months he didn't work in pictures at all. After "The Westerner" he made "Sailor's Lady" and "Cisco Kid." He had good parts in both of them. Everyone congratulated him on his quick rise. But after that—nothing. For seven long months.

Then came "Two Men and a Girl." Dana had the second lead in that. He was all set now, everyone said. He'd be a star any day. Oh sure, but still nothing hap-

"Our husband belongs to us again!"



Julie: Can it be true? Jack has fallen in love with me again! He's *mine*—just like in the beginning!

Her Other Self: Of course it's true, darling—except you mean he's OURS. It's US he's in love with, this time! I'm your smarter self . . . remember? *I'm* the one who told you to go see Dr. B. when *you* wanted to go home to mother after that big quarrel.

Julie: Yes, that was wise—seeing the doctor.

H.O.S.: Wise! That's a prize understatement! Dr. B. turned out to be a one-man rescue party for your . . . *our* marriage when he explained about the "one neglect".

Julie: But I never even *dreamed* that a wife can lose her husband's love by being careless about feminine hygiene.

H.O.S.: Well, Dr. B. set you straight on *that*—and he told you what to do about it, too.

Julie: Yes. He told me to use Lysol disinfectant for my feminine hygiene care. "An effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes"—that's what he said.

H.O.S.: Correct! And it doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues, either. All you have to do is follow the simple directions for douching.

Julie: How right he was! I've found Lysol so easy to use—so quick and economical.

H.O.S.: And . . .

Julie: And it works wonderfully!

H.O.S.: AND . . .

Julie: All right, Mrs. Smartie—since you love hearing it. I'll say it: *Our husband belongs to us again!*

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pened. More gardening. Then "Kit Carson." Dana liked his part—it had a lot of possibilities.

"This'll do it," his agent said, rubbing his hands gleefully. "They'll be fighting over you for romantic leads now, kid."

So did Dana's name go up in lights? It did not. He set his square jaw determinedly and worked harder than ever on his next picture, "Swampwater." Then he got a nice gangster part in "Ball of Fire." By now, Mary was so proud of him she almost burst. But Dana wasn't satisfied. Finally, along came "The Ox-Bow Incident," and Dana clicked in a way he never had before. You know how good he was in "Up In Arms" and "The Purple Heart." Dana was going places, and no one could stop him.

Meanwhile he and Mary built a new house.

something new will be added . . .

"It's really right," Dana said in complete satisfaction, a month or so after they had moved in. "David is nuts over that room of his, and our quarters are wonderful, and—well, the whole thing is *right*, that's all."

There was a silence from Mary. He looked at her, surprised. "I thought you liked it, darling. Something wrong?"

"Gosh," Mary said, her blue eyes pleading, "it's so silly you won't believe it. But—look, I know it seemed as if we weren't going to have any family except David, so we didn't build a nursery. And now we are, and there isn't any place to put him—her—it." Her voice trailed off into a wail. She sounded positively guilty.

Dana reached out a long arm and grabbed her exultantly. "We'll *find* a place, you crazy, adorable moron! Have I mentioned lately that I adore you?"

So the Andrews family eventually acquired a daughter called Kathie, who was undoubtedly the most beautiful baby ever born. David was so excited he could hardly stand it, and went around boasting to everyone about his baby sister. But when Mary came back from the hospital with Kathie there was still no nursery. Dana took David aside and put matters up to him. He could either move out of his room and sleep downstairs, or they'd put the baby's crib in his room with him.

"Sure, put her in with me," David said grandly. "I'm not getting out of my room for anybody." Then he reconsidered. "I don't know, though. She's awful cute, and I guess she ought to have her own room. I'll move downstairs, dad."

So that was that, and Kathie grew to her present two years with young David watching over her in a most proprietory way. Kathie, of course, adores him, and follows him around at every opportunity. She's an active youngster and Dana had a wall built around the whole yard, so Kathie could wander safely. Now, of course, she spends her entire time devising new methods of getting over the wall.

The stork is flapping his wings over the Andrews ménage again, and David is hoping for another sister. Dana and Mary will be happy with either a boy or girl—Mary is convinced that she is the luckiest wife in the world and when you look at Dana, you agree with her. It's—well, a sort of feeling you get that here's a guy you could really go for. A guy that's solid and dependable, and yet terribly exciting. It's an odd combination, and you think about it, and say to yourself that it can't all be there, you must have imagined it. Then you see Dana again, and you think "Gosh, he *does* have everything. No wonder Mary is so happy." And it gives you a pleasant sort of hunch that maybe somewhere in the world is another guy like Dana—for you!



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Wakita, Dept. 33-B, Box 22, Station Y, Bklyn 4, N. Y.

SWEET AND LOVELY

(*Continued from page 75*)

ing test, not giving it much thought. She was still remembering Sunday in which she had entered another camera contest and had been declared Camera Queen. Contests were affairs she understood and conquered; screen tests were quaint forms of defeat. She wasn't going to let this one bother her, however. Nor those other two if she decided to take them.

She never did. She signed her contract at 20th. And, still dazed after a preparatory lapse of a few months, she was put on a train with a Fox company eastbound to film "Home in Indiana."

Not only was it her first train ride, it was her first trip out of California, and the third long trip of her life.

crain's tour of u. s. . . .

She wrote to Rita, "After the war, if someone should say to you, 'Let's have dinner in London', you'll feel exactly the way I feel about this trip. I'm beginning to feel very worldly and traveled. Now that we're established in this town to make the picture, mobs of girls and boys hang around and ask for autographs. They even ask *me* for autographs. And I give them, even though I know my name doesn't mean much."

Those kids who got Jeanne's "Home In Indiana" autographs are probably shaking hands with themselves twice a day, after having seen the picture.

After "Indiana" Jeanne won the lead in "In The Meantime, Darling," which she didn't like because she can't stand herself in black and white. She likes Technicolor much better and is happy her next, "State Fair," will be rainbow-reeled.

While Jeanne was working in "Victory," director George Cukor remarked one day, "You've shown remarkable progress in a short time, Jeanne. You should begin to study with some good teacher."

The next thing Jeanne knew, she was taking a daily two-hour drama lesson from Madame Ludmilla Pitoeff, formerly one of the great European actresses.

Don't think, though, that contests—or the memory of them—have completely gone out of Jeanne's life. When the Hollywood post office issued the first of the three cent commemorative stamps in honor of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Motion Picture Industry, a representative from each studio was sent to the post office for a ceremony. Each person was given five commemorative stamps, and two "first day" covers. Jeanne took them home with pride to add to her stamp collection.

She told Rita, "Do you realize the last time I bought home stamps for my collection, I won them at school?"

They dragged out the huge album—"Here are the stamps I won in that contest. . . ." Jeanne started to say, then stopped in horror. The stamps were Japanese commemoratives.

Rita saved the situation. "They'll be twice as valuable after the Empire has been licked to a frazzle," she said staunchly.

Jeanne had one more thing to say about the day. "I met one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood," she confided. "Diana Lynn. I thought she was wonderful in 'Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.'"

Rita, a freshman in University, agreed with a sigh. "It must be wonderful to go around, meeting movie stars."

Jeanne nodded. She uttered her final words on her career: "I never thought it would happen to me."

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Lady Esther **4-Purpose Face Cream**



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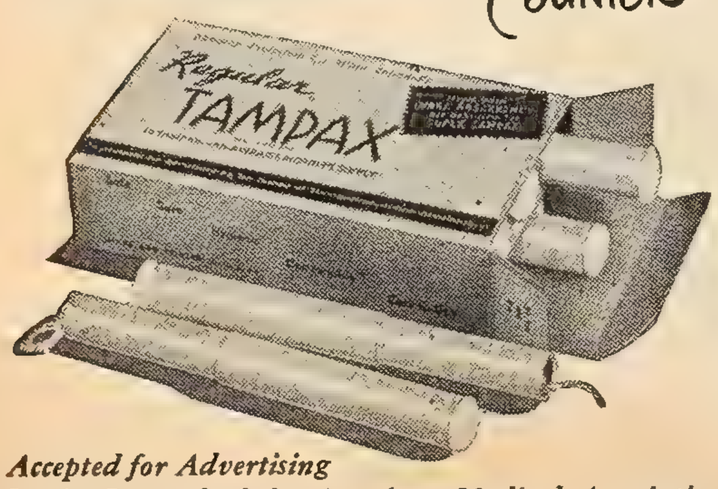
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3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

JENNY MADE HER MIND UP

(Continued from page 43)

don't ask for details of that evening. It was just one great big beautiful daze.

Her father didn't want her to be an actress. She never wanted anything else. As owner of a string of Texas theaters, he had nothing against the stage except it was tough, and he didn't want his only child to have her ears knocked down. She understands that now, because she feels the same way about her own children.

Dad's line used to be, "It's cheaper to hire an actress than to raise one." Jennifer's line was, "I'm not getting any younger." She started giving it to Dad when she was seventeen. Later, she handed Mr. Selznick the same line—

"When am I going to work? Am I *ever* going to work? I'm getting older by the minute—"

"Just cool your heels," he'd say. "We're waiting till the right thing comes along—"

Of course he was right. He's always right. *Bernadette* came along, and "Since You Went Away" and now "Love Letters." It's a beautiful story. Mr. Selznick's lending her and Joe Cotten to Hal Wallis of Paramount for that one—.

cup of kindness . . .

When she's not on a picture, her time's divided between the children and working as a Nurse's Aide. Nursing seemed the best thing she could do for the war effort. Her attitude toward it's professional, not romantic. Men suffer and die, which isn't a happy thing. But it's life, and you don't hide away from life.

Up at 5:45, she stays at the hospital till noon. Till they got to know you, patients feel a little dubious about Nurse's Aides. There's one old man Jennifer won't soon forget. He was pretty grumpy—

"Are you going to bathe me? Well, you don't have to put my head down. Leave my glasses alone. Don't pull the blanket off. You go about this funnier than anyone I ever saw, and I've been here five years—"

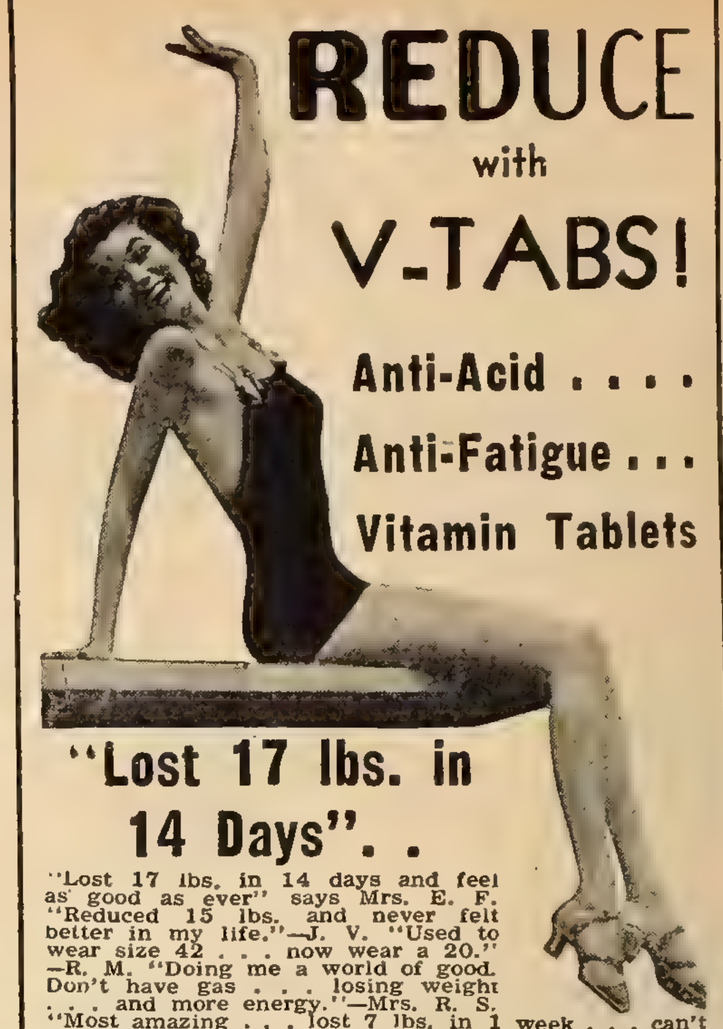
She humored him, and the crust began to crack. When he found out later that she was Jennifer Jones, he asked to see her. She hoped he wasn't going to apologize—.

Well, she needn't have worried. It *was* an apology, but the cutest one she'd ever heard. For a minute he looked at her, the way Lionel Barrymore looks in "Dr. Gillespie." "Next time," he said, "you don't have to be so gentle with me. I'm an old desert rat—."

The rest of the day belongs to the children—from lunchtime till she reads them to sleep with their current favorite, Mr. Milne's tale of stout Mr. Edward Bear. They love teddybears above all animals except maybe live dogs. The burning question of the moment is: "Will the new nurse like dogs?" The old one didn't. She said, "Either the dog goes or I go." At the time they needed the nurse more, so J. J.—the dear little cocker spaniel named by Bob after Jennifer's initials—went away. If the new nurse likes dogs, Dad's promised them a new dog who'll never go away—

Jennifer talks simply and without constraint of her happy days with Bob Walker. The only thing she won't talk about is their separation. Both boys look like their father. Robert, the 4-year-old, is an extrovert, friend to all the world. Michael's a year younger and romantic-looking—with long lashes shading Charles Boyer-eyes. Despite these undeniable points, Jennifer worries more about Michael. He's a moody little dreamer, and she's afraid

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life may be rough on him. She carries pictures in her wallet, but of course they don't do the boys justice.

At twenty-odd, she feels she's *really* getting old, because she's no longer ashamed to confess her childhood vanities. Chief among them was a longing for brown eyes. Hers *looked* brown sometimes, but sometimes they looked gray or green —especially when she turned toward the light. So, in talking to people, she'd maneuver her face toward the shadows. That went on for years—till somebody said her eyes were nice, even if they weren't brown. "Who wants brown eyes anyway?" she asked her mirror that night. It's a story she'd have blushed to tell until recently.

She was Phylis Isley in those days—Phylis with one l, and she can't think why unless Mother didn't know how to spell. (That's a joke, Mother, in case you should read this.) Maybe brown eyes would have given her more self-confidence, but probably not. There was no special reason for her to be shy, she just was. Certainly her background had nothing to do with it. Home was a happy place—Mother and Dad gave her all the love and encouragement a girl could want, not to mention material things. But Jennifer lacked assurance, except when she was acting. Acting released her. Dad didn't know what he was storing up for himself when he had her take lessons in expression. "Don't make an actress of her," he told the teacher. "I just want her to say little pieces for me and my friends—"

He might as well have said, "Give her wings, but don't let her fly."

It was the same way at school. They moved from Oklahoma City to Dallas to Tulsa. Every time Jennifer changed schools, she'd feel she didn't belong till they put on a play. After that, she was in. At Montecassino, where she boarded for a year, it was awful at first. Her roommate was one of those gay, colorful girls whom everyone loved. For a while Jennifer tried to pattern herself after Betty, but that was a flop—

"What d'you expect?" she'd apostrophize herself scornfully. "You dull, colorless creature, all arms and legs—!" Then she'd soften a little. "Never mind, poor child. Just wait till a play comes along—."

too good to be true . . .

The play always worked wonders—brought her inward assurance and applause from her little world. But when the girls got together and talked about after-school plans and asked Jennifer what *she* was going to do, she'd say, "Oh—get married, I guess, or be a nurse." She could no more have said actress than queen. The goal was too glorious. Who did she think she was, anyway?

To herself, though, she never stopped saying actress. Finally, she started talking to Mother about it. Even to Dad in a kind of experimental way. The experiment didn't take. Because when she came right out with it shortly before graduation, Dad put his foot down.

It was her high school dramatics teacher who precipitated the crisis. "You ought to go to New York to study," she told Jennifer.

"New York's no place for a girl of seventeen," said Dad. "Besides, we thought you were going to Vassar."

That's where shy little Jennifer's foot came down. First, she'd never be able to pass the exams. And even if she could, no more girls' schools for her. If New York was out, she'd go to a co-ed college—

They compromised on Northwestern. At least it had a good speech department. Jennifer joined a sorority, and she must have attended classes, but all that's vague background for one outstanding event. She played *Jessica* in "Merchant of Venice."



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David Bruce played *Bassanio*. He's in pictures now. Then, he was merely dreamman of the world to every co-ed on the campus.

Jennifer thought she was good, despite the constructive criticism of a young doctor who was courting her at the time. "If you'd hold your head differently," he complained, "your neck wouldn't look so long. Personally, I *like* long necks, but after all, there's a limit."

"What do necks have to do with acting?" she demanded loftily, and never really forgave him till she met David Bruce in New York a couple of years later.

"You've certainly improved," he said kindly. "Remember that singsong business you gave us at Northwestern?"

How she got to New York was by arguing. One year at college was all she could stand. Why waste her life on liberal arts? What did liberal arts have to do with acting? As long as she wasn't acting, she'd be unhappy, and the years were passing, and she wasn't getting any younger. Other girls started acting at four. Look at Shirley Temple—

juliet on 57th street . . .

"You should have been a lawyer," sighed Dad, and capitulated. He and Mother escorted her to New York, settled her at the Barbizon Hotel for Women, watched her do a scene from "Romeo and Juliet" for the director of the American Academy. She was still up in heaven with *Juliet*, when Dad brought her down to earth with a bang—

"She's never been away from home alone before," he was saying to Mr. Deistel, "and the traffic's pretty heavy around here—"

He couldn't understand why she was so upset. "Juliet!" she kept muttering darkly. "Being led by the hand across 57th Street—"

School was thrilling that first year. There was a boy named Bob Walker, a marvelous actor—all the girls died to have him in their class. So when he was cast as *Browning* to Jennifer's *Elizabeth* in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," her cup ran over. The only bad thing was, he didn't *want* to do it—

"But why not? It's such a wonderful part—"

He wouldn't tell her at first. Not till they got to know each other better. Then one day he broke down. "Because the pants are so tight, and my legs are so skinny," he confessed.

Jennifer went home for the summer. First day she got back, Bob phoned. He wasn't going back to school. He was putting on "Springtime for Henry" at the Cherry Lane Theater down in Greenwich Village—

"But that's almost professional!—Can I work there too?—Then I won't go back to school either—"

The letter, announcing their ewe lamb's decision, brought her parents tearing East. Dad didn't like the sound of Greenwich Village. Nor was he reassured by the sight of it. His daughter coming down there alone! Going home alone at night!

"But I'm *not* going home alone," said Jennifer softly.

So they met Bob and—well, you don't have to spell the words out for Mother and Dad. When a girl's in love, you've got to call her grown-up, even though she still seems a baby to her father. Seeing them off for Tulsa, Jennifer's heart yearned over them like a mother's. "They're resigned, poor darlings—"

When the telegram came, she wasn't so sure—

"Radio station wants you to star in series of dramatic broadcasts. Forty a week. Bring along any actor you like to play opposite. Dad."

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Cute, but transparent. Especially the part about bringing an actor along. Jennifer strongly suspected that Mr. and Mrs. Phil Isley would be footing the salary. As an actress of integrity, she really ought to spurn the offer. Before spurning it, she talked it over with Bob. They decided it might be fun. So-o: They went to Tulsa, saved their money, were married the following January and departed for Hollywood to seek their fortune—this time strictly on their own.

Hollywood viewed them with a lackluster eye. They did get a few auditions. Bob wanted them to showcase their talents in "Our Town." Jennifer, convinced she was no ingenue, insisted on Ibsen and, since they'd been married only a couple of months, her word was law. Looking very young and stringy, they offered scenes from "Ghosts," and the agents thought, "Who *are* these characters?" So the charactors took themselves back to New York.

Robert was born, and a year later—Michael. It was the only non-working period of her life that Jennifer didn't regard as a waste of time. Then, as Jennifer prepared to return to work, an obsession hit her.

The obsession was, that she'd been born to play "Claudia". Dorothy McGuire was wonderful, but she could do it, too. David O. Selznick had bought the screen rights. Without being aware of it, he was probably just waiting for Jennifer to come along. She had a Rendezvous with Fate.

MARCH ISSUE

We come and practically go on February 13th. So hie to your dealer in the early a.m. for your March MODERN SCREEN.

Fate's intermediary was Katherine Brown, Mr. Selznick's representative. In New York that summer, they were wearing what amounted to a uniform—black dress, big black hat, black shoes and stockings, black gloves and a string of pearls. Thus arrayed, Jennifer kept an interview appointment. She told Miss Brown how she felt about "Claudia". She wasn't cocky about it, just terribly, terribly earnest—

claudia in soapsuds . . .

"If you're as good as all that—" said Miss Brown, and handed her a scene.

Jennifer was taken by surprise. She made a horrible hash of the scene. She knew it even before Miss Brown said gently, "You know—that was *not* good—"

If she hadn't been so sweet about it, Jennifer might have escaped with dignity. As it was, she burst into bitter tears—

"Never mind," said Miss Brown. "Come back tomorrow and see Mr. Selznick."

Bob was working, and she had to find comfort somewhere, so she fled to Mother's —Mother'd taken a place nearby on Long Island that summer.

"I'm not going back," wept Jennifer.

"Why not, if she asked you to?"

"She was just being nice. She had to get rid of me somehow."

"Maybe you'll change your mind by tomorrow—"

"I'm going to make sure I won't change my mind. I'm going to wash my hair!"

That's what she was doing when the phone rang. "Why aren't you at the Selznick office?"

Funny, how the mere question washed everything else out. Why *wasn't* she there? She must be crazy! The woebegone waif turned into a whirlwind—same clothes as yesterday—only she'd left the big hat and pearls at Mother's—just as well, maybe, not to be so done up—she'd have to blow five

Is faded, coarse, aging "TOP-SKIN" making you unlovely?



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or six dollars on a cab—couldn't wait for the train—took a towel along, and dried her hair all the way in to town—

It was still damp when she took her place among the other girls in Mr. Selznick's office. She couldn't know, as he passed through, that hers was the only face he noted, and that one look was almost enough. She'd been right about one thing. She did have a rendezvous with fate, though its name wasn't "Claudia."

All she knew was, Mr. Selznick was so easy to talk to. Everything came pouring out—next thing, he was talking tests and contracts, and if the tests turned out as he thought, she needn't worry about leaving the family, because he'd want her to spend the next year in New York studying, with the studio paying the bills—

cook's out of order . . .

That's how the fairy tale started. Like all fairy tales, it was hard to believe, and it kept growing more and more fabulous—

"This can't *be*," gasped Jennifer when he said she was to test for *Bernadette*. And when she got the part. And when she heard her name called for the Academy Award. Such things don't *hap*pen, she told her whirling brain. But they happened to Jennifer.

By contrast with her exciting professional life, her private life's quiet. That's laziness, says she. It's so much easier to say, "Sorry, I'm busy," than go to a lot of parties. Her own company holds no terrors for her. She likes to walk—takes five-mile strolls after dinner, eating fritos and gingersnaps. Or she'll read—against a musical background. Her natural taste runs toward the popular, but she's exposing herself to classical music—wants to see if her higher nature's developing. It is—in a slow and gradual way. She's beginning to go for Debussy and some of Chopin—

Nothing bores her but detail. She can't bother remembering to have the car greased and, though her book's full of coupons, she's always out of gas. By the same token, she can't cook. As a bride, she tried very hard, but all she had to show for it were dirty dishes and plates full of food they didn't eat. Bob was very kind about it—he'd say to forget it, and they'd go to the corner drugstore to eat.

In New York she loved hats. In California she never wore one till Anita Colby came into her life. Anita's in charge of grooming and fashions for Mr. Selznick. Now she's so Colby-conscious, she'll hardly step into the backyard without a hat on her head, if it's only a tam.

She won't write letters because her handwriting's awful—like a 5-year-old child's. She's also like a 5-year-old child about candy. Things she can't stand are open closets because something might pop out at her, and dripping faucets. About the latter, she's developed a mild form of insanity. First thing after hopping into bed, she starts listening for the drip. Amazing thing is, she always hears it, too!

Lin Yu-Tang thinks there's something wrong with her. Not that she's ever met him—just read in one of his books that something's wrong with you if you don't like to smoke. When the girls at school started smoking, Jennifer didn't. She wanted to be different. Not smoking caused quite a lot of comment. The boys thought it was wonderful. Obviously Lin Yu-Tang didn't, and she has a great admiration for Lin Yu-Tang, so she tried to learn, and that was a flop, too. It made her kind of sick, and the smoke got in her eyes. and she looked pretty silly, holding the cigarette way down there—

On the whole, though, she's doing all right. For a girl who can't smoke and never had brown eyes and practically wasted her life till she was seventeen. . .



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LON McCALLISTER

(*Continued from page 51*)

mother, grandmother and grandfather. Starting life a rich boy, son of wealthy midwest immigrants to California, later Lon was raised in harassed poverty when the Great Depression wiped out his family's fortunes. His mother and father separated. But neither of these childhood tragedies could dim the natural sunshine of Lon's young spirit. He entered and left a dozen different schools as his hard-pressed family moved from one cheap apartment to another, often just one jump ahead of the sheriff. But in every school Lon made friends—and he also made his mark.

When his family found work out Hollywood way, Lon entered LeConte Junior High, an especially movie-wise school. Half the kids there worked in pictures, made money as extras on the side. Eagerly, Lon yearned for this new chance to do his bit as a family breadwinner. Balked at first, his always widespread activities won a break. The Maxwell Choristers, a boys' singing group Lon joined, were summoned by M-G-M to sing in "Romeo and Juliet." At the studio, Lon was the last one picked of a small group to play choir boys in the Norma Shearer Shakespearean special. Riding home on the bus, his head buzzed with excitement because he would get ten dollars every day for five days. To him it was was like fifty thousand.

That was a step on the road to his major ambition—to let his frail mother and elderly grandparents quit work. Another kind of ambition—to be a star himself—was to come later.

too little and too short . . .

From the start, there was something about young Lon McCallister that caught the quick eye of the best Hollywood artists. He was small, it's true, not the type you'd ever tag to stand out in a crowd. But keen eyes invariably spotted something in Lon's face, something unusual about his fresh personality that sparked from his eyes and radiated from his smile. And Hollywood wise men have known since the beginning that what makes great stars is not great acting alone—but a personality that people instinctively like.

Lon had just slipped under the wire for his first job in "Romeo and Juliet"—the last kid to be picked from the Maxwell Choristers. But he was the first one George Cukor chose for a close-up. Norma Shearer, Lon's dream princess, found her smile beaming particularly on the cherub-faced kid in his curled wig, tights and banded blouse. Sometimes she'd stop and chat with him to the other choir kids' huge envy. It was to be that way with Lon always. Stars were instinctively to seek him out among the extras, warm up to him, become friendly, for no particular reason—like Anne Shirley when she made "Stella Dallas," and Lon was a lowly super. Anne found she had the same birthday, April seventeenth, as Lon, and they spent spare hours on the set making plans to form a birthday club.

It was a pure gift, this magnet that Lon had for other talented people. It was unconscious, unplanned and incidentally completely ineffective on those who weren't *simpatico* by nature. Maybe the worst example was much later on when he was playing an extra bit as an elevator operator in Jack Benny's picture, "The Meanest Man in Town." Lon's colossal acting feat in that was to say one word, "Seventeen!" as his car supposedly reached the seventeenth floor. He had to say it in a nasty

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tone of voice, and it wasn't nasty enough to suit the director. He made Lon do it over and over again until the whole set stirred with impatience. Finally, he ordered him away from the camera. "One thing's certain, boy," he raved, "*you'll* never be an actor!"

But after "Romeo and Juliet" there was no burning Hollywood question one way or another about whether Lon McCallister would ever make an actor. Certainly none in busy M-G-M's mind and very little in Lon's. He took his mother to see the premiere of "Romeo" from a fifty-cent seat in the bleachers erected along Peacock Alley where the big stars would parade in. Lon craned his neck eagerly and pointed out to his mother the ones he knew. He finally saw the picture in a little neighborhood theater for twenty cents. His close-up went by so fast he had to sit through three times to remember it.

But the fifty dollars he earned in "Romeo and Juliet" was not forgotten by Bud McCallister—far from it. He had uncovered a treasure trove in Hollywood which could let him play a man-sized part contributing to the family exchequer.

His first "credit," small as it was, made Lon McCallister officially a child actor. He got his picture and description printed in Wells' Casting Book, which studio casting offices gleaned whenever they needed unknown youngsters, bit players, kid extras. Lon knew what riches showered on a kid who clicked. Jane Withers, for instance, had moved from her Sunset Boulevard bungalow court out to an estate in Westwood. But Jane still attended her old church in Hollywood. That's where Lon worshipped, too, and one of his first "dates" was to go out to Jane's house with some Sunday School kids one Sabbath. He noticed how her parents beamed with happiness at Jane's great success. Why couldn't something like that happen to him?

Lon registered at all the casting offices. He had a look-in at Selznick's when "Tom Sawyer" was casting. Lon was even promised a part supporting Tommy Kelly, but the picture dragged out preparing so long, that by the time it started, Lon had grown too big to play it. The same thing, by the way, happened to a girl in that same picture, named Gloria DeHaven.

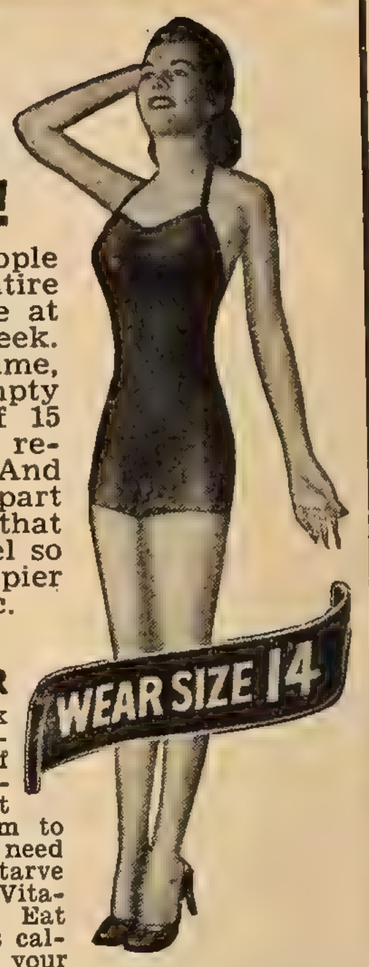
So Lon had to content himself with playing kid extras. He was in most of the early Mickey Rooney, Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper pictures such as "Lord Jeff," the "Spirit of Culver," "Babes in Arms." He got $8 a day, as a rule, and he worked almost every day. Pretty soon Lon could afford to blow $25 on a tuxedo which qualified him to make the price back in two days at $16.50 as a "dress extra" in kid party scenes. By the time LeConte Junior High was over, Bud McCallister, as casting offices knew Lon, was so busy as a studio extra that the principal of Hollywood High had to lay down the law. "You'll have to give up extra work on week days if you start school here," he told Lon. "You won't have time for both." Lon knew that was impossible. He looked around for another school.

birds of a feather . . .

The Mar-Ken professional school on Franklin and Gower Streets was a hotbed of the Hollywood sub-deb actor group. Lon's school mates were the Mauch Twins, Billy and Bobby, the Dead End Kids, Mary Lee, who was Gene Autry's leading lady and already a star, and who was to win a slice of Lon's puppy love. There was Ray Sperry, Freddie Bartholomew's stand-in, soon to become Lon's best friend. Bobby Breen, Jackie Moran, June Carlson, Gloria DeHaven—all were Mar-Ken kids, plus several others too numerous to mention.

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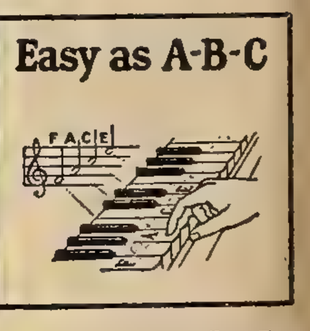
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Mar-Ken concentrated lessons into a morning so the specialized student body could scurry out afternoons to their singing and dancing lessons, their studio, theater and radio jobs and rehearsals. A professional job was as important as textbooks at Mar-Ken, and if a big break came along, it took precedence. You could make up high school lessons on week-ends or afternoons between jobs. The tuition wasn't high—$10 a month—and Lon could handle that out of the studio jobs that piled up on him.

paging fame . . .

Sometimes he'd have a line to say (and that meant extra money, $25 at least)—as in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" where Lon never even faced the camera but stood on the sidelines and yelled, "Second Act curtain going up! Curtain going up!" Sometimes the line would really be an important bit, like the one that introduced the star in "Gentleman Jim." There, dressed as a bell boy, Lon led the camera around from set to set as he strode through the Olympic Club set crying, "Paging Mr. Corbett—Mister Jim Corbett!" The nearest Lon ever got to a real part in a picture was in "Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President" at M-G-M. He played his first "character part," a young thief who stole a mail bag. The studio planned to enlarge the sequence with added scenes, and for a while Lon thought he'd get some notice that would boost him up to bigger jobs. But the scene involved Walter Brennan, a Sam Goldwyn star, and Sam happened to be having one of his fights with M-G-M. He called back the star, Brennan, and that ended that.

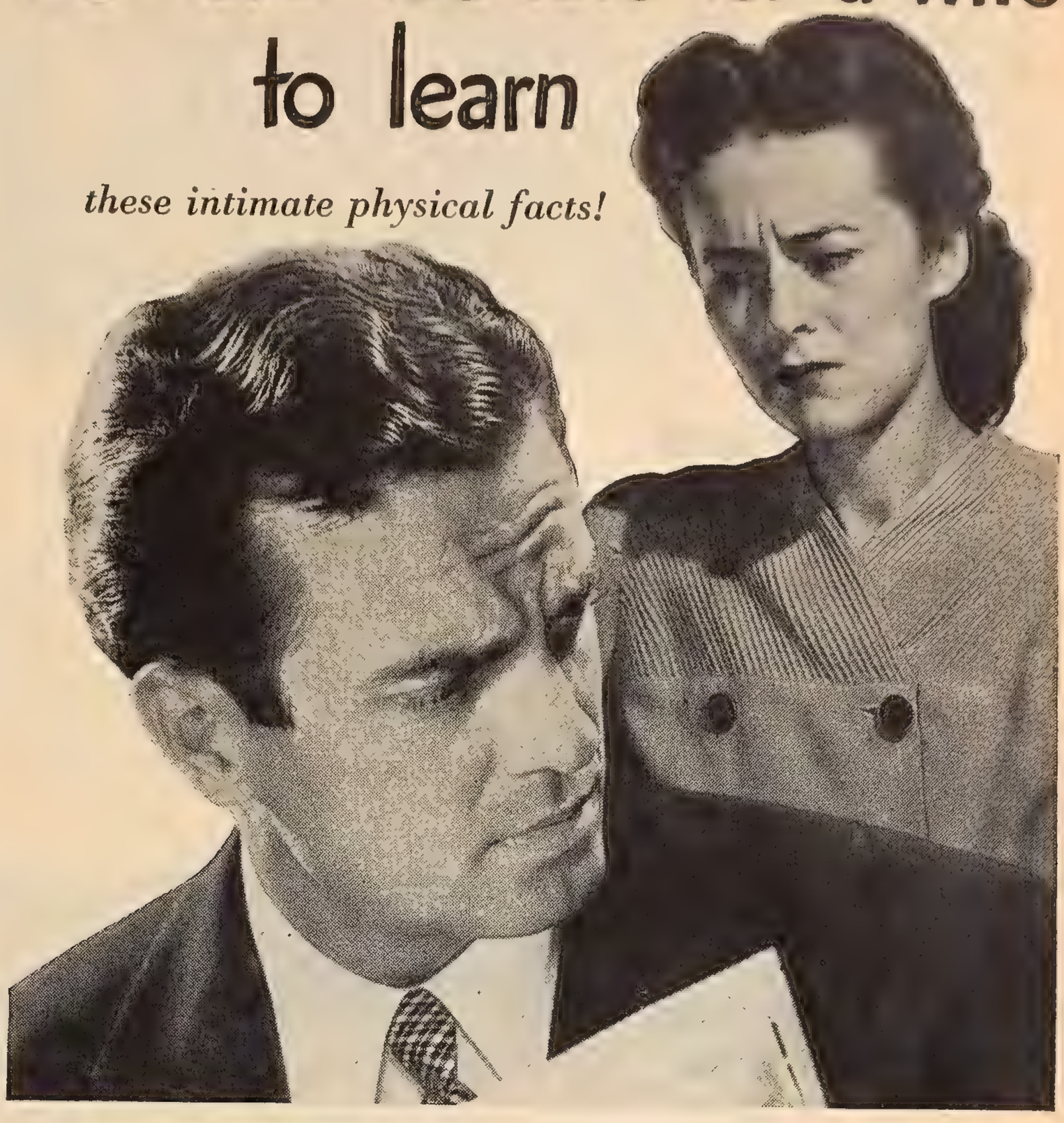
There were lots of disappointments. Once, in particular, he was interviewed along with fifty other young hopefuls for the good part of Jackie Cooper's buddy in a Deanna Durbin picture. On the stage, a smiling, smallish man passed Lon and playfully slapped him on the back. Lon slapped the man right back and noticed that everyone gasped. Turned out to be Joe Pasternak, the picture's producer. He took it good-naturedly, though, and picked Lon as one of the ten boys for consideration. But in the end it was like all the rest. "Looks too young," was the official verdict.

When these exciting moments flopped—as they always did—Lon found he wasn't dismayed. He didn't really care. Fifty-odd pictures he was to play in the extra ranks before his own break came. But in all Lon McCallister's eight years as an extra, never did he become bored or cynical or blasé about Hollywood. Maybe because the studios were never his whole life—but only a means of self-support. Lon had other interests, just as vital and twice as real.

All the time he was acting his age at school and in the few spare hours he had for fun. The first day at Mar-Ken Lon had met Ray Sperry and Betty. One became his firm friend, the other the object of his affections—shared sometimes with Mary Lee. Ray and Lon chased down to the beach after school when they weren't working. They tramped up Mount Hollywood or behind Pasadena to Switzer's Camp for all-day outings. Another chum joined them often, Chuck Trowbridge. Chuck was the brother of a girl who worked with Lon's mother at Dr. Butler's, the Hollywood dentist's. They became a trio, inseparable for the teen-age recreation spots with which Southern California is dotted. They went to the Rollerbowl on Sunset, to the bowling alleys, horseback riding out in the Valley. They worked out together at gymnastics and swimming at the "Y" and Hollywood Athletic Club. They packed off on week-ends in somebody's jalopy to Lake Arrowhead to sail boats or

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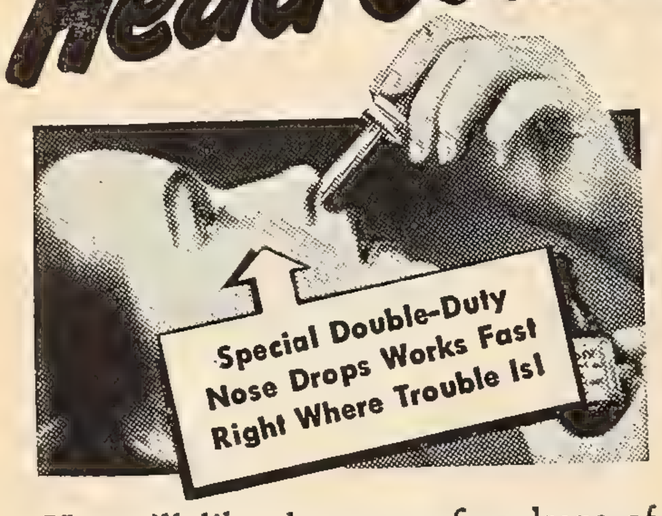
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VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

paddle canoes on the lake. They got each other out of tight places, as Lon did once when the canoe overturned at Arrowhead, and Ray needed fishing out. And as Ray did when Lon knocked himself out with a shallow dive at Pop's Willow Lake, a favorite resort of theirs in the hills behind Hollywood. (Lon was later to duplicate that accident, almost exactly, in "Home in Indiana.") Jack Sennett, a Mar-Ken boy, was another of Lon's pals, and usually along. Chuck and Jack are both in the South Pacific now, hunting Japs, and Ray is a defense worker at Lockheed. They're still as thick as thieves, because once Lon makes a friend he never lets him go.

hang-dog puppy love . . .

No wonder Lon was popular wherever he went. Although plainly he was no typical extra, the other extras and the stars, too, found themselves liking Lon. Once on a Henry Aldrich picture his birthday came around. Lon was just an extra, member of the mob scene. But suddenly, in the middle afternoon, the director called a halt, and the whole gang, camera crew, other extras, director and stars, broke into "Happy Birthday" and pulled out a cake and ice cream. That doesn't happen often to a mere extra. At Mar-Ken, Lon was voted vice-president of his class while his girl friend, Betty, was named president. They had an election at school, and Lon carried off the "most popular boy" title while Betty was named "most popular girl."

Somehow, it seemed Lon had been thrown with Betty from the day he started Mar-Ken. So naturally she became his first sweetheart. She's happily married now, so she can laugh with Lon at his first serious encounter with puppy love.

It happened on Betty's birthday party which the gang decided to celebrate with a hayride out in the San Fernando Valley. All of Lon's gang at Mar-Ken were along, plumped down in the soft hay, looking up at a round, creamy California moon. The night was warm, and the orange groves gave out with a perfume. The build-up was perfect. Lon found himself leaning nearer to beautiful Betty. But he didn't know what to do from then on. Finally he summoned up his courage and in a wavering voice, croaked, "Betty, may I kiss you—on your birthday?"

Only Lon happened to strike one of those twenty-minutes-after moments of dead silence. Everybody on the ride heard him, and in the roar of laughs and razzes Lon turned scarlet. They kidded him for days about the "romantic moment" he could tell interviewers about when he became a star. Becoming a star was part of the rib, of course.

Lon liked to dance and to run around to Hollywood's young set fun spots. He passed through a typically hey-hey period—wore loud Hawaiian shirts, spouted slang, raced around in other kids' jalopies and swilled Pepsis. Most of all he liked to walk hand in hand with his girl down Hollywood Boulevard, the glittery, tawdry alley that is still romantic to Lon, and window shop, dropping in Brown's ice cream parlor for a hot fudge sundae or sipping a jumbo malt at the Melody Lane. But he had his serious side, too, always. The bookworm habit he'd acquired as a lonely kid stuck. Still moving around, Lon's family landed in an apartment at Santa Monica Boulevard and Vine Street, right near the John C. Fremont Public Library. Many a spare afternoon when he had his choice between books and some outing with Ray and the gang, Lon chose the library.

Particularly he liked poetry. Lon had composed the class poems for graduation

at Junior High, and he was to be class poet at Mar-Ken, too. He was always to nurture a secret ambition to write, one he still has. Lon buried himself for hours in the volumes of D. H. Lawrence, Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Archibald MacLeish and Walt Whitman. Nor did he neglect the spiritual side of his young life. Grandmother Hocking taught Sunday school wherever the family happened to move, and Lon, growing into his own age of reason, decided to sample all religions. One Sunday he'd attend the Christian Church in Hollywood, the next the Presbyterian and the next the Blessed Sacrament Catholic church. He joined and soon became president of the Vacation Bible Club, and one summer he joined their summer camp up in the mountains.

Lon was never embarrassed, as most kids would have been, by this strong spiritual side of his life. At one time he even considered training to be a minister or a missionary. Nor did he see anything inconsistent in staying a clean, wholesome youth, and at the same time making his living as a studio extra. Most of his pals smoked and occasionally experimented with alcohol, but Lon just wasn't interested. He could laugh at a joke and have a swell time with the girls, but he never came near becoming a juvenile wolf. He has never seen any reason to abandon his high personal ideals, even though the direction of his life's work steered a new course during two hours he spent in a Hollywood Boulevard movie house.

One day Lon walked into the old Egyptian Theater with some of the gang just to see a movie. He'd heard "A Star is Born" was good—the touching film story of a little Hollywood extra girl. He sat in the dark theater, in the place where once Sid Grauman's premieres had packed in the great stars of another Hollywood era. He watched Janet Gaynor in her great comeback bring to life the realities of a star's life in Hollywood. Breathless, Lon watched the little extra girl marry the great star, pass him in the struggle, try to hold his love against his own destroying pride. To Lon, Fredric March and Janet Gaynor were real people. What they made him feel by their acting, he suddenly recognized as great art and a worthy goal. If he could only do that—make people feel something deep inside. It would be—like—like preaching in a way.

Lon walked out of the Egyptian strangely silent while the rest of the kids chattered away. He strolled over to Brown's for the usual fudge sundae, but he didn't say much. They knew something was wrong. "Come on, Bud, snap out of it."

Lon smiled, tried to shake off the spell. 'Sorry, fellows," he said, "Gosh, that was a swell picture!"

"Yeah. That's Academy."

"I'm going to be a star some day," Lon suddenly blurted out fiercely. "I'm going to do pictures that—make people feel like I feel now. I don't care how long it takes. I don't care what I've got to learn. That's what I'm going to be now, I know it. An actor. And I'm going to live at Malibu, in a house by the ocean." He grinned happily. "Think I'm crazy, don't you?"

They laughed, "Not any crazier than every other crazy extra," somebody said.

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"They all say that."

Lon laughed, too. But he said stubbornly, "You'll see!" He wondered himself if maybe he was a little touched.

Until now Lon had never exposed himself to much instruction in the fundamentals of acting. Now he began to hang around behind the camera crew and creep up close, watching the stars do what they did and listening to the director instruct them. From now on every extra job turned out to be a lesson in screen dramatic technique. But Lon wasn't satisfied. He enrolled in his spare hours with Mrs. Josephine Dillon Gable, famous dramatic coach of Hollywood.

And there was an even more practical school for voice and dramatic reading—one that paid off in checks, right up the street from Lon's apartment at Santa Monica and Vine—the Hollywood broadcasting studios, CBS and NBC. Radio had moved big shows from New York to Hollywood by then; Hollywood-originated shows crowded the air. In his browsings around the John C. Fremont library, Lon had run onto the published radio writings of Norman Corwin, and they clicked with him. Until then all radio had meant to him was a portable to take to the beach and tune in on Benny Goodman.

ridin' the waves . . .

Lon took a brief course in radio technique and acting from a Hollywood radio school. Then he haunted the studios and the agency offices which put on the coast-to-coast shows. He had another reason to push him in his job hunt. After years of working beyond the capacity of her frail body, Madaleine Hocking had suffered a physical breakdown, mostly exhaustion and nervous depletion, the doctor said—but she mustn't work for a long time. Lon thanked his lucky stars he was a money-maker now. But he knew he had to make more.

His ether debut wasn't very grand and glorious. Lon was a grocery clerk selling soup behind a counter in a commercial with Bill Hay, the announcer of the Amos 'n' Andy program. On a Lux Theater show he was an elevator boy, just as he'd been in pictures, shouting a floor to start a show with Myrna Loy and William Powell, right after Cecil B. DeMille said, "on with the show." On the Screen Guild Show he was a newsboy, hawking papers while the mike faded him out. But, as he had on the sets, Lon kept his eyes open and his ears cocked.

As he had at the studios, Bud McCallister became a popular little guy along Radio Row. Producers liked his alert brightness. He never made fluffs. He was always prompt at rehearsals. His likeable personality was to pay off when he had a favor to ask.

That time came soon. The spring of his seventeenth birthday, Lon graduated from Mar-Ken. He was valedictorian of his class, and he delivered the graduation speech at commencement in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Lon's subject was "Tolerance," a subject he believed in. That night Lon lay awake a long time in his room with the light on, staring at the ceiling and thinking "What next?" He knew he wanted a college education, and by now he felt confident he could earn one. But why? He didn't want to study for any profession. You couldn't learn to be an actor at any college. Still he knew he would never be content to break off the academic learning, the learning that would make him appreciate the larger life he already thirsted for.

Next morning Lon talked it over with his mother and grandmother. He told them he wanted to go on to college, but, sensibly enough, he thought he was too young to appreciate college. He was seventeen.

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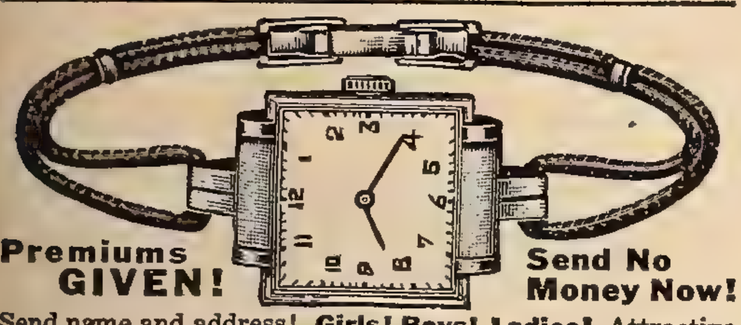
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He'd lived a life bound close to Hollywood. What he really thought he should do was see something of the world. If he ever wanted to act, he must broaden himself. "Mother," he said suddenly, "I think I'll go to New York."

But before he left for the East, he attended classes at L. A. City College and then quit after six weeks because they didn't teach him the things he wanted to learn. The rest of that autumn and the next spring he worked to finance the coming trip. New York is the Big League, and Lon knew it. As his own high school graduation gift he had made a down payment on a Chevrolet—typically Lon, buying it more for the enjoyment of his mother and grandparents than himself. There were the payments. There were the Radio Actor's Guild dues, too. His mother was over her illness now but not ready to resume her job. Things had been slow that year both at the studios and along Radio Row. Just the same, Lon made his plans.

Lon's dramatic lessons paid off. Up until that summer the highest check Lon had received was $66 one week for a bit part with Deanna Durbin in "That Certain Age." Now, out of the blue, came another bit in another Henry Aldrich picture at the fabulous salary of $100 a week, and it lasted seven weeks! There was a stake. Now to find a way to earn his freight.

Lon had an idea. A simple one, it's true, one a more experienced actor would have scorned for its simplicity. He canvassed all the producers of Hollywood radio shows he'd worked in. Because they liked him, they wrote letters recommending him as an experienced radio actor, although at that time Lon knew he was really just a radio extra. He pasted these all in an impressive book. It would be his "open sesame" to Radio City in New York.

But Lon had no fears. He found a friend who was driving East to take a job. New York was a wonderland to Lon. He saw a show every spare night from then on, buying standing room. And as Lon alone knew it would, his book of letters opened the gates of Radio City. He got a job right away.

penny-pinching wonderland . . .

His Hollywood list of shows was impressive—Lux Theater, Guild Show, Silver Theater. Lon found himself in the Big Time, with far better radio chances than he'd ever had in Hollywood. On "Pursuit of Happiness," the Campbell Playhouse and other coast-to-coasters, he handled small roles easily. In a few weeks Lon could write home for his mother to come on and join him. They took a small apartment in Greenwich Village, on University Place, and to Lon McCallister in his eighteenth year, one of his greatest dreams had come true. He was bringing happiness to his folks who had done so much for him. The temptation was strong to stay on and carve a permanent place for himself in Radio City while he sopped up the marvels of acting on Broadway. In those months he grew up several years in dramatic appreciation and with growth came confidence. "I can do it, too," he promised himself. "I can be an actor as well as anybody else. I know it."

But there were a couple of items coming up—college and money. His trip had expanded into more expense than he had planned. The $700 stake he started with was melting fast. There was barely enough left to buy coach seats to Illinois and meet Grandfather and Grandmother Hocking and then drive back home—to Hollywood. Lon came back home broke again—and he must start college that fall—or he'd never start, he knew that.



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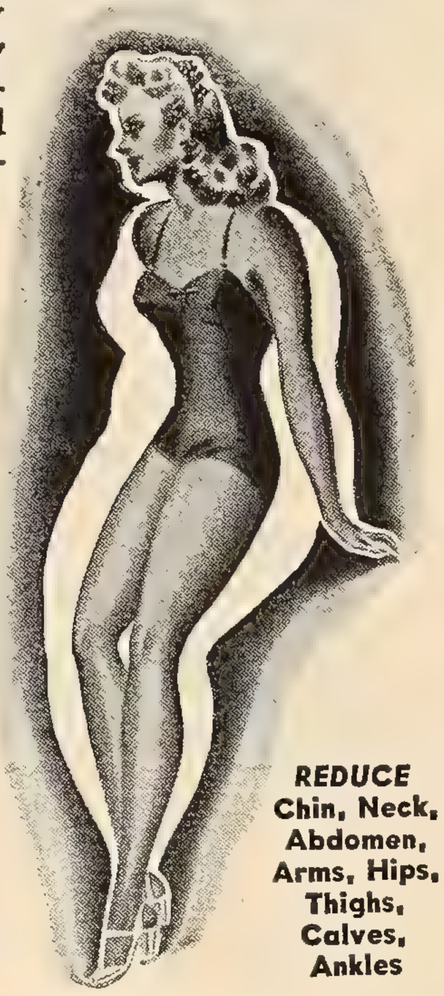
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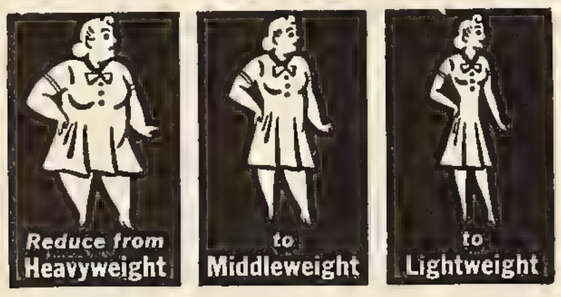
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Lon did. He tackled both the studios and Radio Row again. He stirred up extra calls and uncovered the best radio role he had yet had. Bob Hope was off the air. A summer show, "A Date With Judy," was set to take his place. With his Radio City record, Lon snagged the part of Judy's boy friend. It was worth $55 a week, and it lasted all summer. The folks went back to work, and Lon piled up his salary. When school opened, he was all set. With the extra work and occasional radio calls, he could make it.

He entered Chapman College, a small church-endowed school few people have ever heard of. Mostly ministers' sons went there, studying to be reverends or missionaries. Lon wanted a larger life out of his college education. He always had a theological, philosophical turn to his nature. Okay. He would separate acting entirely from his curriculum. He would try to find out what life was all about from a spiritual view.

He would join the "divines" at Chapman. He went straight in to see the president, Dr. Cheverton. Lon laid his case before him. He was an actor, a movie extra, a radio player. He would have to keep working to stay in college. He might have to be absent from classes, rush from his make-up kit to his desk. But he wanted a sound education along with his work. Would it be possible for him to do it at Chapman?

Dr. Cheverton was an understanding man. "I'll admit I'm surprised," he said. "We've never had an actor here before. But that's the reason I'm all the more interested in you."

Lon started his college course with The Life and Teachings of Jesus, English, Man of the Western World (history) and Beginnings of Philosophy.

At first, in Lon's words, he "felt like a devil in a flock of angels," at Chapman. And, conversely, he felt like an angel in a flock of—well—not exactly angels on the studio sets. But then, they'd long ago tagged him "the angel extra" because of his innocent way and youthful, cherubic face. Now, lugging his Bible to every set, Lon lived up to his studio nickname. He had no time to waste, and every extra has plenty of spare hours waiting around sets between scene and script changes.

Lon made life-long bosom pals, as he had at MarKen. He joined a fraternity, Phi Alpha Chi. It had only thirteen members, it wasn't a big national, the brothers were all poor. So poor, in fact, that the frat existed without dues. Alpha Chi's "fraternity house" was the room Lon shared with his best college chum, Ben Bohnhorst. Ben was president, and Lon was secretary. The room was at Chapman's new quarters in Whittier, a town near Los Angeles, where Lon became a boarding student. The Navy had taken over the old campus on Vermont Avenue. Because suddenly, unbelievably, tragically, something had happened which was to change the lives not only of Chapman College students, but of every young man capable of bearing arms—Lon McCallister included.

He had been on a Catalina Island excursion boat that Sunday. Banners on the squat, white boat announced, "In all the world no trip like this." The scat band tooted away with "Avalon," and the blue channel waters parted with white foam and startled flying fish.

Eagerly, he watched the prow head into the dock at the storied bay of Avalon. But the gang of Islanders who usually line the piers to razz incoming vacationers were strangely absent. People seemed to be running around the pier in anything but a lazy holiday mood. Just then a loudspeaker aboard called, "Attention—all passengers! Attention all passengers!" Came

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the fateful words, "The Japanese are bombing Pearl Harbor. We are at war with Japan. Enemy submarines are probably in these waters. We are returning to port immediately."

The band switched from "Avalon" to the proud strains of "The Star Spangled Banner." Lon and the other vacationers came solemnly to attention. On the way back, gray Coast Guard cutters churned the channel anxiously. At San Pedro they lifted the submarine net to let the excursion steamer in.

home-front g.i. . . .

Lon knew what war meant to him. Eventually, he would be in uniform. The official news came—"Carry on whatever you are doing." Unless they had military training, students were advised to remain at their studies until the Army knew what was what, and selective service got organized. Lon returned to his Chapman classes. He knew what war eventually would mean to his generation—a fight. But there was no way Lon could foretell that indirectly it would also break the way, suddenly, dramatically, to the acting opportunity he had never dreamed of arriving for years to come.

The Chapman students got a day off to help the labor-shy grove owners harvest their orange crop. Lon played hookey. Instead of picking oranges he hurried to Hollywood. His agent—he had one now—had called the night before to tell him about the picture Sol Lesser was starting to cast. "There's a tailor-made part for you, Lon," he said. "I've arranged an interview with Lesser tomorrow. Get in here, if you have to walk!"

For the first time in his life, Lon had a hunch. "This is it," he told himself. Everything added up. "California"—the part his agent said was a young West Coast kid, naive, unsophisticated, angelic, a kid who'd never kissed a girl. That was funny. If anybody was a California kid, it was himself. How many times had he been razzed about his boyish, naive looks and manner? Didn't they call him "the angel extra?" As for kissing a girl—Lon remembered his "romantic moment" on the hayride. He never had kissed Betty. Lon guessed he about filled the bill.

So did Producer Sol Lesser and the director who walked in during the interview, observed Lon silently and strolled out. After Lon left, Frank Borzage was to come back and say, "That boy has a rare personality. He could be a star. I'd like to do Dick Barthelmess' old hit, 'Tolable David,' with him."

Lon didn't know about that, of course. All he knew was what they told him. "You certainly have the looks for 'California.' But we'll have to test you. We'll call you." Then they added the line Lon had heard, oh a hundred times before in his young life. "Don't you call us!"

He wasn't cynical about that. Now, particularly, when Lon felt the way he did, there wasn't room for any feeling but confidence. He took the script home and read it to his mother and Grandmother Hocking. He took it on over to Whittier and tried it out on his roommates. They caught his enthusiasm. It became a kind of Phi Alpha Chi crusade.

At fraternity meeting the phone rang. It was Lon's mother. "You have a test this Friday," she told him. A test! In all his six years as an extra, in all the fifty-odd movies he'd made, Lon had never actually come to the point of an actual camera test. You can't call a guy an extra when they test him for leading parts. He's an actor then, any way you look at it, Lon exulted. Friday was four days off. That same night Lon caught the worst cold he'd had since a case of childhood pneu-

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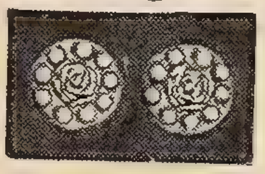
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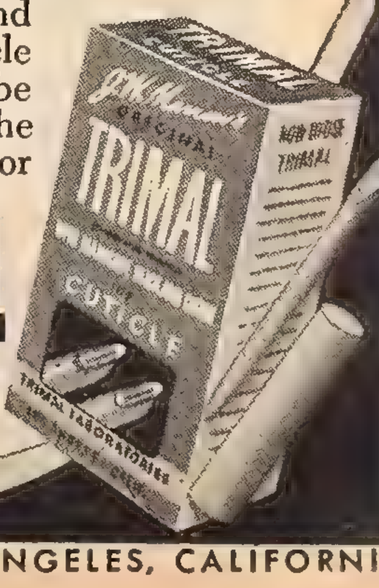
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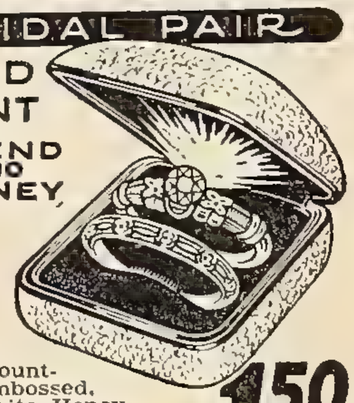


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monia sent him to the Arizona desert.

He was in bed all four days. He crawled out just in time to make the studio for his test at two o'clock. He sat around all afternoon coughing and sneezing. He was the last boy tested for the part, late that evening. Fate was certainly saying "I dare you!" The test, when it came, was over, it seemed, in a minute. Just one take. "We'll call you." Lon went back home and to bed over the week-end. Monday he went back to school. He had to study his philosophy hard to keep down the jitters. He'd never been excited like this before. The suspense lasted ten long days.

bud, you're it . . .

Lon was in study hall when the telephone rang that evening. He knew who it was. "Hello," he said, "Mother?"

"Bud," greeted his mother in a strange voice, strange because it was choked with tears, and Madaleine McCallister never cried. Lon's heart dropped.

"Mother," he said, "you're crying. Don't worry, it's not that bad."

"I'm not crying because things are bad," she said. "It's—it's—Bud—you're going to be 'California'!"

After he hung up the receiver, Lon made his room in nothing flat. At the door he stopped and tried to stroll in casually. His buddies, Ben and Jimmy and Bill, were boning over the desk and sprawled out in chairs. "Break it up," grinned Lon in a voice he tried to make calm. "Let's go down to the Spinning Wheel for a soda."

They yawned. "Okay." The trio lined up at a table at Chapman's favorite hangout. The sodas came, and Lon reached for the check. Eyebrows raised. Things were always strictly Dutch. "It's on me tonight, fellows," grinned Lon.

"You got the part!

"Yes!"

They jumped up and pounded him on the back until he yelled for mercy. The great day for Lon and Phi Alpha Chi had arrived. Lon had a hard time pulling himself away from his pals that night, but he had to get home. He had to be with his folks. In Hedda Hopper's column he read, "Who says Cinderella days are gone in Hollywood? Bud McCallister, grandson of a studio gateman, has won the part of 'California' in 'Stage Door Canteen.' He'll do a scene with Katharine Cornell."

The great days of the Angel Extra began. They reeled off like an exciting movie. Rehearsals, fittings, make-up tests, a new girl, Marjorie Riordan, for Lon to fall for as he did every girl he ever played with. A trip back to New York to shoot the picture, hansom cab rides with Marjorie through Central Park and dances at Roseland. Meeting in person the great stars he'd peered at from the third balcony—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, Katharine Hepburn, Helen Hayes. Playing a scene from Shakespeare with the greatest actress of them all, Katharine Cornell, in the first movie she had ever made!

Lon piled up a million memories. Strange the ways of fate, he marveled, that a Hollywood extra should hear a great actress whisper, "I'm nervous!" to him when she faced the camera. Oddly enough, Lon wasn't.

At the end of the first big scene of his life, when the extras were watching him instead of the other way around, Miss Cornell was to hand Lon an orange. "I'll keep it forever," he blurted impulsively. Then he began to cry, and he couldn't stop. Applause burst from all around him on the set—they were applauding him, too, the big Broadway stars who had gathered to watch a Cornell movie debut.

Naturally, Katharine Cornell is Lon's favorite actress. True to form, he fell for her. She invited him to her home on



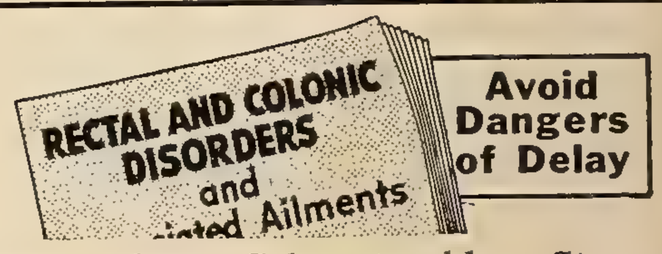
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Beekman Place, told him about her career and listened to his. She sent him tickets to her play, "Three Sisters," and Lon took Marjorie, going around back to Cornell's dressing room afterwards to send the note in, "Romeo is here," and getting one back "Juliet Awaits!" Lon lived in a dream making "Stage Door Canteen."

But the dream didn't go to his head. In fact, back in Hollywood he went through all the early-day agonies of a first picture part. He'd had to stop his studies at Chapman to take the New York trip. Now he sat around fretting.

In fact, the worst blow of all was the preview. It was a sneak and none of the actors were invited. Lon stood on tiptoe in the rear with Marjorie and peered around shoulders and necks. He missed half the picture, but what he saw dismayed him. The print was bad, the audience was mostly high school kids, and they were noisy and rude. Lon and Marjorie didn't say much on the way home. But when Lon sat with his mother at the opening in New York's Capitol theater and watched the finished picture unreel, he saw a hit—no doubt about it.

What happened, of course, is Hollywood history. From the start, "Stage Door Canteen" was all and more than its producers and galaxy of stars had hoped for it. Soon the coffers of the USO swelled from avalanching profits. But on the personality side, there was just one item of important news. The actor who had stolen the picture from the greatest collection of great actors ever assembled in one movie was an extra boy who had never had a part before! Lon McCallister.

And so, one morning, in a house on Malibu beach, the same boy sat up in bed and smiled to himself the same shy smile that had made him famous. He couldn't sleep. He was too happy. He tiptoed into the front room, bare of furniture, and piled driftwood in the big fireplace

A very great deal had happened to Lon McCallister in a very short time. He had a contract to star at two studios. He had a bonus in trust at the bank—enough to take care of his folks when he joined the Army. He had his first starring picture, "Home in Indiana," all finished and in the cutting room, and he knew it was right. And, naturally, he had a new leading lady to fall for, an especially sweet and pretty one, Jeanne Crain. He had a score of new and good friends, Bill Eythe, Van Johnson, Nancy Walker, Marjorie Riordan, Gene and Betsy Kelly—and he still had his old ones, too. He had his induction orders. He felt that whatever he became—a four-star general or "dean of the latrine"—everything was going to be all right. He had the people he loved, his mother and grandmother and grandfather Hocking, living with him in the new house he'd found and bought, just as he'd dreamed he would.

Lon thought of all these things until the wet nose of his big Dane, "Mac," nuzzled his cheek and brought him to. Then he touched a match to the firewood and watched the flames leap high.

Lon heard a soft step and looked up. It was his mother. A door creaked. Grandmother Hocking and Grandfather, too, came out. Granny made some coffee, and they all sat beside the fire while the sun rose out of the Pacific, bringing with it a new day, packed with hopes and promises. Promises that Lon knew now could and very often do come true, impossible as they sometimes seem. He was twenty. A lot had happened, but a lot more was coming up with every dawn like this. After all, a man's life is just starting when he's twenty.

Lon smiled around the firelit circle of faces he knew and loved so well. They smiled back. Nobody said much. They didn't have to. It was all pretty perfect.

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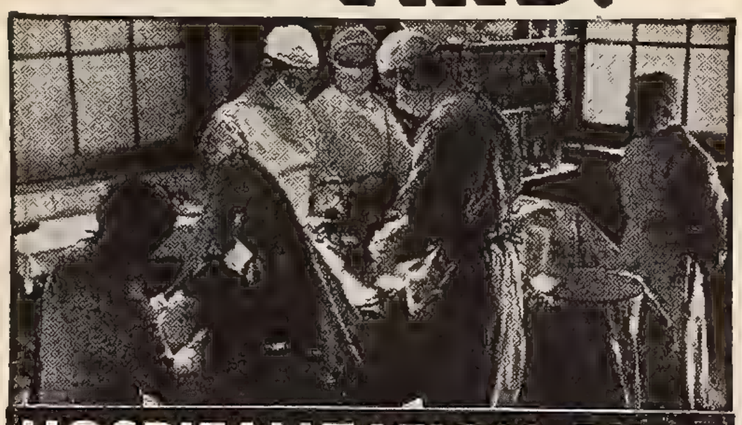
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"DER BINGLE"

(Continued from page 41)

ooh-la-la, "I am de chanteuse de American" routine, Bing was the only one in his troupe who could speak French at all. He admits he'd had just a year or so in school, and that sometimes he would get stuck and have to "keep punching around until I got it. You'd be surprised, though, how quick it all comes back to you," he says, "when you want that egg."

On top of the stack of mail on his desk was a letter from a milling company in Indiana saying they'd heard his broadcast about General Eisenhower wanting hominy grits and were forthwith sending the General some.

Bing pulled a little slip of paper out of his pocket and proudly showed it to us. On it was General Eisenhower's autograph, "Dwight Eisenhower . . . To remind you of hominy grits." Bing grinned and said he guessed the General would be walking around up to his four stars in hominy grits ere now.

Then he began tossing off notes to the G.I.'s. One to a likewise hoss-crazy captain from New York and his gang of gallant guys at the front who'd wanted Bing to find out whether or not Discovery had ever beaten Cavalcade in a race. They'd had a big argument about it over there one day when Bing was there. Nobody knew. Then they'd had to push on before they could settle it.

So to number 0399746 went Bing's answer that he'd checked with sports scribes here, and that Discovery had beaten Cavalcade at Belmont in 1935, when Cavalcade unseated the rider at the start. "Hope this doesn't cost you too much dough."

One of the letters from a G.I. to Bing quit in mid-air—"We've just received a rush call. Sorry to close so abruptly, Bing, but you understand—"

Yeah. He understands. Guys like that one are the reason you get nothing but an amazed look from Der Bingle when you speak of his own job over there. But if Bing is forever pooh-poohing his own sweetness and lighting, he's generous in praise of others in his troupe. Pretty Jeannie Darrell, brunette singer, formerly one of the Music Maids on his own Kraft show; curvaceous, blonde Darlene Garner, dancer and singer; droll-faced, chubby comedian Joe De Rita; and the musicians; Earl Baxter and Buck Harris.

Their ten weeks U.S.O. tour, arranged by the Hollywood Victory Committee, took them to England and clear across France, mostly trying to keep up with General Patton's Third Army during their drive toward Metz.

Bing makes his part of the trip sound as casual as though it's just another clambake of the fish and chowder circuit. But this singing half of the Rover Boys in the Paramount "Road" pictures got into many a situation he couldn't "patty-cake" his way out of on the "Road to Metz."

It takes Jeannie and Darlene to really tell about them. "But you couldn't get down or scared at all," they say. "Bing just wouldn't let us. He ad-libbed us clear across France."

Going over on the troop transport, they did three shows a day in the mess hall, and G.I.'s aboard were constantly surprised to suddenly look up on deck and see the Old Groaner standing there beside them, calmly puffing away at his pipe.

As one boy, a private from South Carolina, wrote home to his mother later, "Gee, Mom, Bing's such a regular guy. He was just like another G.I. to the rest

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of us. And one morning at early mass, he came in and knelt beside me. Bing's always been a favorite with me, and it was surely a big thrill to be kneeling beside him."

Bing got a thrill himself when he arrived in Scotland. This despite the fact that he's been "libeled" over there by Bob Hope who'd told them Crosby was a "short, fat little fellow."

When they got to the station the women Red Caps in khaki slacks, skirts and little billed hats, dropped the luggage they were carrying, let baggage carts go A.W.O.L. and made a dive for Bing.

They surrounded him on the station platform and soon had him joining in with them on a Scotch song . . . "I belong to Glasgow . . . old Glasgow town, I belong to Glasgow—When I get a couple in me . . . Glasgow belongs to me . . ."

And Glasgow did indeed belong to Bing.

"Aye, aye . . . wonderful people. Bonnie lassies. They gave me a wee sprig o' heather for me hattie," he burrs at you.

They knew him in England, too. Really jamming the Queensbury All-Services Club when Bing appeared on the Armed Forces program there. One London paper, commenting next day, said that Bing had done more for international friendship than anything that had ever happened. "More than a hundred speeches," it said. (Which Bing would tell you is really stretching it a spell.)

When he got up before the mike for one of those "hundred speeches," they presented him with a pipe by way of welcome. And roared when Der Bingle, all dead pan, picked it up calmly and said, "Well . . . isn't that nice? What is it?"

After the show, Bing went to Kutner's Restaurant in Soho, and before he knew it, some 2000 Britishers were gathered in the blacked-out street below the restaurant, chanting, "We want Bing . . . we want Bing . . ."

It was dangerous for them to be there. A perfect target for the Krauts. So Bing went out on the balcony and said, "If I sing a song, will you go home?" "Yes," they yelled.

"So," he says, "I sang one and they WENT. Hey, maybe that's a bad sign!"

And talking of bad signs: They were still sweeping up smashed glass from a building just behind the Mayfair Hotel where Jeannie and Darlene were to bunk, when the girls checked in.

"Don't worry, kids. Nothing'll happen," said Bing, when he said good night and ambled off to his own quarters at Claridges.

Around seven a.m. both girls jumped straight up in bed as they heard a robot bomb explode not too far away.

"Hey, did you hear that, Jeannie?" quaked Darlene, diving under her bed.

"Yeah," whispered Jean.

They didn't know what they were whispering about. Everything else was mighty loud.

The all-clear sounded. Almost immediately, the alert started shrilling away. About eight of them near, and as they report, "all in different keys."

Down they went under the beds again. Listening to the bomb, hearing it cut off, then the glide, the long swish, as it cut through the air. Then the explosion.

Soon the phone rang, and they picked it up to hear Bing's calm drawl, "Are you kids okay?"

"Yes-s-s," they answered shakily. "How are you?"

"Couldn't be better," said Bing. "Well . . . that's all. I just thought you might be a little worried." As casually as though it was all just target practice on a dart board back home.

In France they felt they *were* the dart board, playing, as they were, near enough to the front to get a noisy razzberry from

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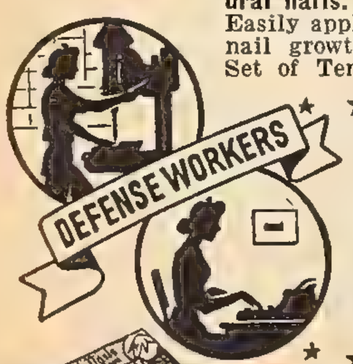
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the Jerries who, it seems, didn't like the show.

One day they were giving a show outside Nancy when two German scout planes came over.

As they circled closer, Bing looked up anxiously, then sighed, "Oh-h-h," he murmured, "I thought it was the stork again!"

On another occasion when the Jerries came uninvited to the show, Bing and the gang were parked in a convoy of jeeps and recon trucks ready to go winding up a hill to do a show. The Colonel of the outfit had come out to meet them, and they'd just gotten under way when they heard the familiar drone of a plane.

"That's a Jerry!" yelled the C.O. "Spread out, everybody. Get these cars apart!"

The jeeps and recons fairly flew apart, and everybody got under them but fast. The plane continued on its way.

Cracked Bing as he crawled back on top of the truck again, "That Sinatra'll go *anywhere!*"

There was one German plane that flew over the bombed village of Commercy at ten o'clock every night. Flew so regularly that they called it "Bed Check Charlie." Just Jerry coming over to be sure they were all tucked in for the night. He came over the first night Bing and the bunch landed there, and when the ninety millimeter ack-ack guns opened up all around the hotels, they weren't sure just how long they'd stay "tucked" anywhere.

YOU GO FOR JUNE ALLYSON?

Well, why not go get her *autograph* on an NAA card? Page 62 Tells All.

They were supposed to learn the password when they left in the morning, as it was usually blacked out pitch black when they came back in. They were simple little ditties like "Harvard" and you were supposed to say "Yale" or "Black," and you'd say "Berry."

On one occasion when Bing hadn't learned the password, they wouldn't let him go on.

"Hey, fellows, don't you know me? I'm Crosby," Bing bellowed.

The bayonets didn't budge.

Then the lieutenant with him said to a guard, "Hey Mike, you know ME. I'll vouch for him, boys."

Bing learned every signal from then on.

An even funnier experience occurred during the "mind reading act" in one of the shows they gave near Metz. During this act Joe DeRita, the comedian, would go sit among the G.I.'s and heckle Bing, while Crosby gave forth with an elaborate lecture on the science of the mind.

"I can read your mind," said Bing. "Tell your past . . . your present . . . your future. Please feel free to call upon me, fellows, if there's anything you want to know. ANYTHING."

"You know all about the past, present and future, eh?" heckled Joe.

"Dat I do, boy. Dat I do," blackfaced Bing.

"What a phony, this guy," smirked Joe. "Anything to make a franc."

"Go ahead, brother, and try me," insisted Bing. "I know . . ."

About that time the truck began to rock, and the whole ground around them shook as some 240 millimeter guns opened up a barrage over them. Then a blast as the Germans tossed a shell right back.

"Brother—I'll bet you didn't know about *that!*" shrieked Joe.

But if dodging Jerry was nerve-wracking, the laughs they always got from the



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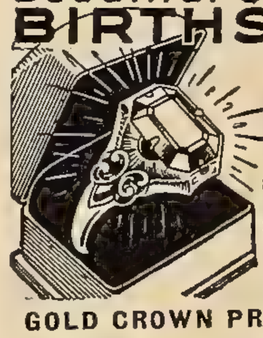
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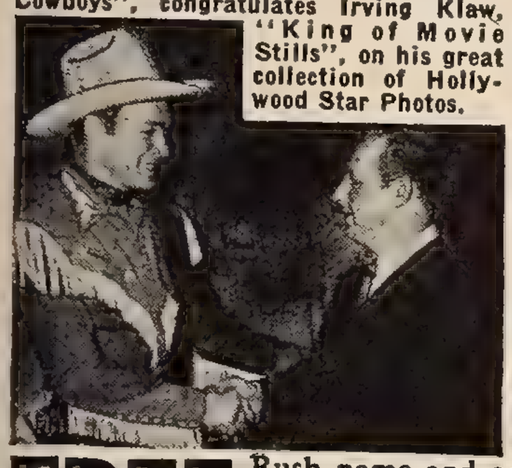
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boys as they drove up more than made up for it. The roars the G.I.'s had at just the sight of Bing with his fatigue hat turned up, hands in pockets of his field jacket, puffing away on his pipe, climbing out of the jeep as casually as though he'd just gotten a lift to Hollywood and Vine.

Then scrambling up on the truck, nonchalantly throwing open his field jacket and revealing the wildest civvy tie you've ever seen. With yellow moons and blue stars all over it. The G.I.'s fairly whooped.

They always asked him about Frank Sinatra, and Bing would tell them what a really good guy Frank is, but he kidded about him a lot on the show.

He'd say to Jeannie, "Say, Jeannie, how'd you like to sing a duet with Sinatra's father?"

"You're not kidding," said Jean. "I have only the highest esteem and admiration for him. A singer like Sinatra only comes once in a lifetime!"

"Yeah," mourned Bing, "but why did he have to come along in MY lifetime?"

He always sang "San Fernando Valley," "Sweet Leilani," "Easter Parade," and tried to duck "White Christmas," but they always yelled for it and it soon was first on their Hit (or Miss) Parade.

His little speech at the end of the show always came a little hard for Der Bingle. It seemed so insufficient, somehow. There was no way you COULD say it. And he felt it so very, very much. You go mighty deep to find the real Crosby. Deeply religious . . . kind . . . compassionate . . . and humble.

As they wound up every show he'd grab a deep breath and take off, "You know, fellows, it's really something for a ham actor like myself to come out here and have you applaud me, when I'm the one who applauds you. Not just me—but everybody at home applauds you and what you're doing. A great job. We're so very proud of you all, and our only prayer is that we'll be getting this thing over and you'll all be coming home. . . ." Then his voice would go a little offpitch with feeling, and he'd close in fast with "Swingin' On a Star," to leave them feeling as happy as possible.

He would have loved to have had a star to swing on himself when he invaded the country of the Krauts. It happened one Sunday when they'd finished doing a show in the pouring rain not far from the front lines near Metz. They had mass after the show before an altar set up on two trucks pushed together, the priest wearing a German parachute to help keep off the rain. And Bing and the G.I.'s kneeling below the truck in the mud.

Right after mass he was to meet the others about a mile on down the pasture for the next show. So what should happen but that he and the lieutenant who was driving the jeep, got lost and made their sashay into the limits of a town the Germans were still holding! Bing clamped his helmet on, scrouged down into the jeep, making himself as small as possible, and they got the heck out. Arriving back at the show Bing had the boys howling telling them that it wasn't that he was scared exactly— But . . . well . . . he came over to entertain Americans—not Germans. The rest of his own gang kept kidding about trying to get a Purple Heart and win the war all by himself. They kept asking him, "How is it in Munich?" or "Hey, Bing, how many bows did ya' take in Berlin?"

One day he went to one of the "Hopeless" tents in a field hospital all by himself. Most of the kids were head casualties. He came back to the truck some hours later, climbed up, flashed his blue and yellow tie and went on with the gags. That night he told the gang, "You know, I didn't even remember doing that show.

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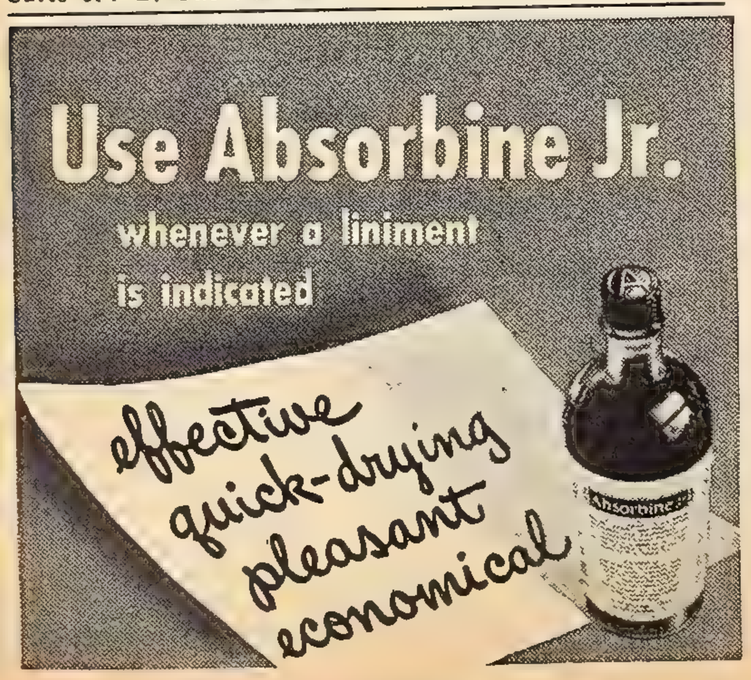
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Did I do okay?"

Funny how surprised the G.I.'s would look when they glanced up from their chow lines early in the morning and spied Der Bingle, standing there calmly holding his own mess kit. How they'd rub their eyes sleepily, look again, and yell, "It's Bing! Hi, ya, Bing! Oh, me bloody back, me achin' back!" He was almost the first one up in any camp. About six a.m. or so, you'd see him wandering along the road or pasture looking the situation over. He slept in a bed roll, usually in a tent, in mud. And shaved by means of a little German heater on which he would heat a canteen cup of water.

He did his own laundry, socks, handkerchiefs, etc., in a helmet in his tent at night. Usually a pretty dim tent. Or blacked-out quarters. Although he dressed in G.I. togs, he had his luxuries—the two wild ties with the moons and stars on them and some really killer-diller socks.

Like the rest of the G.I.'s, Bing usually gave the chocolate in his rations to French kids. "They're so sweet," Bing says. "So grateful for any affection. They just take hold of your hands and want to go with you wherever you go."

Bing carries a little snapshot around that means an awful lot to him. A picture of a family of six French boys.

They're the grandsons of Felix Moreau, colorful Mayor of Vezelise, at whose home Bing and the gang stayed a few days.

Bing will never forget the night he walked into that old French home. He was a little homesick then and missing his own brood a lot. So when he walked into the living room later and saw the six boys scrubbed so clean and waiting politely to meet him, Bing felt right at home. They were, Bertrand, 13; Xavier, 10; Claude, 8; Christian, 6; Dominique, 4; and Ives, aged 2. It was a case of a mutual-admiration society, and from the first you could always see Der Bingle in the early morning and evenings wandering around the courtyard with all six kids hanging onto him for dear life.

The Mayor's daughter, who'd been to Paris now and then, was the only one who could speak English. But they really swapped languages around before Bing left. They had his bunch speaking a smattering of French, and he had the kids reeling off American jive.

One night after dinner, the gang went into Mayor Moreau's study and put on a show for the family. And the Mayor, who boasted that no Germans had ever crossed the threshold, dug out some very fine liqueurs he'd been saving.

Bing sang nearly everything he knew. Then by way of a finale, Bing and Jeannie and Darlene did a jive from "Here Come the Waves," that they'd rehearsed while jolting along in trucks and jeeps. It was Johnny Mercer's "You Gotta Accentuate the Positive . . . Eliminate the negative . . . Don't mess around with Mr. In-Between. . . ."

It was his meeting later on with Eisenhower near Paris that took the military cake. Bing was staying at the Ritz Hotel and answered the door one day to a G.I. who told him that General Eisenhower wanted to welcome him personally.

Bing, who knew how busy the General was and figured he was just being polite, told the soldier to thank the general for him and tell him he hoped they'd have an opportunity to meet some day.

The next day the same G.I. was back at the door saying, "Look, Mr. Crosby, you've just *gotta* come. It's an ORDER!"

The General was wonderful to him and offered him the use of his own car and driver. He'll never forget the amazed G.I.'s in Paree who stood at attention whenever they saw the General's car ap-

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proach, only to spy Bing climbing out of it. Oh, me achin' back!" they'd roar.

And talking about the streets of Paris, Crosby got a big bang out of seeing French women who'd ride on bicycles and wear wooden shoes "with no stockings and a h - - - of a fancy hat with a settin' hen or something on top of it."

But settin' hens or not, Jeanne and Darlene wanted a chance to snap up some of the sharp French chic and since they couldn't speak French, Bing had promised he'd go on a shopping trip with them and interpret. Both the girls wanted some of the quaint wooden wedgies with the high spike heels.

Bing explained to the woman that Jean wanted some red wooden shoes. "Très petits and très rouges." (Jean wears a 3.)

But the saleslady wasn't to be dealt with that easily. She insisted on making a production of it, starting at the largest thing they had.

After about five trips she came out with some small and red enough. Bing sighed and started getting ready for Darlene's blue ones. "Okay, Bubbles . . . let's have with yours."

Yes, they had theirs, all right, and then, almost without warning, it was all over. The tour was over and they were heading home. Some of the war came home with them, though. In the shape of men without shape, men without arms and without legs, hundreds of boys who'd been in France and done their jobs. As they inched nearer and nearer land, the idea spread and took hold, having the kids who couldn't walk brought up on deck; and so slowly, in a never-ending stream of wheel chairs and stretchers and sometimes on strong backs, the kids got updeck. And then, maybe because they'd been praying for this moment for so long, when they saw it, it didn't seem quite real. Home. The U. S. A. The practice parachute jumping tower in Brooklyn! Strangely, there were no gags, no roughhousing. Just a sea of set faces with the masks men wear when their hearts are overfull. The silence was so big it seemed to swallow even the sounds of the heavy, uneven breathing and the scraping of wheel chairs. It swallowed everything but the faint, far-away lap of water slapping against the side of the ship and the thin, high wail of the kid propped up against the rail. "Jeez, jeez, jeez, fellas, we're home! Je-e-e-ez. . . ." Over and over again. And then suddenly, hell broke loose. Cheering and whistling and back-slapping, the sounds of men coming back to life. And off lounging over a rail, Bing waited. Sucking at his pipe, blinking a little, his eyes riveted far out, his crazy blue and yellow tie whipping in the breeze, listening to the skinny kid softly talking to himself, "Jeez, jeez, jeez, we're home—swe-e-e-l . . ."

Swell, too, to Bing to be back in Bel-Air with his wife, Dixie, and the boys.

"Did you see any GERMANS?" said Gary.

"Any LIVE ones?" came from Philip.

Then Bing started fishing out all the stuff he'd brought. Souvenirs the boys had given him. All kinds of epaulets . . . German insignia . . . pieces of planes . . . stuff that's solid gold to junior G.I.'s.

And a life that was once so simple has grown mighty complicated. Once it just meant mostly croonin' a little, golfin' a little, actin' a little. Or maybe looking in on his own production, "The Great John L." But no more. Not with all that overseas loot. The word has gotten around somehow. He's a big man.

And every evening now finds him mentally mapping some new line of strategy that will get him home without facing the Bel-Air barrage.

"Oh, me achin' back!" says Bing.



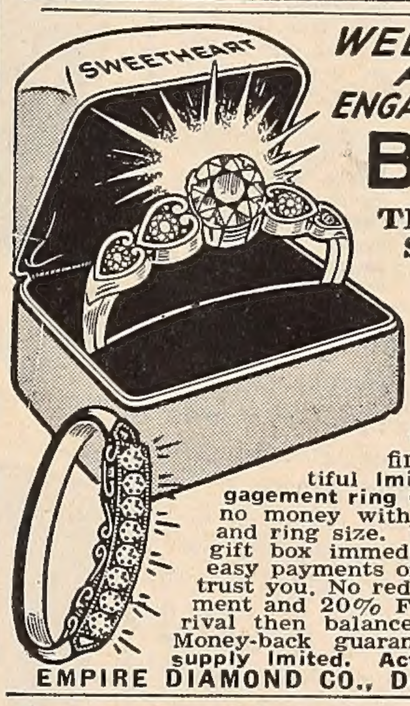
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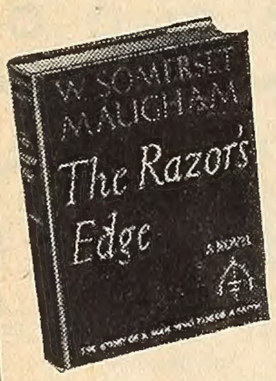
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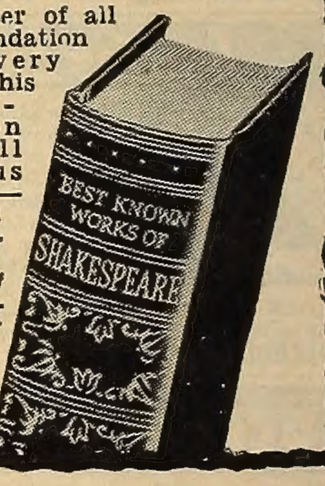
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